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STEPPING WESTWARD

Books By LAURA E. RICHARDS

STEPPING WESTWARD
LAURA BRIDGMAN:
 THE STORY OF AN OPENED DOOR
THE SQUIRE
IN BLESSED CYRUS
JOAN OF ARC
A DAUGHTER OF JEHU
ABIGAIL ADAMS AND HER TIMES
PIPPIN
ELIZABETH FRY
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE
MRS. TREE
MRS. TREE'S WILL
MISS JIMMY
THE WOOING OF CALVIN PARKS
JOURNAL AND LETTERS OF SAMUEL
 GRIDLEY HOWE
TWO NOBLE LIVES
CAPTAIN JANUARY
A HAPPY LITTLE TIME
WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE
FIVE MINUTE STORIES
IN MY NURSERY
THE GOLDEN WINDOWS
THE SILVER CROWN
THE JOYOUS STORY OF TOTO
THE LIFE OF JULIA WARD HOWE
(With Maude Howe Elliott)



Laura E. Richards

STEPPING WESTWARD

BY

LAURA E. RICHARDS



*And stepping westward seemed to be
A kind of heavenly destiny.*

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
NEW YORK : LONDON : MCMXXXI

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*To my husband and children yet once again;
and
to all good Howes, Gridleys, Wards,
Cutlers, Greenes, Marions,
Gardiners and Richardses,
this book is affectionately dedicated.*

PREFACE

In the anthologies of the nineteenth century, and perhaps in some of those of the twentieth, one is apt to find a poem by George Canning, entitled "The Friend of Humanity and the Needy Knife-grinder." It is a cheerful and witty fling at certain philanthropists of his day, members of the so-called "long-haired" school of philanthropy. (I may add that I have seen many philanthropists, but never one with long hair.) The whole poem is delightful, but I am concerned with only one line of it. The philanthropist, meeting the knife-grinder on the road, uncorks the vials of his sympathy, and while preparing to pour it out, begs the knife-grinder to tell his sorrowful and tragic story. The man replies,

"Story? God bless you, I have none to tell, sir."

This line comes vividly home to me, as I begin to recall the long days of my life. Have I any story to tell? I ought to have one; cradled, as it were, in poetry, romance, philanthropy; daughter of a great and true friend of all mankind, a

PREFACE

leader and teacher of the blind, the deaf, and all who are in “sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity”; and of a poet who, in her “Battle Hymn of the Republic,” was to strike a note that sounds as clearly to-day as it did sixty-eight years ago.

How should I not have a story to tell? And yet—but we shall see.

L. E. R.

CONTENTS

PART I

MASSACHUSETTS, WITH EXCURSIONS

| CHAPTER | PAGE |
|--|------|
| I. GREEN PEACE AND LAWTON'S VALLEY | 1 |
| II. BOOKS | 36 |
| III. PICTURES | 46 |
| IV. SCHOOL DAYS | 55 |
| V. TRAVEL | 81 |
| VI. VISITING | 104 |
| VII. ROMANCE | 120 |
| VIII. MORE TRAVEL | 131 |
| IX. GREEN PEACE ONCE MORE | 155 |

PART II

GARDINER, MAINE

| | |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| I. STORY AND LEGEND | 173 |
| II. ANCESTRAL | 186 |
| III. THE COVE | 204 |
| IV. OAKLANDS | 236 |

CONTENTS

| | | |
|-------|---------------------------------------|-----|
| V. | THE YELLOW HOUSE | 251 |
| VI. | LARGELY SOCIAL | 277 |
| VII. | "SPIN, SPIN, CLOTHO, SPIN!" | 291 |
| VIII. | MERRYWEATHER | 304 |
| IX. | AUTHORSHIP | 323 |
| X. | GARDINER TOWN | 335 |
| XI. | A POSY OF FRIENDSHIP | 354 |
| XII. | MILESTONES | 384 |
| | TERMINUS | 395 |
| | INDEX | 397 |

ILLUSTRATIONS

| | <i>frontispiece</i> | |
|---|---------------------|--|
| | FACING PAGE | |
| LAURA E. RICHARDS | <i>frontispiece</i> | |
| S. G. HOWE | FACING PAGE | |
| S. G. HOWE | 20 | |
| JULIA WARD HOWE | 20 | |
| GREEN PEACE | 48 | |
| THE CHILDREN OF SAMUEL GRIDLEY AND JULIA WARD HOWE | 64 | |
| LAURA E. HOWE AND HENRY RICHARDS, 1870 . . . | 126 | |
| MAUD HOWE ELLIOTT | 164 | |
| THE COVE | 206 | |
| OAKLANDS | 238 | |
| THE YELLOW HOUSE | 254 | |
| THE CHILDREN OF HENRY AND LAURA E. RICHARDS . | 270 | |
| CAMP MERRYWEATHER | 308 | |
| LAURA E. RICHARDS AND HENRY RICHARDS IN LATER LIFE | 326 | |
| FOUR GENERATIONS | 356 | |
| SARAH ORNE JEWETT | 370 | |
| EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON | 380 | |

PART I

MASSACHUSETTS, WITH EXCURSIONS

CHAPTER I

GREEN PEACE AND LAWTON'S VALLEY

I WAS born in Boston, Massachusetts, on the 27th of February, 1850, being the fourth child and third daughter of Samuel Gridley and Julia Ward Howe. My father was Director, as in 1832 he had been the practical founder of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind. He was, moreover, as has been said of him, "driving all the Charities of the State abreast." My mother, an earnest student of literature and philosophy, was preparing her first volume of poems, *Passion Flowers*, which appeared a few years later. She had not at this time taken up the active public service which characterized her later years, but was devoted to study and reflection. So much seems necessary by way of explanation.

My eldest sister, Julia Romana (so named from having been born in Rome) was six years old when I was born; Florence, the namesake and god-daughter of Florence Nightingale, was four; Henry Marion was two. Noting the birth

STEPPING WESTWARD

of this so greatly desired son, my father wrote in the great family Bible, after the child's name, "*Dieu Donné*," and added, the year being 1848, "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.*"

In order to give some idea of this growing family, it may be well to begin by describing the various domiciles that held it.

The first was Green Peace (so named by my mother), in South Boston. Below Washington Heights lay some five acres of fertile ground, fronting the southwest. Here an early settler had built him a house; a strong, square, low-browed dwelling, with no architectural pretensions, but with a sturdy character of its own. A big square chimney; a sitting room in front, a kitchen behind, at one side a small room which was perhaps the settler's bedroom; at either end a staircase, leading to four rooms above. One of the staircases wound in a close volute like the inside of a conch shell. A tall man, standing at the stair-foot, could raise his arm and lay his slippers on the floor of the upper story. (Oh, yes! I saw him do it every day, in later years. He was my husband.)

This was the original house round which my earliest recollections centre. Some time in the Fifties my father found it insufficient for his growing family, and built the New Part; it

GREEN PEACE AND LAWTON'S VALLEY

remained the New Part until a Street Commission swept house and garden and all out of existence. I do not even know whether it was built all at once, or in various accessions of my father's passion for what we called "Construction and Repairs." For him, in every way, life was

Built of furtherance and pursuing,
Not of spent deeds, but of doing.*

So, to repair, and even more to alter, to add, to build anew, was one of his chief delights.

As I remember the New Part, it consisted first of the great dining-room, as we called it; an ample square room, high-ceiled, with an open fireplace, and glass doors opening upon a small conservatory, where bloomed everything that was lovely. On the floor was a great Gobelin carpet, brought by Joseph Bonaparte, ex-King of Spain, in his flight to this country in 1815. To a child's eye there was no other carpet like this; woven in one piece, the centre displaying a medallion with the portraits of Napoleon and Joseph Bonaparte; in the corners birds and fishes, griffins and dolphins, delightful to see and to dance upon. In this room were also the grand piano and the big sideboard, with its wine-cooler, a piece of furniture dear to Brother Harry and me

* Emerson, "Threnody."

STEPPING WESTWARD

in a peculiar way. It was an oblong chest of solid mahogany, the hexagonal cover sloping upward toward a trophy of grapes. When I look at it to-day, it is hard to imagine that Brother Harry and I used to sit in it, facing each other. Our little boots were probably not at all good for the zinc lining; it was one of the things that we should not have been allowed to do, but it was highly agreeable.

Here hung several of the pictures: the Poussin landscape, Snyders' "Boar Hunt," and over the fireplace the beloved Santa Claus, in red cloak and cap, with finger beside his nose, just about to retire up the chimney. The stockings were all filled, except that of the naughty child, from which a birch switch protruded, in place of the dolls and toys which peeped from the other stockings. This always hurt my feelings; I was very sorry for that naughty child. I don't remember that I was ever whipped, though no doubt I often deserved it; it seemed a terrible thing.

The dining table was round, and undoubtedly large, though in all probability not so enormous as I remember it. Brother Harry and I used to run round and round it, hunting wild animals and singing the curious songs that we made.

In this room my mother sang to us. My first

GREEN PEACE AND LAWTON'S VALLEY

memory of her is at the piano, in black velvet, singing in her golden voice. Here, too, she played for us to dance. What became of the big round table when we danced I cannot remember; there certainly seemed to be plenty of room for all the elaborate dances planned by Sister Flossy, and performed by all of us with Bacchic frenzy.

My mother's singing formed an important part in our education. She had a beautiful high soprano voice, which had been carefully trained by Cardini, a pupil of Manuel Garcia. Musical to her finger tips, she knew (I firmly believed) all the songs in the world; she certainly knew a great many of them. Language was no barrier to her; French, German and Italian were at her familiar command, and any other language was accessible if required. In Rome, she studied Hebrew with a learned Rabbi; in the West Indies. . . .

"Julia knows three words of Spanish," wrote my father, "and talks it all day long!"

Latin was her intimate friend through life; at fifty she took up Greek, which she called her diamond necklace, and cherished and enjoyed through the remaining forty years.

When we gathered delightedly round the piano, at Green Peace and in all the other houses we came to know and love, we soon began to sing

STEPPING WESTWARD

with her. German songs, many of them brought back from Heidelberg by Uncle Sam Ward, who was a student there; gay student choruses of "*Juch hei*" and "*Vivallera-lera*," in which we joined as lustily as if we were Burschen ourselves; sparkling French songs whose gayety was enchanting, whatever their moral might be.

Passe, passe-moi, batelier,
Je ne viens ni pour acheter ni vendre;
Aimé d'une femme trop tendre
Je fuis pour me désennuyer!

Italian songs that flowed like water under moonlight; to say nothing of English and Scotch ballads without end.

We never knew that we were studying French, German, Italian; that we were acquiring a vocabulary; that ear and voice were being trained by a past mistress in the management of both. When we went to school, our teachers realized it; so, I have been given to understand, did those of our children in their turn.

Beyond the dining-room was the front entry; we never called it "hall," though it was ample enough. Here stood the gray haircloth sofa on which Flossy, when annoyed with Harry and me, would stretch herself at full length and announce that she was dead. I always believed it! I wept

GREEN PEACE AND LAWTON'S VALLEY

bitterly, imploring her to come back to life, which, after a suitable time, she kindly did. I must have been very small!

Here stood the tall green iron hat-tree—really like a tree, branching in every direction—on whose topmost twig hung Byron's helmet. How came it there? My father was one of the band of Philhellenes who went out to help Greece in her War of Independence, 1826-31. Recently graduated from the Harvard Medical School, he offered his services to the Greek Government, and was appointed first to service in the Army, and later to the post of Surgeon-in-Chief of the Fleet. He arrived in Greece just after the death of Lord Byron. Hearing that there was to be a sale of the effects of his poet-hero, he attended it, and bought the helmet, a superb affair of blue steel and gold, with a floating blue plume.

It was one of the great treasures of our childhood. At the age of ten I and a schoolmate had our tintypes taken in it, which we should not have been allowed to do. We let down our hair; we thought we looked lovely. Do younger generations find, in drawer or cupboard, elfin albums, say four by two inches, containing the little tintypes? They were about the size of a postage stamp, and came in sheets. It was thrilling to watch the sheets dry off, on the sides of a

STEPPING WESTWARD

queer little stove, and the pictures come out; they were tinted—whether before or after the drying process, I forget—and taken off hot-and-hot like pancakes; then the long shears cut you up inch-meal, and you took yourself home in a paper bag. Has the modern photographer anything to offer as exciting as this? They cost twenty-five cents a dozen, I think.

At the back of the hall was a long, winding staircase, as different as possible from the “cat-stairs,” as we called the little ones in the old part, or the “dog-stairs,” which were boarded up on account of their breakneck quality. (They were in the wall; one passed their lurking place with a shiver; this one never saw them.) The “long stairs” were memorable because of their balustrade, a fine one to slide on. I should never dare tell what age I reached before I admitted to myself that I should never again slide down a balustrade. “Some day,” I would say, “when nobody else is in the house—” and the joy of the half-winged flight would come over me, and I would almost—but not quite. . . .

The New Part was not specially interesting upstairs, except that from several windows one could step out on the flat, graveled roof of the dining-room, and lie on one’s front with one’s heels in the air, and punch the black tar-bubbles.

GREEN PEACE AND LAWTON'S VALLEY

I recall few pursuits more agreeable than this.
("Laura! have you done your practising?"
"No, Mamma!")

The house stood on a shelf or terrace; on either side of it was a little lawn, with trees which in memory are always blossoming; here the laburnums, a fountain of gold; there the two pink hawthorns, the single-flowering one, and the other, the best beloved, with tiny pink roses all over it. Outside these lawnlets the carriage drive; bordered by beds of hardy perennials—phlox, dahlias, lilaes, I know not what else. Behind, a terraced wall of mossy rock, with cedars and larches; in front, the abrupt drop to the garden proper. On either side of the steps leading down to it was a great Balm-of-Gilead tree, towering to heaven. It was delightful to collect the pods full of silky down—or downy silk.

Below the steps, a short path, bordered by scarlet verbena, led to the pretty little classical temple built by my father as an adjunct to the bowling alley and the large greenhouse. It was used chiefly as a seed house and a basket and tool repository; though certain festivities, such as the parties Flossy gave for Cotchy, her cat, were held there. The bowling alley held many thrills for us. The balls, of smooth, dusky *lignum vitae*,

STEPPING WESTWARD

were named for the planets. Mercury and Venus were easily handled, and we delighted in rolling them along the narrow alley. Jupiter was a more serious affair, and I think I was afraid of Uranus, who was much bigger than my head, and too heavy for me to lift.

(“My dear child,” said my father, “if your head was a very little smaller, you would be an idiot!”)

The greenhouse, as I look back on it, seems to have been full of Maréchal Niel roses, and of the charming little Banksia, which (I was told, but did not believe) was not a rose at all. There were fuchsias, too, and any quantity of abuliton, whose golden bells almost rang, as certain nameless (to me) scarlet trumpets almost sounded. And there was an oval pond, perhaps two feet deep, into which we fell, to the disturbance of the goldfish, and were fished out by Mr. Arrow the gardener.

I linger about Green Peace, loth to leave it. I have been describing it ever since I began to write, first in *Five Mice in a Mouse-trap*, again in *When I Was Your Age*.

As to my birthplace, I can only paraphrase Thomas Hood:

I quite forget, I quite forget
The house where I was born;

GREEN PEACE AND LAWTON'S VALLEY

and unless it was in a back room that my eyes first opened, the sun did little if any peeping there at morn; for it was on the south side of Mount Vernon Street. I cannot be sure of the number, because numbers have changed on Beacon Hill since 1850; it was near Spruce Street, almost opposite Louisburg Square, and the great house where lived my father's college chum and lifelong friend, George Russell, and his beautiful wife, who looked so like the portrait of the Queen in Thackeray's *The Rose and the Ring* that my mind's eye always sees her with exactly the right kind of crown and sceptre. There was something queenly about this lady, too; she knew her mind, and spoke it plainly.

"Julia," she said, when in 1857 S. G. H. must go to Cuba and must have J. W. H. go with him, "I approve of your accompanying your husband, but not of your leaving your children."

Unless my mother could cut herself in two, à la Solomon, the situation was grave.

There is another story of Mrs. Russell. There was in those days in Boston a gentleman, extremely benevolent, devoted to all good works, of ardent evangelical piety, and moreover very handsome, and well aware of the fact. When put on a committee once with my father, he said gravely,

STEPPING WESTWARD

"Doctor, I feel that my personal beauty will be of assistance to me in this work, especially among the young women."

This gentleman called on Mrs. Russell one day, and sent up his card, whereon was engraved his name, and under it, "Prepare to meet thy God." Mrs. Russell entered the room with her regal port, the card in her hand. She looked around in apparent surprise.

"Mr. Blank," she said, "you are alone?"

This particular stay in Mount Vernon Street, in 1850, was short, as were many of our stays in many places. My father had a passion for change, and we were whisked about from place to place, often from motives that we never knew. Perhaps he was building the New Part at Green Peace in 1850; I certainly have no recollection of the Old Part without it.

Between moves, we were apt to spend weeks or months at the Perkins Institution for the Blind, then on Broadway, South Boston, in a great white building, sometime the Mt. Washington House, a hotel built on a foundation of hope that proved unstable. In the Forties and Fifties many people, among them the builder of the Mt. Washington House and my father, believed firmly that the tide of residence would

GREEN PEACE AND LAWTON'S VALLEY

inevitably flow out toward City Point, the one spot of surpassing beauty in the neighborhood of the city. Many stately houses were built on Broadway, and scattered all along toward the Point; their builders, men of substance and position, surveyed them with pride, and waited for the tide to flow. Alas, it never flowed. Fashion did not like the look of Kneeland Street and Ann Street, where the old Irishwomen used to sit in their blue cloaks and white mutches, and sell apples. Fashion would none of these streets, because they were ill-smelling; she turned back, and went and made ground of tomato cans, old hoop skirts, and oyster shells, and called it the Back Bay, and has lived on it ever since. People drive out to City Point now, and say, "How beautiful!" and "Why?"—but only Fashion can tell them why.

In the Perkins Institution one wing was set apart for my father's use, and was known as the Doctor's Part; here we children lived, from time to time, a rather breathless sort of life, I seem to think, never exactly taking root, floating, rather, like joyous little sea-creatures, on the full tide of Institution life. My eldest sister, Julia, was the one of us who fully entered into that life, made her most intimate friends among the blind girls of her own age, taught them, read to them, min-

STEPPING WESTWARD

istered to them in many lovely and unforgettable ways. The blind women of her generation have kept her always in their hearts. When she died, in early middle life, her last words were, "Be kind to the little blind children."

For myself I can claim no such lovely accomplishments.

I loved Miss Moulton, the angelic matron; I loved Mary Paddock, of whom more anon; Daniel Bradford, the steward and factotum, with his wonderful wig and his velvet flowered waistcoats, was a never failing source of interest and delight.

"Quick; thy tablets, Memory!"

It was my father's custom to read a chapter from the Bible to the blind pupils every morning. I can see him now, his noble head bent over the great Book; can almost hear the grave music of his voice.

When the Workshop for the Blind was first opened, he thought it might be a good plan to let Bradford read a morning chapter there. Bradford, who knew no law but that of S. G. H., readily took up the task. But one morning, my father, chancing to look in at the appointed hour, saw the steward fussing about with anxious countenance and wig awry, crying out, "Where's that damned Bible?"

GREEN PEACE AND LAWTON'S VALLEY

My father said nothing, but Bradford was not asked to read again.

Another memory of this excellent man, of whom my mother used to say that he played Sancho Panza to my father's Don Quixote.

One evening—it was in the first year of my parents' marriage, and they were living at the Institution—the Don, or the Doctor, to give him the familiar name, went in town for a meeting, and did not return as soon as his young wife had expected. Ten o'clock came; fear assailed her. Half past ten; fear grew to terror. He had been garroted; he had been sandbagged, and was lying dead in his office. Eleven! She flew to rouse Sancho Panza from his slumber.

"Bradford, the Doctor has not come home. You must go and find him. You must!" The good Bradford clapped on his wig and posted into town: a two-mile walk—no taxies in the Forties. Hastening up Bromfield Street, whom should he meet but the Doctor coming toward him with looks of amazement!

"Why, Bradford, what are you doing here at this time of night?"

"Why, Doctor, what are *you* doing here at this time of night?"

"And when they came back together," said

STEPPING WESTWARD

my mother, "every window in the Institution had a nightcap popping out of it!"

Another Institution friend was Laura Bridgeman, for whom I was named. As a child, I did not think of the wonder of her, any more than of that of sunrise, or a tree, or any other miracle. She was Laura; she was blind, deaf and dumb; Papa had brought her out of prison, into communication with her fellow-beings, the first blind deaf-mute ever so brought. What then? It was the kind of thing Papa did. When one went into his office—wonderful room, full of delights and mysteries—and said, "May I have a shock, please, Papa?" the bright blue eyes looked up, the smile broke, brightening the whole room; the Affairs of Importance—State Charities, Perkins Institution, Prison Discipline, Free Soil, Deaf-Mutes, Feeble-minded, or whatever—were laid aside; one was given a handle; Papa turned a knob; the lightning leaped—oh, terror! oh, joy! —but the numbing thrill of the Leyden jar brought no surprise that I can recall. Nature: Papa: both were primal forces: one saw little difference between them. So in the case of Laura! I did not realize that the opening of that door was a step onward and upward in the history of education.

I do not remember any intimate friendship

GREEN PEACE AND LAWTON'S VALLEY

with the blind children of my own age. Perhaps I was shy; certainly I was dreamy and indolent and thoughtless. I do not recall any feeling of sadness, or of sympathy for the blind, as I went about among them. Does a normal child, usually, I wonder? Or was I a callous little wretch? I saw them cheerful, gay, as happy as I myself, for all I knew or thought. They were blind, and I was seeing. Once more, what then?

They could do so infinitely many things that I could not. As my fingers fumbled awkwardly over the piano keys, I could hear them playing brilliantly in the next practising room. They read so well, their fingers passing as swiftly (or so it seemed) along the raised letters of their printed page as my eyes along the black and white of mine. They sewed so beautifully; such tiny, even stitches! and to see a blind girl thread a needle, with just a touch of the tip of her tongue! talk of miracles! Even in the matter of stringing beads, they far excelled me; witness the fairy-like baskets, chains, purses, my envy and admiration!

I may as well say at once that my elder sisters called me "Donkey-fingers." I could set fine stitches; yes, and make good button-holes; further than this I never went, except once. By

STEPPING WESTWARD

and by, when my first baby came, I felt that every canon of duty and propriety demanded that I should make her a dress; cut and make it all myself. I did, and she wore it, poor lamb, being unable to defend herself; but after that I said to myself, "Whatever your hands were made for, it was not this!" I laid down the scissors and took up the pen.

Our nursery at the Institution was in an upper room, very bare, as I think all those rooms were, though the lower ones had blossomed more or less into chenille and worsted work, probably gifts of adoring teachers to the Doctor. I do not remember anything about the room where I slept, but I do remember that in a closet near by, in a wooden box which my mind's eye sees only too clearly, reposed the brain of Theodore Parker; an object of unfailing terror. Mr. Parker died in Florence in 1860. His friend and physician sent his brain to my father, as a precious relic. My father had a dislike of the physical aspect of death, singular in one who was physician, soldier and philanthropist; he regarded the gift with horror, and my mother, I suppose, put it away in this upper cupboard, little knowing the anguish she caused one of her children.

Mr. Thomas Campbell was head of the Music Department; a remarkable man, who in after

GREEN PEACE AND LAWTON'S VALLEY

years became Sir Thomas, and did wonderful work for the blind in England. He gave me my first music lessons. He was totally blind, and I can now feel his hands hovering over mine. The sensation was unpleasant to me. It is possible (I put this forth as a feeble plea) that this may have had something to do with my non-performance in the musical way. I had a remarkable hand for the piano, I was always told, but when, a few years later, Otto Dresel came to take me in hand, he soon had enough of me. "Dear Laura!" he said, "she is very sweet, she will never do anything."

The rooms were very high-studded; I always thought them dreary, though my sisters and my children loved them; I think Mother agreed with me. The echoing halls and corridors were paved with great squares of gray and white marble. It was agreeable to jump across these; it was also agreeable to look up the great well of the staircase, and think about sliding all the way down the banisters. Brother Harry did it; I don't think I ever did; neither did I ever drop a wet sponge from the top story on the head of a caller in the entrance hall. At an early age he enjoyed this. In later life, when he was world-renowned as a great scientist, he took one of my children to the theatre. Sitting in the parquet, he glanced

STEPPING WESTWARD

up regretfully to the upper gallery, which used to be called the “Nigger Heaven.”

“It was a very pleasant thing,” he said, “to sit up there, and drop a raw oyster on to a bald head in the pit.”

Passing along one of the marble corridors, one opened a door and found oneself in the rotunda of the Institution. This was a place of delight and mystery, for in it, occupying most of the space, as I remember, stood the great globe, whose summit was far higher than one’s head, and which had a broad “horizon” round its middle, marked with strange signs, just about the right height to lean one’s elbows on and survey the kingdoms of the earth. It moved, too; one could send it twirling, and be transported in a moment from Massachusetts to Kashmir or Spitzbergen. Aviation compares poorly with this method of locomotion. Against the wall, in a glass case, stood the orrery, where the solar system was displayed on a far smaller scale. The sun was to the great globe as a marble to a football, but it was bright yellow, and the planets agreeably colored. The whole thing was one before which to linger, standing with one foot curled round the other.

From the rotunda opened the long flights of steps, one closed in, the other open, which



Patrik Hardzinec.



J. P. Stoye

GREEN PEACE AND LAWTON'S VALLEY

plunged precipitously to Broadway. Even now I catch my breath at thinking of their steepness and my fear of them, but blind girl and boy would slip down like swallows.

Passing down another corridor, past recitation rooms and practising rooms, where work and study went on through much of the day, one would stop perhaps to call on Miss Moulton in her delightful sitting room. Not a beautiful room, perhaps, as æsthetics go, but full of interesting objects: endless bead trophies, gifts from loving pupils past and present; sets of fairy furniture fashioned in crystal or gold or silver beads; purses of exquisite workmanship; alum baskets, too, pretty to see, startling to taste. One could not resist applying the tongue, though one knew what the result would be.

And in her rocking-chair, the silver-haired, blue-eyed Angel of the Institution, Miss Moulton. "Sweeter woman ne'er drew breath." However busy she was, she, like my father, had always a welcome for the wandering child who peeped round the corner of the door, and came in to interrupt her.

Down another flight of brass-bound stairs, and one came to the printing office. Here was another land of magic. All day long the great press whirled, printing books in the raised type devised

STEPPING WESTWARD

by my father and still known as the Howe type. I could read it well enough with my eyes open; to see Jeannette Andrews's fingers slip along the page, she with no eyes reading as fast as I with them, was a never-ceasing marvel.

Treasures were to be had in the printing office, pieces of marbled paper, infinitely desirable. I do not remember precisely what one did with them; they were used for binding, and a "marble" binding has always seemed to me an especially pleasant one.

Often one walked on the balcony. There were three rows of balconies on the great white building, and one walked round and round, looking out over City Point to the sea, breathing air that is not to be obtained in the Back Bay; or if it rained one sought the "Girls' Walk," a long covered way, which in the later years of my childhood led to the separate cottages that had been built for the girls' dormitories. At first, as I have said, all were housed in the one great building.

The Institution formed three sides round a brick-paved courtyard, and this was roofed by a broad trellis where Isabella grapes hung in profusion in the fall. One came out of the kitchen, where perhaps Direxia Hawkes had given one a cooky, and there were the grapes nodding above

GREEN PEACE AND LAWTON'S VALLEY

in myriad clusters. I cannot imagine how they were gathered; they were far out of reach, even if one had been supposed to pick them. Doubtless they kept the Institution in jelly the year round.

My sister Maud was born at the Institution, the only one of us so honored. My first recollection of her is on the day of her birth, my father standing at the head of the stairs, holding a green pasteboard box filled with some soft substance, and on the soft substance a little creature that moved.

"Little Sister Polly's come!" he said, and Sister Maud had come to brighten the world. She was called Polly for some little time, while a name was being chosen for her. Theodore Parker begged earnestly, almost passionately, that the child be given to him. There was no reason against it, he maintained. Howe had four other children; he had none. He would name her Thyrza, and bring her up as his own daughter. My sister Maud is a many-sided personality, the various facets flashing or glowing, as they meet the lights and shadows. I have often speculated on what she would have grown into, had her name been Thyrza, and had she been brought up by Theodore Parker. Mr. Parker's proposal was affectionately and firmly vetoed. Tennyson's

STEPPING WESTWARD

"Maud" had recently appeared, and here, my mother thought, was the obvious name.

I come back to Mary Paddock, dearest and most familiar of all the Institution friends. Let me recall her as I saw her in childhood; a creature made of watch-spring, light, swift, powerful, a figure trim and neat, almost beautiful of feature, with a miracle of auburn hair, waving close to the head, round which it was coiled firmly and inevitably. We knew it could come down and fall like a cloak about her, to her knees, but I am not sure that I ever saw this wonder with my bodily eyes. Her utterance was crisp and spirited, all her own. Various exclamations, familiar all through my life, I trace to her: "Dear me, Sirs!" she would cry; or "The Dickens!" or, in moments of great excitement, "The dogs, I was going to say!" I never heard any one else use this last expression.

She came to the Institution as a young girl; my father quickly recognized her remarkable qualities; she became in many ways his right hand, and so continued through long years. When Laura Bridgman lay apparently dying in her New Hampshire home, and my father felt that a transfer to the Institution might possibly save her life (as indeed the event proved), it was Mary Paddock whom he sent, being himself un-

GREEN PEACE AND LAWTON'S VALLEY

able to go, to bring the child. The story of her indomitable persistence, her triumphing over frost and snow and twenty other obstacles, is a little epic in itself.

My father knew that Mary Paddock would never fail him. At Green Peace, at Lawton's Valley, or wherever the family happened to be, she was almost as familiar a figure as at the Institution. In times of stress, illness, or domestic upheaval, Father or Mother would borrow Miss Paddock. She would come, and trot up and downstairs on her untiring little feet, and unravel the knots, and smooth out the creases, and set us straight again. Then, "Doctor" satisfied, and things serene once more, she would trot back to her chosen home.

She came from East Dennis, on Cape Cod; came of seafaring people, and had many stories to tell of forbears and neighbors. I should like to make a book about her. One of her stories remains clearly stamped on my mind. I cannot think she told it when I was a child; probably it was in one of the later visits, when, as an old woman, the little figure upright as ever, but the auburn hair threaded with silver, she used to come and visit me here in Gardiner, to the delight of us all.

Her uncle went to sea, following the family

STEPPING WESTWARD

tradition; made many voyages, and finally one from which he never returned. Years passed; the vessel was set down as lost with all hands. Finally the captain of the vessel returned to East Dennis, an old man, gray, grim and silent. He confirmed the report that the vessel was lost with all hands but himself. More than this he refused to say. He lived several years in the village, speaking only when it was necessary; a grim reminder of past tragedy. One day he was sitting in the office of his son, when Miss Paddock's brother, Mr. Wilbur Paddock, came in on some business. He greeted the old captain, who looked up at him under shaggy eyebrows, but made no reply. After Mr. Paddock had gone out, the old man's son turned to him.

"Why, Father," he said, "don't you know that man? That was Wilbur Paddock."

"Know that man?" said the old seaman, "I ate that man's uncle."

Next in my heart to Green Peace comes Lawton's Valley. Six miles from Newport, Rhode Island (long miles in those days!), on the west road, as we then called it. From the road, a couple of towering ailanthus trees—"tallow trees" in local parlance—signaled; nearer the house was a crabbed, lichen-covered old mulberry

GREEN PEACE AND LAWTON'S VALLEY

tree. I rather resented these trees. I did not realize the stately beauty of the ailanthuses; I only knew that their leaves smelt abominably. With the mulberry, the case was more subtle. Mulberries puzzled me. From a favorite ballad, "The Priest and the Mulberry Tree" (Southey, I think?), I learned that "large, glossy and black hung the beautiful fruit." But again, there was Job Trotter—"Mulberry agin all natur for tears and willany"; this color I saw as a cross between liver and pink; so with the contraction: "murrey-colored doublets," in song and story, were familiar to me at an early age. Now here was, at the proper season, a scanty crop of pallid berries, blackberry-shaped, with neither beauty nor flavor nor anything else to commend them. This seemed wrong, somehow. A simple question would doubtless have set it right, but I seldom asked questions. I received an impression; I wove my own theory round it, pleasant or otherwise. I doubt if I often sought information from those two living, springing fountains of it beside whom I so happily lived. My father knew all about those mulberries, I suppose; perhaps my mother did, but of this I am not so sure. "The Mystery of the Mulberries"; a good title for to-day!

There is nothing very special to say about the house at Lawton's Valley. It was a plain farm-

STEPPING WESTWARD

house, a *container*, which held us when we had to be within doors. Furniture of the simplest; a piano, of course; we could not picture life without a piano; and the “little parlor” had a Brussels carpet and a sofa, bought with the profits of *Passion Flowers*, my mother’s first volume of poems. Dear little quaint sofa! her namesake granddaughter has it now, and I sit on it—and remember, and dream. . . .

Straw matting in the long parlor where the piano was, and in all the other rooms, except where the boards were painted. No bathroom; Narragansett Bay, half a mile off, was our daily bathtub; for the rest, movable tin things, and great basins and pitchers, some with purple grapes on them, beautiful to behold.

Except for food, sleep and music-making, we were little in the house. The fields claimed us; the orchard; above all, the Valley. A narrow ravine, rock-walled, with trees clinging wherever they could; at one side a swift little stream, brown and bright, breaking in foam over ledges, kept in bounds by a low curb of flat stones, excellent to run on. In the centre, an old ash tree, in memory about the size of *Sequoia Gigantea*, in present aspect (if it is still standing) less lofty. At one end a mill, a mill pond, a cataract. I shall let my mother describe the Valley:

GREEN PEACE AND LAWTON'S VALLEY

From the hurried city fleeing,
From the dusty men and ways,
In my golden sheltered valley,
Count I yet some sunny days.

Golden, for the ripened Autumn
Kindles there its yellow blaze;
And the fiery sunshine haunts it
Like a ghost of summer days.

Walking where the running water
Twines its silvery caprice,
Treading soft the leaf-spread carpet,
I encounter thoughts like these:

“Keep but heart, and healthful courage,
Keep the ship against the sea,
Thou shalt pass the dangerous quicksands
That insnare Futurity;

“Thou shalt live for song and story,
For the service of the pen;
Shalt survive till children's children
Bring thee mother-joys again.”

.

Treading soft the leaf-spread carpet.
Thus the Spirits talked with me;
And I left my valley, musing
On their gracious prophecy.

To my fiery youth's ambition
Such a boon were scarcely dear;
“Thou shalt live to be a grandame,
Work and die, devoid of fear.”

STEPPING WESTWARD

“Now, as utmost grace it steads me,
Add but this thereto,” I said:
“On the Matron’s time-worn mantle
Let the Poet’s wreath be laid.”

My mother’s poems are little read nowadays; the anthologies mostly give only the “Battle Hymn of the Republic.” Well, the reading world loses something that was worth keeping.

I recall the picnics in the Valley; the gay parties, croquet and tea, when lovely crinolined figures floated about the greensward or sat beneath the great ash tree—the swimming in the mill pond, under the very foot of the cataract, in dresses of mattress-ticking, striped blue and white, close around throat, wrist and ankle; we thought them beautiful, but, oh, the dripping weight of them!—the reading of “Maud” in my own little rocky nook on the farther side of the brook, the music of words and water mingling unforgettably; and leaving the precious volume there—the first edition, of course—and finding it next day all stained and swollen with the night’s shower. I can see it now!

At the Institution it is my father’s figure I chiefly see; the swift step, the ringing word, the blue eye now kindling, now melting, the whole flashing presence that no one once seeing could ever forget; the Valley, in memory, is chiefly

GREEN PEACE AND LAWTON'S VALLEY

my mother's. "Papa" was a week-end vision, descending in a benevolent whirlwind, bringing peaches and pears from the Green Peace garden; bringing also news of all descriptions, Free Soil, Abolition, State Charities, and all the rest of it. Through the week he had toiled indefatigably; here he was now to rest—which meant pruning the apple trees or some such task.

"Fire away!" said the Doctor, and we fired.
"*Allez coucher!*" and we went to bed.

Mother did rest at the Valley—more or less. She worked all the morning—her Precious Time; "P. T." we children called it—in the strange little place of her choice. In those days, she thought a north light essential for study; the only north light to be had in conjunction with anything approaching quiet was at the top of the attic stairs. She has herself described how in a place some six feet square she set her little pine table, shut the door at the foot of the stairs, and with a skylight above her, and wasps buzzing about her, wrote her five-act drama, "*Hippolytus*," for Edwin Booth and Charlotte Cushman.

Booth was then in the splendor of his early power and beauty; Miss Cushman nearing the end of her career. (What is this scrap that glitters in the piece-bag of memory? A rehearsal of

STEPPING WESTWARD

Hamlet; the poor little Ophelia, overcome, as were many maidens in those days, by her feelings, falters, "Oh, those wonderful eyes!" "Damn the eyes!" says Booth, the least sentimental of men. "Go on with your part!")

The heat in the attic must have been excessive, the wasps I know were myriad; I can see them now crawling, and hear them buzzing, all about her paper, but she never faltered till the morning stint was done. Alas! that vision of the young Edwin as Hippolytus was not to be realized. A petty stage quarrel, the manager's wife not being given a sufficient part; bitter disappointment for my mother, and real regret for the principal actors. After her death, "Hippolytus" was produced in Boston as a labor of love by Miss Margaret Anglin. The noble and dignified rendering of the parts of Phædra and Hippolytus by Miss Anglin and Mr. Walter Hampden will be remembered by all who saw the performance. It was a beautiful thought of the brilliant actress, and beautifully carried out.

After the early dinner, my mother must study, of course, because that was a great part of her life. Her beloved Latin authors, Tacitus, Horace, Cicero, were not yet shouldered out of the way by the ponderous German philosophies which I so heartily disliked. Yet she must have

GREEN PEACE AND LAWTON'S VALLEY

begun on philosophy in Lawton's Valley days, for I am pretty sure it was there that she tried to make me read Sir William Hamilton. Once more, alas! I was to come in time to my own philosophers, Plato, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius; but of Metaphysic I never had, and never shall have, an inkling. I drifted away from Sir William to my Tennyson and my Shelley, and there was an opportunity lost, if you please.

But there were many, many hours at Lawton's Valley when Mother was all our own. The lonely fields, with their pinkish grass, poor enough from an agricultural standpoint, but taking the lights and the breezes so beautifully; the dusty roads where the yellow butterflies hovered and rested, and where one ran ahead to gather Butter-and-eggs and Ladies' Tresses and Melilot and a lovely rosy orchid whose name I forget, if I ever knew it; all this heavenly country we walked with our mother. She knew about that wonderful castle where Brother Harry and I lived in some part. Other people saw only a jumble of granite rocks and prostrate juniper, but we knew, and Mother knew, the state drawing-room, the state staircase, broad and not so easy for little feet to climb, the side staircase for ordinary occasions, the kitchen, with convenient

STEPPING WESTWARD

ovens in the rock, where we baked our daisy puddings and other delicacies. She saw with us, I am sure, the wonderful processions that went up and down those granite stairs, and gathered in the wide, roofless hall. To-day the juniper has grown over all, a friendly and fragrant tomb.

In the Valley, too, it is of her I think; far more often than of the many parties, round whose fringes I would shyly hover. There is a picture somewhere, a little oil sketch made by a wandering painter guest, of her sitting in the Valley, with book or pencil. She loved to sketch; I do not think she had any special aptitude for it, but it gave her great comfort, and in any travels, abroad or at home, her little sketchbook was always among her papers.

Why should I linger over what none can ever see again? There is no Valley now. Years ago, a great storm came, and brought the tall solemn Norway spruces, which my father had planted, and which had grown to a lofty height, crashing down in rack and ruin. I do not know whether they have ever been removed. When I last saw the place, it was a tragic jungle. This was long after our time. My father sold it, to my mother's deep and abiding sorrow, and mine. In its stead

GREEN PEACE AND LAWTON'S VALLEY

he bought Oak Glen, where she spent many happy summers. Sister Maud loved it best; it was the home of her springtime. But the Valley had my heart, and has it still.

CHAPTER II

BOOKS

MY mother has often told me that one day, when I was about four years old, she found me lying on the floor with a book before me, turning the pages carefully, and reciting the Ballad of "Fair Annie of Lochroyan." On being interrogated, I said I was "reading." I have been reading ever since.

I have the volume now, its bright blue cover dimmed to gray; *Thalatta*, a volume of sea poems, compiled by the Reverend Samuel Longfellow (brother of the poet) and some one else; an excellent collection, which has been a life-long friend to me. It contained other ballads, too: "Sir Patrick Spens," "The Inchcape Rock," and Charles Mackay's splendid "Sea King's Burial," which I do not find in modern anthologies. Ballads, old and new, have always been among the "chief of my diet." I could never get enough of them; so was it when I was a babe, so is it now I am a grandame. My mother began it, I suspect, as she began most

Books

of my reading for me (except what I owe to my father, of which anon). It was she, of course, who repeated "Fair Annie" to me till it was my own; and "Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor," sung by her to a quaint old lilting tune, antedated even that. I may or may not be forgiven for quoting Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun's "very wise man" who said that "could he make the ballads of a nation, he would not care who made the laws." The sentiment can never, to me, become hackneyed; I know so much more about ballads than about laws.

In the Fifties we were not smothered, as we are to-day, in Children's Books. I had *Aunt Effie's Rhymes*, that clear, delicious little spring, from which anthologists have been dipping crystal draughts ever since. If I ever knew who "Aunt Effie" was, I forget now, but the blessings of a whole generation of children must attend her.

I had Grimm, of course, and Hans Andersen, and knew them by heart; and *Merry Tales for Little Folks*; a notable volume, edited by Madame de Chatelain; and *The King of the Golden River*, a lifelong joy, one of the most precious of all children's books. Then there were *The Rose and the Ring*, and *The London Doll* and *The Country Doll*, and Miss Alcott's

STEPPING WESTWARD

dear *Flower Fables*, of which she was ashamed, she told me, in later life, but which I loved dearly. And there was *Tales from Catland*, greatly beloved; and *Holiday House*, ever delightful, and reprinted, I am happy to say, of late years; and, oh! *Rainbows for Children!* and Mayne Reid.

On this name I pause with a smile and a sigh, recalling how a learned friend of my mother's once joined with her in the pleasant amusement of naming the Ten Greatest Writers. His choice was doubtless lofty; midway in delivery of it, his son, a playmate of ours, cried out eagerly, "And *Mayne Reid*, Father!" His father demurring at this, the child wept bitterly.

I hope the gallant Captain holds his own to-day. For Brother Harry and me, there was none like him. We loved his dashing heroes and their amazing adventures. Two of them we took for our prototypes, and as Groot Willem and Henrik Von Bloom we hunted the borelé, fiercest of rhinoceroses, or had "a brush with the brindled gnu," or thrilled at the sight of the black lion coming up through the chimney. *Do you remember*, children of the Fifties?

Beside all this, Mayne Reid taught me most of the little I know about Natural History. I

Books

should be thankless indeed if I did not make my acknowledgments to him.

Of course we had the *Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales*; I cannot remember when we did not have them; but I did not stop there with Hawthorne. I delighted in *Twice-Told Tales* and *Mosses from an Old Manse*. These I read over and over, till I knew them almost by heart. "Howe's Masquerade," "Rappacini's Daughter" (most terrible of all), "Lady Eleanor's Mantle," "The Great Carbuncle"; these were strong enchantments, never to be forgotten.

And these bring me to Irving, to the *Tales of the Alhambra*, and *Wolfert's Roost*, and *The Sketch-book*. "The love of lovely words" has always been strong in me; the very title, "The Adelantado of the Seven Cities," brings a thrill even to-day.

I cannot tell when I began upon Scott and Dickens; they, with the Bible and Shakespeare, seem in memory a kind of foundation for everything else. I fancy my parents read them aloud to us all, beginning with my elder sisters; I probably listened and assimilated more than I knew at the time. There is a kind of deep familiarity that seems to come from the beginning of things, as with *Mother Goose* and Lear's *Nonsense Book*. My father was our chief exponent of

STEPPING WESTWARD

Scott and Dickens. He read, in half hours snatched from the service of humanity, and we listened, never supposing he had anything more important to do. No “simplified editions” (“*horresco referens?*”) for the Howe children. The splendid sentences rolled out as they were written, in the deep, melodious, unforgettable voice. If we did not understand every word, what did it matter? We heard the sound, the glory of them; the meaning could wait.

“Thy words, O Nazarene, might create anger, did not thy ignorance raise compassion.”

Could any child fail to thrill over those magic pages of *The Talisman*?

But our parents were the two busiest people in the world; many books, of course, we had to find for ourselves. There were plenty of them, in every room. I had a bowing acquaintance with the Great in all languages, living and dead. My mother’s German philosophers, Kant, Hegel, Spinoza—how familiar were their backs! I could not read them, any more than I could read *Nowy Słownik*, a Polish work in many volumes, but they were friends, somehow, as were the Greek and Latin classics, and the *Théâtre Français*.

Other book-sanctuaries I did in some sort penetrate, owing to their illustrations. My first

Books

glimpse of Homer was not through Chapman (*pace* John Keats!), but through Flaxman's illustrations, which brought Homer alive to me at an early age. The same kindly hand led me through Dante, with horrified fascination. I know exactly what the Seventh Hell looks like. These volumes, splendid quartos rich in vellum and gilding, with superb print and margins, were stolen by a drunken gardener, and sold, one supposed, for drink. It seems a pity; I have seen no Dantes like them.

Perhaps Shakespeare, too, may have come to me in this way. Certainly among my earliest memories are those of the great folio copy of Boydell's *Scenes from Shakespeare*, bound in diamond calf, over which I would hang—it seems now—for hours together. I am very sure that I was intimate with Jack Falstaff before I ever read a word about him, and with Sir Joshua Reynolds's exquisite Puck, and with all that goodly company.

Hogarth's terrible folios, too, were painfully familiar; and there was a dreadful volume on smallpox, with life-size colored plates showing every stage of the disease. Horrid, morbid little girl! I would open it and shut it, and run away and come back.

The big purple morocco Bible had no pic-

STEPPING WESTWARD

tures, which had in some ways its advantages. I somehow think of my father reading that; but it was my mother who sang the hymns.

In the same way I made friends with Thackeray. His own and Richard Doyle's delightful pictures introduced me to the Newcomes and Pendennis and the rest, but I have Mr. Doyle alone to thank for *Brown, Jones and Robinson*, a precious volume which taught me much about foreign parts.

The first novel I read to myself was *John Halifax*. I am sorry to say I find John dull now, but then I enjoyed him greatly. And there was *Jane Eyre*, which some of my schoolmates were not allowed to read.

But all this written, and little or nothing said about poetry, other than ballads! I would rather read poetry than eat my dinner any day. It has been so all my life. Coventry Patmore's admirable *Children's Garland* and *Thalatta* were my first anthologies; Mrs. Browning, Whittier, and Tennyson, my first individual poets. I cannot have been more than eight or ten when, as I have described elsewhere,* it was my delight to go and read to an old blind woman in the workshop of the Perkins Institution, the "Rhyme of the Duchess May," and other highly

* *When I Was Your Age.*

BOOKS

romantic ballads of the Lady of Casa Guidi. Poor old Margaret! I have often wondered what she made of it.

Mrs. Browning is little read to-day. I am glad to have Mrs. Woolf say a good word for "Aurora Leigh," which I read with ardor at fifteen or so; I wish she had had a word for the ballads as well. "The Lay of the Brown Rosary" used to enthrall as much as it terrified me; and "The Rhyme of the Duchess May" still brings its own thrill, and makes me ten years old once more.

Oh, the little birds sang east,
And the little birds sang west;
 Toll slowly!
And I thought me how God's greatness
Flows around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness, His rest.

If that says nothing to you, it is perhaps because you do not hear my mother sing it to its own tune, composed by her.

I was about thirteen when I came to Shelley and Coleridge, and new worlds opened about me. A friend of my father's, Mr. Horatio Woodman, read "Christabel" to me. I can remember jumping up in my excitement, and walking up and down the room, as the magic

STEPPING WESTWARD

lines sang in my ears. I was a great girl of sixteen before I discovered Browning, and for some years I walked hand in hand with him and Rossetti—and always Shelley. I was late with Keats, I cannot imagine why.

As for Wordsworth, I was woman grown before I really came to him. As a child, I resented, half-consciously, the “simple” poems with which the now-beloved Great One took such infinite pains. I did not want my poetry simple. I wanted it to flash and ring and roll; bells and trumpets for Laura Elizabeth!

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold.

Those ten words meant more to me than the whole of the “Pet Lamb,” with “We Are Seven” thrown in.

But what says Captain Corcoran?

“Though I’m anything but clever,
I could talk like that forever!”

My general idea, as I look back through the long years, seems to have been, “If you see a book, read it, especially if it is poetry!” My education would seem to stand on a solid (!) foundation of fairy stories, romance, and poetry,

Books

with more or less history tucked in here and there by way of mortar.

Pondering these things, I seem to hear the kind voice of my good brother-in-law, the learned Professor.

"My dear Laura," he says, "Mathematics, Chemistry and Physics are the tripod on which modern education stands."

Alas! But what a good time I had!

CHAPTER III

PICTURES

AFTER the books—say rather hand in hand with them—came the pictures on the walls. In the Fifties and Sixties we knew nothing of the beauties of a bare wall, preferably gray, with one six-inch print or etching in the middle of it; I don't know much about them now. We liked pictures, and we had them, yards and yards of them. The great Snyder's "Boar Hunt" which hung in the dining-room at Green Peace must have measured eight by twelve feet, I should think; a terrible picture to the youthful eye; depth on depth of blackish green, with the boar gnashing his gleaming tusks in the foreground.

There were many oil paintings; some brought by my parents from Europe, others from Grandfather Ward's picture gallery, the first private gallery in New York. It was for this collection that Thomas Cole painted his once-famous "Voyage of Life," he being then a struggling young painter whom my grandfather wished to befriend.

PICTURES

There were family portraits, Grandfather and Grandmother Ward; he stately and shirt-frilled; she dark-eyed and lovely, with a most uncomfortable-looking ruffle.

The Copley portrait of Colonel Greene, cousin of my great-grandfather, came to my mother in later years. His bright inquiring smile, his pigtail, his round, finely-turned legs, were not familiar to my childhood.

Then there was the beautiful little Spanish Prince, full length, in shining armor, who should have been painted by Van Dyck, even if he was not.

And there was the Rembrandt, an impressive brown man with whom I always felt a certain intimacy, though I do not know his name. N. B. In these less trustful days one says, or should say, "School of Rembrandt," I suppose; but my thoughts hold no such qualifications.

I pass coldly by the big Poussin landscape; I always did. Landscapes without figures, or with pygmies under giant trees, had no attraction for me in Green Peace days. I was puzzled by the Domenichino, in which St. Jerome seemed in process of being launched, like a figurehead with no ship behind it, down some kind of slip, his white draperies curving up behind him. I did not care for it, or—in the way of affection—for

STEPPING WESTWARD

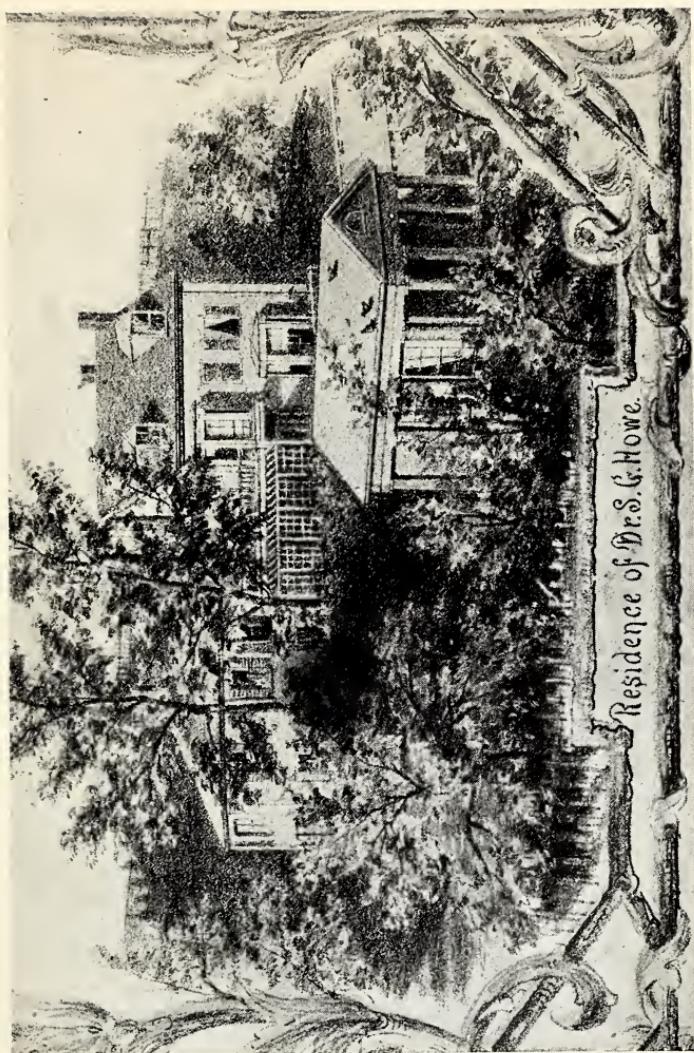
any of the oil paintings, except the Santa Claus, already mentioned. I leave them behind without a glance, and come to the pictures which were my intimate friends.

First—ah! first and last—“*Le Chien de l'Hospice.*” A mellow mezzotint, softest grays and whites. The convent walls dark, the convent door (with an admirable knocker) fast shut; snow on roof and doorstep. On the latter, one forepaw raised with the eager, uplifted nose, stands the Dog, passionate listening, passionate appeal in every line of him. From his neck hangs a bottle-gourd; on his back lies the Child, fast asleep, his curly head most comfortably disposed, his arms clasped firmly round the neck of his rescuer. Over all—well, *nearly* all!—curves the rescuer’s splendid tail, rather like a glorified and finely-curled ostrich feather. Now here is (happy I, who can still use the present tense; I feast my eyes on it every day!) a picture to delight and satisfy the mind and heart of any normal child.

What next?

The Napoleon pictures! There were two of then; now there is one, but such an one!

A friend of my mother’s once considering the six Howe children, who were probably tumbling about after their manner, said complacently, “I



GREEN PEACE

PICTURES

have only one, but *he* is a *Lion!*" He wasn't a lion, poor dear, at least he never looked—or roared—like one, boy or man.

"*Napoleon et son Fils*" is surely a lion in its way. The Emperor sits on a severe-looking sofa, in his library, against a background of imposing tomes. He is reading with absorbed interest in a folio manuscript; perhaps the first draft of the *Code*? I never tired of gazing at him, nor to-day do I pass without a friendly glance; the great brow, the martial figure—oh, so beautifully dressed!—white bib (I don't know its real name; it buttons over the coat; a plastron, perhaps?); snowy breeches, and the most wonderful white silk legs that can be imagined. Black pumps below their magnificence, the gold buckles shaped like laurel wreaths. I feel that I do no sort of justice to this splendid figure; I will try to do better for the King of Rome, *aetate circa* two years, who lies on the sofa fast asleep, his head pillow'd on his father's knee. He is all white; frock, sash, pantalettes and all; his curls are so very blond as to make only a different shade of white. These are no ordinary short curls such as cover the round head of the rescued boy of St. Bernard, but long glossy perfect ringlets falling away from a central parting. It is as if the *bonne* had said, "If your Im-

STEPPING WESTWARD

perial Highness will lay his head on this precise spot on the Imperial knee, and go to sleep, I will then arrange your Imperial Highness's hair!"

Of the second Napoleon picture I have never seen another copy. I thought it the more wonderful of the two. The little play-king, poor lamb, kneels on the sofa, in his nightgown. The Emperor, in full coronation trim, velvet and ermine mantle, gold laurel crown, holds the little hands between his own; his eyes are raised (or rolled) to heaven; his expression is one of unapproachable piety. Deeply affecting—to the ten-year-old mind; my heart swelled with reverence and—loyalty. I was a convinced and ardent Bonapartist. In my early teens I came upon and devoured John S. C. Abbott's *Life of Napoleon*, and my heart swelled higher than ever, if that were possible. Then—alas! I can never forget a certain day at Miss Wilby's school, when in "history lesson" something was said derogatory to my Emperor. I was on my feet in an instant. Might I speak? I might; I did. I was sixteen then, and I knew much that I do not know now. With fiery zeal I upheld my idol in his every action. I can well understand now the inward amusement with which the astute lady with the brown side-curls drew me out—

PICTURES

and on. His conduct toward Josephine? Pure, heroic unselfishness! He felt that France must have an heir. It was his duty—

“Laura,” said Miss Wilby quietly, “I should like you to read Dr. Channing’s Essay on Napoleon. It is in such and such a volume of his works.”

Still palpitating, I went home, found the volume, read the essay. Ah, me! beneath that keen lance of divinely tempered steel, down crashed my idol, in fragments never to be put together. Mr. Abbott retired to the limbo where (so far as I am concerned) he has since remained. My Imperialistic days were over.

Is there an odious little moral tucked away here somewhere? Should we perhaps be careful what kind of pictures our children grow up with—supposing they are allowed to have any? My Imperialism did me no permanent harm that I know of; on the other hand, the “*Chien de l’Hospice*” may conceivably have done me constructive good. So may “The Constancy of Attilius Regulus” and “Cornelia and Her Jewels,” two severely classical line engravings, whose gospel of fortitude and dignity impressed me deeply.

“Milton Dictating Paradise Lost to His Daughters” was less fortunate; I never quite

STEPPING WESTWARD

trusted the young woman who listened with her eyes raised in rapture to the skies; was it instinct, or had I heard some wise word (there were so many wise words spoken, if I had but always listened!), which gave me the impression that these ladies, with their lovely satin petticoats, were not so angelic as they looked? I wonder! But I am always wondering; I find, somewhat to my surprise, that it is the natural attitude of age, as it was of childhood.

Again—to return to the pictures—there were the prints of Greek temples, which my father (I have always supposed) brought back with him after his service in the Greek War of Independence. I did not consciously *love* those; yet they did their work without my knowing it; when I saw Greece as a girl of seventeen, I was ready for it; the temples were old friends, to be greeted joyfully; I knew my Orders of Architecture as well as I did my multiplication table.

“What about that moral?” asks a possible reader. Well—there it is! the average child of to-day seems to find his art, his literature, his everything of that kind, in the Comic Supplement to weekly papers, and in volumes which reproduce these or their like. They are sometimes funny; the wise and good assure me that they

PICTURES

are; but—how about the eye that is trained chiefly by this kind of thing? Violent colors, violent and usually hideous figures; humor of a kind probably harmless, but—is *debased* too harsh a word? What happens to the eye thus trained, when—later it may be—it is confronted by Beauty? Again, I wonder!

“But, Mother,” says one beside me, “you were brought up on ‘Slovenly Peter’ and Edward Lear, and you brought us up on them!”

I do not reply to this remark; I think I am very good to repeat it. It is true that a highly valued connection of mine put “Slovenly Peter” in the fire the other day, saying that his children should not see such horrible things. And yet—from the dear days beyond recall (the song calls them “dear *dead* days,” but they are so *much* more alive than last Tuesday week!) comes a silver voice to my ear.

“And do not touch the matches, little Laura!”

“Oh, no, Mamma,” says Laura, *conscia recti*, “I know the story of Pauline!”

And Minz and Maunz, those little cats,
Held up their little paws.

“Don’t do it, don’t! oh, don’t!” they cried,
And threatened with their claws.

“Oh, touch it not! in flames thou’lt be;
Thy mother has forbidden thee!”

STEPPING WESTWARD

If the Comic Supplement teaches a lesson as profoundly as that was taught . . . ?

One picture more; to-day the best loved of all. An old French print, in colors as soft and warm as they are delicate. An aged couple seated at a card-table; the old gentleman holds his cards raised, considering; the old lady bends forward intent, awaiting his next play. Beside them on a stand are the tea-things, fragile cups and saucers, spoons of antique pattern. The maid is leaving the room with a backward glance of satisfaction; "They are all right!" she seems to say. Beneath is written "*Le Bon Ménage*," and in small letters the information that the picture was painted by Pigal, and engraved by Prévost.

I love this picture even more now than as a child. We play bézique together of an evening, my husband and I. He does not wear a skull-cap, nor a garment half dressing-gown, half overcoat; nor am I allowed to wear a cap, though my mother's caps are so pretty, I now and then lift one from its box and survey it wistfully. But when I look at my old friends in the picture, they smile at me with every good wrinkle in their kind old faces, and I can almost hear them say, "We too are eighty-odd; *pas mal, hein?*"

CHAPTER IV

SCHOOL DAYS

THE pace quickened. Green Peace was too remote, too far from Boston, and 20 Bromfield Street, where my father had his office; the time for traversing the two miles could not be spared, even with his swift little black horses, well-named Breeze and Blast. He always rode a black horse.

The office was over the salesroom of the Perkins Institution. Here were two more places of delight. Upstairs was Papa, with his smile of welcome. Here were also, in the cupboard, boxes of figs and other dainties brought belike by the Greeks, Poles, Cretans, Elamites, and dwellers in Mesopotamia, who daily stormed that fortress, seeking aid and comfort. Here also, on the big desk, was sand, black and red—the latter from the Great Desert, we were told—in wooden “shakers,” with star-shaped perforations in the middle through which one poured the smooth, glittering particles till one’s blotted scrawl sparkled resplendent. Blotting paper is

STEPPING WESTWARD

a poor and flabby substitute for this beautification of chirography.

In the warehouse below were more active joys. The piles of new, clean-smelling mattresses reached from the floor nearly to the ceiling. We must have been small indeed, Brother Harry and I, to find room, on top of these dizzy heights. Of course we should not have been allowed to climb them; purchasers may have wondered to find marks of little shoes on the fine new ticking. But the officials of the warehouse were too busy, or too kind, to forbid; the handsome dark-eyed lady at the desk; the beautiful clerks who, in retrospect, seem like Apollo and Narcissus in business dress. They were always Greeks. Perhaps my father tried them out in this way before finding permanent situations for them. Aristides was the most beautiful; his hair was blue-black, its waves Praxitelean, his features chiseled in classic mould. Leonidas, if less beautiful, was also less remote. His dark eyes sparkled with friendliness. Both these classic figures must give way to Jim, the Greek sailor, whose real name I never knew, nor do I know what office he filled, either in Bromfield Street or at Green Peace. He floats across the field of my childhood, glowing and twinkling with merriment and frolic friendliness. He

SCHOOL DAYS

brought us the most wonderful presents, a tortoise-shell heart, a sea-bean, a shell, things that nobody else brought. I put him into a story long ago, and "Jim of Hellas" he will always be to me.

What a chapter might be written on old Bromfield Street! Does any one remember old Raymond, the optician? A huge bulk of a man, always poring over watches, with a strange green thing in his eye, which made him look a kind of benevolent goblin. His den, or workshop, was on the same floor with Papa's office, and he was kind to children of exploratory disposition who peeped round the corner of his door to make sure that he was there and real.

My father took a three years' lease of the Sargent house, Number 13 Chestnut Street, and here we spent three good and profitable winters. It was a singularly pleasant house; I liked it best of the three town houses I remember. The ground floor dining-room was for use solely; simply a room, big enough, but with little space to spare when the big table was at its full length. The double drawing-room occupied most of the first story, a spacious airy apartment, with tall windows at either end. Here began my active consciousness of Parties and Meetings; the Valley parties seem dim and misty by comparison.

STEPPING WESTWARD

Musical parties, charade parties, with Beacon Street in its most brilliant aspect for performers and audience. "Owl" parties where the talk ran deep and high on things transcendental-philosophic; literary parties where one recalls many gracious figures of the time; meetings of the Radical Club, of the Brain Club.

My father had little time now for merrymaking; it was in Green Peace days that he acted "Kutasoff Hedzoff" so brilliantly, with Governor Andrew as Prince Bulbo, in Thackeray's immortal *The Rose and the Ring*. His meetings at 13 Chestnut Street were apt to be in the dining-room, where Governor Andrew, Charles Sumner, Francis Bird, young Frank Sanborn, Frank Stearns, and others sat about the long table in deep converse on matters of vital concern.

Sumner was my father's dearest and closest friend. He was an impressive figure. His six feet of stature was my measure of height; I said to myself, "as tall as Mr. Sumner," or "a foot shorter than Mr. Sumner."

Though kind to us children, he never took special note of us that I remember. "How do you do, child?" These words, in his deep sonorous voice, are what I chiefly remember of any personal connection between us. My sister

SCHOOL DAYS

Florence has a vision of him carrying Baby Maud on his shoulder, and stooping his lofty crest in a doorway. In her *Memories Grave and Gay*, she shows the advantage of the four years by which she preceded me. He was not familiar, she says, with children; we had little intercourse with him, save from an admiring distance. She recalls, what I had forgotten, Brother Harry saying to me,

“There are two kinds of giants, Laura, the ogres who eat people up, and the harmless ones. Now Mr. Sumner is a harmless giant.”

This became a family expression, and he was usually known among us as the Harmless Giant.

Another memory returns to me, which common gratitude must record. It is that of a lecture delivered by Mr. Sumner in the old Boston Music Hall, when I was in my early teens. I cannot recall what the lecture was about, though I can hear the deep music of his wonderful voice, and see the august presence, which no one familiar with it could ever forget. But the heart of the matter was to me the moment after the lecture, when the audience came surging up on the platform, wave on wave, to greet and thank and felicitate the great orator. Among them were my mother and I, and I can see the eager faces and feel the jostling shoulders of people

STEPPING WESTWARD

taller than I. Wistful glances were cast at the fine bouquet which he held in his hand, having taken it from the vase on the desk. They all wanted it, perhaps some of them wanted it desperately. But it was Laura Howe to whom he gave it, bending his august head in friendly greeting. I cannot remember that he said anything, not even, "How do you do, child?" but I had the flowers, and none in that great assembly could have valued them more than I did.

It has been strange to me to see Mr. Sumner recently portrayed in fiction as the familiar playfellow of children in the Lincoln family. We found no element of play in him; he certainly had no sense of humor.

"Beacon Street" (which did not like Mr. Sumner) delighted in anecdotes turning his solemn gravity to ridicule. It was related that once on the eve of the Fourth of July, he called to him his office boy, newly come from the country, and gave him a small sum of money. "You would do well to visit Mount Auburn," he said. "You will find the monuments extremely interesting." This was his idea of a boy's Fourth of July, and "Beacon Street" crowed and chuckled with glee.

In sharp contrast to the austere figure of

SCHOOL DAYS

Charles Sumner rises that of John Albion Andrew, another familiar friend of the Sixties. "The great War Governor" he was called in those days, a title well won. Broad and burly, his fine head covered with close-curling hair, his lips framed for laughter, his eyes darting kindly lightnings, the whole man radiating power and resolve; what a pleasure to call him back for a moment from the "sounding labor-house vast" where he and Sumner and S. G. H. and all the rest are now—one feels sure—working well and valiantly.

When the Civil War came, the Massachusetts troops were first in the field; they could not fail to be, with Andrew to send them. Many books tell of his public life of devoted service. You can read them to-day; but you cannot hear him tell a Yankee story, or hear him recite "Cubit's (Cupid's) Garden." I remember only the last stanza of the quaint old ballad.

Then up and spoke that other young maid,
And from her seat she risen,
"Let you and I go our own way,
And we'll let she go shis'n!"

He was one of my father's most valued friends and fellow-workers; his loss—for the War killed him as absolutely, I suppose, as if he had fallen

STEPPING WESTWARD

in one of its battles—was irreparable to us and to the country.

The most familiar friend at 13 Chestnut Street, and wherever else we were after that time, was the beloved John Sullivan Dwight. Founder and for many years sole editor of *Dwight's Journal of Music*; one of the founders and always a devoted member of the Harvard Musical Society, and promoter of the Harvard Musical Concerts, those feasts of joy which preceded the Symphony Concerts; how should I forget him? The fine face, framed in silvery beard and hair, the bright brown eyes, beaming with light and joy and good will, the frequent gestures, waving hands and bending head, especially when music was going on or even spoken of, the enthusiasm for all that was good and lovely, the hatred for all that was base and mean—all these went to make up “Dwightie,” as we children impertinently called him among ourselves.

He was endlessly kind to us. Here indeed was the true lover of little people. We all, especially, I think, Maud and I, owed him much in the development of our love for and taste in music.

His life had been a rich one. He had been

SCHOOL DAYS

one of the early members of the Brook Farm community; knew all the Concord circle familiarly; was a member, as was my father, of the Saturday Morning Club, where the Olympians met weekly: Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Hoar, Phillips; the list is a long and notable one. His sympathy with all good causes brought him into warm friendship with my parents; we children loved him for his gentleness, his kindly mirth, his quick and ready sympathy.

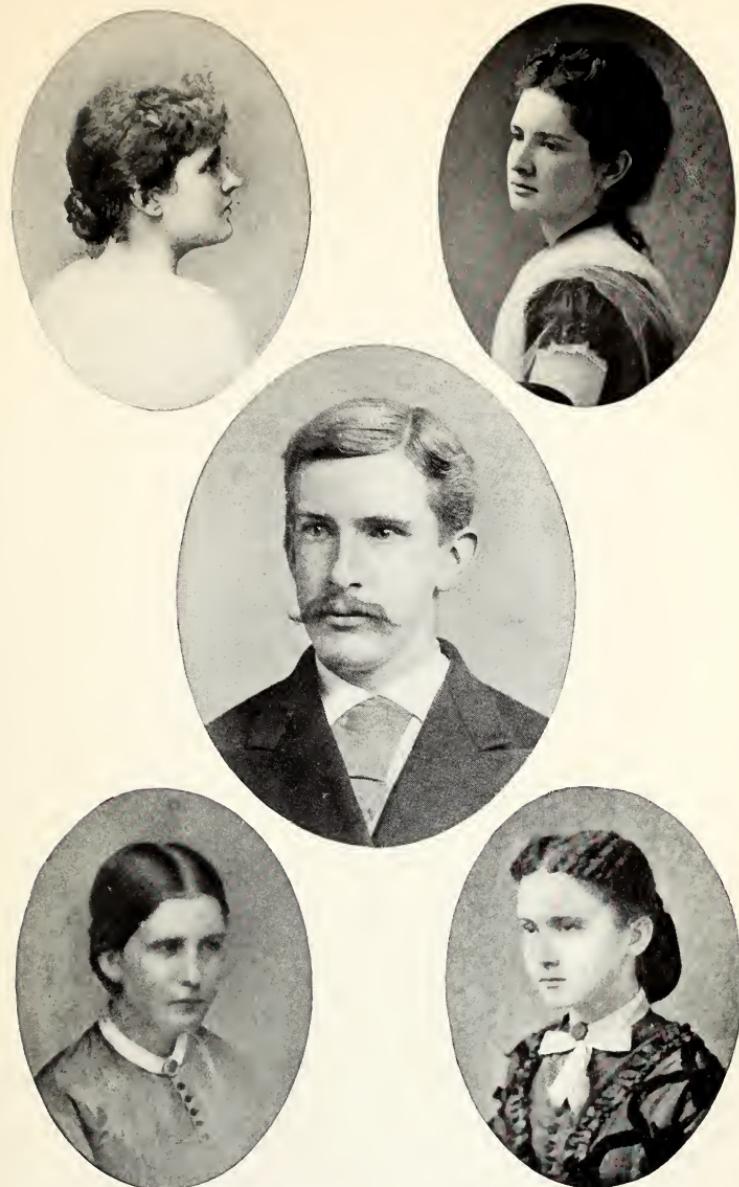
It was he who took us to the Symphony Concerts. Even now, after sixty-odd years, when I go to a concert, I glance toward the left-hand side of the first gallery, the front row, where he always sat; where I so often, so happily sat with him, and listened to his clear, kind words of comment and explanation. It was not in Symphony Hall, it was in the old Music Hall, but no matter, it was the same part of the hall, and I can still see him in the statelier auditorium. The old Music Hall was a dreadful fire trap. One was almost crushed to death on the narrow stairs, but that did not matter. The great organ stood on the stage, propped by its huge Caryatids, those black walnut Titans familiar to two generations. Crawford's noble statue of Beethoven stood near the front of the stage.

STEPPING WESTWARD

The familiar plaster statues which still adorn Symphony Hall were there. It was there that the statue of Apollo was affirmed to be "a portrait of the late Jonas Chickering," maker of the famous pianos.

Mr. Dwight took us to the oratorios too, and after my first introduction, it was by him that I usually sat, while I thrilled to "The Messiah" or "Elijah" or "Israel in Egypt." My first oratorio I owe to a very different person, the late William Foster Apthorp. I was twelve, "Willie" was fourteen. We used to dance together at Papanti's. It may have been during a polka or a quadrille that he spoke of the Handel and Haydn Society, and learned to his horror that I had never heard "The Messiah" or any other oratorio. I can recall even now his face of dismay. Soon after came an invitation from "la Famille Apthorp" to attend the Christmas performance of "The Messiah." Long-ago playfellow, true lover and connoisseur of music, I pay now my grateful thanks to your cheerful shade.

Mr. Dwight knew many things beside music. He was a writer and lover of poetry, and intimately familiar with the literature of the day, English and German, especially perhaps the latter.



Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company

THE CHILDREN OF SAMUEL GRIDLEY AND JULIA WARD HOWE,
1869-1874

Maud

Julia Romana

Henry Marion

Laura Elizabeth

Florence Marion

SCHOOL DAYS

He was full of anecdotes. Two of his stories in particular come back to me across the years. One was a vivid account of a children's party given in Rome, some time in the Fifties or Sixties, by the sculptor, William Story, and his wife. Mr. Dwight was present, a delighted guest. The party was given for the little daughter of the house, Edith Story, afterwards Madame Peruzzi. Mr. Dwight would tell with delight of Hans Christian Andersen gathering the children about him, and holding them spellbound with an impromptu story; of Thackeray reading (or acting, I forget which) a scene from *The Rose and the Ring*; last, but not least, of Robert Browning, in the character of the Pied Piper, leading the enraptured children round the ample drawing-rooms of the Palazzo, playing or pretending to play, on the immortal pipe.

It was good to hear Mr. Dwight tell this story. He transmitted to us happy children in turn the glow of his enjoyment, and something of the delightsomeness of the unparalleled occasion.

The other story is of a very different nature. It is of a certain literary man, noted for his vagueness and absent-mindedness. This gentleman, in his early days, devoted some time to peddling books, making his way on foot from

STEPPING WESTWARD

village to village, from house to house. One hot summer day, walking along the country road, which ran by the side of a swift-flowing stream, he overtook another peddler, going the same way. They fell into conversation, and as the sun rose higher, and the heat became oppressive, the literary peddler said, "Here is a cool stream, let us go in and bathe."

The other peddler answered, "But I cannot swim."

"No matter for that," said the first, "I can swim, I will take care of you."

"Then," said Mr. Dwight, "our peddler, telling his own story, looked round on the circle of listeners and said blandly, 'But I lost him!'"

Beside the family friends, there were those of my own age, whom I met at Miss Caroline Wilby's school in Bowdoin Street.

A noted school, a notable teacher. Grandmothers all (or great-aunts, as the case may be!), do you remember that erect, ample figure, that countenance of bland authority, those matchless side-curls?

Grandmothers all, how beautiful some of you were; how interesting one and all! Lovely Mary Sullivan,* whose beauty was crowned in

* Mrs. Alexander Cochrane.

SCHOOL DAYS

our eyes by the thrilling fact of her being engaged to be married! Beautiful Isabel Rotch,* who read Cleopatra to my Antony—very well, too. These are gone, with many others. Gone too is the dearest of all, my closest friend throughout life, Mary Gray. Did we all love Mary best? I somehow think so. Pausing for words to describe this sweetest of girls and women, I falter. Perhaps silence is what she would choose. Her deep modesty and reserve were as integral a part of her as her flashing wit, her keen perception and sympathy. “Mary!” we said, and it was enough.

Of the little intimate band of schoolmates, I keep regular touch with one only to-day. Katharine Loring; scholar and soldier, strong standard bearer in many a battle for the right, steadfast and faithful friend, my tender greetings to you! Miss Wilby always gave you the highest marks in school; she would be proud indeed of you to-day.

A word more about the Handel and Haydn Society, which plays a vivid part in my Chestnut Street memories. My mother, Flossy, and Harry, were devoted members of it for some years, seldom missing either rehearsal or per-

* Mrs. Mark Sibley Severance.

STEPPING WESTWARD

formance; to all of us, it seemed well nigh inevitable that we should attend all possible performances.

We all sang more or less (except my dear father, who had but two songs, "Hail to the Chief," and "Oh Susanna!" We could tell by the words and the *tempo* which one he was singing), and the house, in memory, resounds with the great arias from the "Messiah," "Elijah" and "Judas Maccabæus."

How many people, I wonder, remember the great Musical Festival after the close of the Civil War? E. L. Gilmore was the moving spirit, and conducted his famous band; but Carl Rosa, the charming violinist, had a great deal to do with it. I remember the scene, the vast oval packed with seething crowds; the most vivid memory is that of Euphrosyne Parepa Rosa, the magnificent, the monumental (in every sense of the word) soprano, standing on the stage, her heroic figure drawn to its full height, her great voice ringing like a trumpet through the vast auditorium,

Let the bright seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted trumpets blow.

Sight and sound together preserve the memory, and the thrill.

SCHOOL DAYS

With the bombardment of Fort Sumter, April 13th, 1861, the Civil War broke out. On that day my father wrote to Governor Andrew:

"Since they will have it so—in the name of God, Amen! Now let all the governors and chief men of the people see to it that war shall not cease until emancipation is secure. If I can be of any use, anywhere, in any capacity (save that of spy), command me."

On April 15th came President Lincoln's first call for troops; on April 17th three Massachusetts regiments started for Washington. A few days later, Governor Andrew sent two steamers laden with supplies of every kind for his troops, and, that no stone should remain unturned, he took my father at his word, and sent him and Judge E. R. Hoar to follow the troops and the ships, to investigate conditions.

In an upper room of the Massachusetts State House are many shelves piled high with letter-books, hundreds and hundreds of them. Here, some forty years later, it was my fortune to find and read my father's letters to Governor Andrew from Washington. Dim light, faded ink, crabbed hand, what mattered these? The pages gave light enough as I read.

"There is more need of a health officer than

STEPPING WESTWARD

of a chaplain; but the United States knows no such officer.

“Soap! soap! soap! I cry; but none heed. I wish some provision could be made for army washerwomen; they are more needed than nurses.”

Again:

One was surprised to find how abundant had been the provision made for the comfort and efficiency of the men in so short a time; and in how few instances the careful forecast of those who fitted out the expedition had failed to effect the object aimed at. To be sure, one regiment had ill-assorted uniforms, another lacked tents; one had been on short commons for a day or two at sea, another on land; one company lacked blankets, and had camped by night on the wet grass; another had been pinched in the belly, and had laid hands violently on stray pigs; but instead of wondering at these things, any one at all used to actual life in camps marvelled at the good condition and the good fare of the troops, called so suddenly and unexpectedly into the field. There were indeed a few complaints and grumblings from some of the men about exposure, and sleeping on the ground by night, and about hard fare and disgusting food by day; but one who had gone through a whole campaign without tent or bed, save a goats'-hair capote, did not shudder much at the story that some companies had been caught at a pinch with-

SCHOOL DAYS

out tents and blankets, and obliged to lie one or two nights on the wet grass.

And if he had, perchance, been so sharp set with hunger as to find relish in boiled sorrel and luxury in raw snails, of course he would not so readily melt as others might at hearing that some of our men had actually been limited, during a day or two, to dry biscuit and raw pork.

He was recalling his own soldiering days in the Greek Revolution, thirty-odd years before.

About a month later (June 9th) was founded the Sanitary Commission, the forerunner of the Red Cross. My father was one of its earliest members, and found here congenial work, which was simply added, after his fashion, to all the other work.

If I had but had the wit to make a collection of my father's letter-headings, it would be illuminating. I see them all as plainly as if they were before me! Office of the Sanitary Commission of the Freedmen's Bureau, Prison Discipline, Discharged Convicts' Aid, the Board of State Charities, the Perkins Institute for the Blind, the School for Feeble-minded. All these are so familiar, it seems as if I must have some sheets tucked away somewhere. We children had no conscience about writing or scribbling on any piece of paper that we could get. We had to

STEPPING WESTWARD

be careful of paper in those days; it could be sold for six cents a pound. Every scrap was collected. Nowadays I have either to burn my paper myself, or hire a man to take it away.

Yes, I know I am not writing my father's Life; I wish I were—again!

In the autumn of 1861, my mother went with him on one of his visits to Washington; saw reviews and battlefields; wrote the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." While she lived, she was constantly besieged for information as to how, when, and where the Hymn was written. Now I am asked the same questions. Let my mother tell the story as she told it so many times!

It was at Willard's Hotel, the day after a review, an alarm, a retreat.

I . . . awoke next morning in the gray of the early dawn, and to my astonishment found that the wished-for lines were arranging themselves in my brain. I lay quite still until the last verse had completed itself in my thoughts, then hastily arose, saying to myself, "I shall lose this if I don't write it down immediately." I searched for a sheet of paper and an old stump of a pen which I had had the night before, and began to scrawl the lines almost without looking, as I had learned to do by often scratching down verses in the darkened room where my little children were sleeping. Having

SCHOOL DAYS

completed this, I lay down again and fell asleep, but not without feeling that something of importance had happened to me.

It must have been in 1861 that we moved in town to 13 Chestnut Street, because my earliest picking of lint and making of little flat pinballs for the soldiers was certainly done in the school-room at Green Peace. I can see now the piles of snowy lint. "Gauze" had not then been invented, nor was cheesecloth used except for its original purpose. And—dreadful, septic thought—we made little cases for court-plaster, and sent those. Lint-picking and pinball-making were all that little "donkey-fingers" could compass. Sister Flossy, always clever with her needle, made all kinds of things. Julia, I should suppose, though I do not remember, went to hospitals and ministered to sick and wounded. Maud, the "Rover of Boston," * was too young even to make pinballs.

I cannot leave 13 Chestnut Street without a word of greeting to the little brother, my father's namesake and best beloved, most of whose short life was passed there. I see the little, beautiful, gracious figure, flitting about the house, blue-eyed and golden haired, room by room brighten-

* Cf. *Three Generations*. by Maud Howe Elliott, published by Little, Brown & Co.

STEPPING WESTWARD

ing as he entered it; I hear the gay, lilting voice, caroling bits of broken song; his own song so quickly, so tragically broken. Three singing, dancing years;—then a few days of what would now be called diphtheria; we called it membranous croup then; and the little light was quenched, and our parents' hearts were broken. I see the dancing figure, now marble-still, lying on the marble table, covered with my mother's white crêpe shawl; I hear the kind voice of our dear minister, James Freeman Clarke. Good-by, little Sam!

My father never recovered fully from this blow; my mother, many years younger, and of more resilient temperament, though stricken equally low, was able to rise sooner; yet it was years before she could write of

. . . the skill
Of God, who speaks His sweetest sentence short.

Both parents found their chief comfort in work, and still more work, unsparing, unstinting.

So, in spite of all the parties, the charades, the music and the merriment, it is on a grave note that I leave 13 Chestnut Street, and close its kind doors after me.

We would gladly have stayed on there permanently; my father wished to buy the house;

SCHOOL DAYS

but its owners decided to occupy it themselves, and it was *in span und trek* once more for the Howe family. (Why has this been through life my natural expression for a flitting or a journey? Because I knew my Mayne Reid, and could give details of all the *treks* of the itinerant Von Blooms.)

Sadly enough we left the Hill; migrated to the other side of the Common; pitched our tent at 19 Boylston Place! A rather dismal little Place, I always thought; little sun, less outlook. It had the advantage of being near the old Public Library, a solid, substantial building, later given over to Hagenbeck and his lions. It was from there that Mrs. John L. Gardner once borrowed two enchanting lion cubs, taking them for the day to her Brookline house. The movement of the carriage roused the creatures to a high pitch of excitement; you should hear the accompanying niece describe that drive! It was there, too, that Frank Dumaresq pulled the lion's tail through the grating—but I wander! The building has long been swept out of existence.

Of Number 19 Boylston Place I have nothing to say *qua* house; it was not interesting in any way, yet I may recall a few things connected with it. First, the fire, a terror by night, which

STEPPING WESTWARD

narrowly escaped being a serious disaster. I remember clearly how, when it was well under way, and my father, looking exactly like a figure out of *The Tale of Two Cities*, with a striped nightcap over one ear (I cannot imagine why he wore a nightcap, his hair was thick and heavy as a youth's), was hewing away with an axe at the charred and smoking timbers, there came a ring at the front doorbell. I opened the door, and there was my dear brother-in-law to be, George Richards, in irreproachable evening dress, saying with calm courtesy,

"I beg your pardon! Have you a fire here?"

"Yes," I said, "won't you come in?"

And in he came, and in came his four brothers, and set to work valiantly to extinguish the conflagration, which but for their help might have proved serious enough.

The Richards brothers were objects of interest to us all; stalwart, handsome, always perfectly dressed, coming and going, silent, aloof, mysterious. I don't think we made acquaintance with any of them until that evening, but I am not sure; my elder sisters may have met George and John at parties. Harry, the youngest, had been at dancing school with me at Papanti's, but he was shy, and so was I. I knew he had rosy cheeks and bright blue eyes, and

SCHOOL DAYS

that he was tall and broad-shouldered, like the others. I knew no more about him, till I met him on the upper stairs, he carrying a silver cup, I with my arms filled with my Christmas presents. It has always seemed to me curious that he and I occupied adjoining rooms in the two houses. Had we but known it, he could have bored a hole from his closet through to mine, and we could have played Pyramus and Thisbe.

Another happening which linked the two families together was less serious, and yet very annoying. Mr. Thomas Hazard of Vaucluse, Rhode Island, our four-miles-off neighbor at Lawton's Valley, was something of a wag, as well as a Spiritualist and many other things. Speaking one day with my father, he deplored the plague of cats with which Vaucluse was overrun.

"Send them to me!" said my father, jestingly, "we have a plague of rats."

The word was spoken and forgotten by him, but not by Thomas Hazard. One day arrived at Boylston Place by express a huge packing-case, which was got through the front door with some difficulty, and dumped in the hall. Strange sounds issued from it. My father opened it, and out jumped, scrambled, flew CATS, perhaps a dozen of them, perfectly wild, absolutely

STEPPING WESTWARD

frantic. They scattered in every direction. Looking back after all these years, I cannot imagine how we ever got rid of them. One of them, I think, got into the cold air box, and was rescued with difficulty. The creature that remains chiefly in my mind is the one that scrambled up our chimney and down that of the Richards house, appearing, screeching and caterwauling, in their parlor, to be finally caught by the combined efforts of the brotherhood. My father never again jested with Thomas Hazard.

A vivid memory of 19 Boylston Place is that it was there that I dropped crinoline. Hitherto the hoop skirt, overspread with the billowy dress skirt (with as many yards as could be gathered in at the waist) had been my only wear. To collapse suddenly and with (as I remember) no gradation, to the condition of a closed umbrella, was a formidable ordeal. I can never forget the *unclad* feeling with which I went out of doors in my new dress, a silver gray poplin, made with two skirts, one to the knee, one to the ankle. I thought every eye would be riveted on me. Nobody looked at me; every other woman was dressed in the same way; crinoline had gone,

Like the dew on the fountain,
Like the foam on the river.

SCHOOL DAYS

In 1867 a new call came to my father. The Cretan Insurrection broke out. He was now sixty-seven years old, but he sprang to response as he had sprung at the call of Greece forty-five years before. His weapons now were those of peace, which he had learned to wield even more ably than the carbine and sabre of his youth. A meeting was called at Music Hall, with all the good and great of Boston on the platform: Wendell Phillips, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edward Everett Hale, etc., etc. When my father rose and said, "Forty-five years ago I was very much interested in the Greek Revolution," there was something of a sensation in the audience. To judge from appearances, forty-five years before this Dr. Howe should have been in his cradle.

Governor Andrew was the last speaker, and he presented a set of resolutions calling for aid to the Cretans, which was loudly applauded.

He then said, addressing my father, "I venture, Mr. Chairman, to make one single suggestion—that if all of us were dumb to-night, if the eloquent voices which have stimulated our blood and inspired our hearts had been silent as the tomb, your presence, sir, would have been more eloquent than a thousand orations; when we remember that after the lifetime of a whole gen-

STEPPING WESTWARD

eration of men, he who forty years ago bared his arm to seize the Suliote blade speaks again with the voice of his age in defense of the cause of his youth."

CHAPTER V

TRAVEL

IN March, 1867, my father sailed for Europe, taking with him my mother, my sister Julia, and me.

We paused for a couple of weeks in London, that he might take counsel with various influential Greeks, and with those of his English friends and acquaintance who still felt the thrill of Philhellenism. Here I had my first and only taste of London society. We stayed at the Charing Cross Hotel. (*Why?* I don't know. I suppose because it was central!) Here we were visited by many notabilities, English and Greek.

I remember the beautiful Marie Spartali coming in like the Venus of Milo in a pork-pie hat; she whose exquisite charm George Du Maurier partly caught and preserved for us in his Duchess of Towers in *Peter Ibbetson*. She became the wife of W. J. Stillman, journalist and author; my mother always called her the Tenth Muse. I recall her again in the Nineties, in my

STEPPING WESTWARD

mother's drawing-room; still beautiful, still moving goddesslike in the graceful sweeping draperies of the Eighties. Change with the changing fashion? She knew better!

'We' went out, more or less. I can say "we," because my seventeen-year-old self accompanied the elders on two occasions at least; one of them is among the "unforgettabilities." The Duke and Duchess of Argyle were warm friends of my father's, being of philanthropic and public-spirited turn of mind. The Duchess especially (formerly Lady Elizabeth Leveson Gower) was deeply interested in the blind, and in Laura Bridgman particularly. Consequently we were invited, all four, to dine *en famille* at Argyle Lodge.

You are to remember that I was a Waverley child, nourished on Highland tradition. To dine with McCallum More, with the shades of Gillespie Grumach and Dugald Dalgetty in the background, and Inverary and the Mareschal College, Aberdeen, looming in the distance! How convey to you the thrill?

My best dress was of white alpaca, close at throat and wrists. (Like the ticking bathing dresses! I was not "out," you see!). Raying out from the neck were bands of sky-blue silk set with crystal beads; it was a charming dress!

TRAVEL

But when I found Lady Mary Campbell, a girl about my age, in white muslin, low and short-sleeved, with a blue sash, I thought that was charming, too, and far more picturesque.

McCallum More was sandy, stocky, dignified and friendly; the Duchess everything that was lovely and cordial; one of the sweetest of women. The Marquis of Lorne, a blond, handsome youth, took Julia in to dinner; my escort was Lord Archibald Campbell, who, I was to learn later, had been at school with my future husband at Wellington College. He was a pleasant brown-eyed boy, and tried to set me at ease, with little success, I fear; I was frozen with shyness, and it must have been but too evident.

"Have you seen Inverary?" asked Lady Mary; I had not, and she thought little of me. Inverary was her world.

It may (perhaps) be to my credit that I remember nothing of the food that was set before us; but I remember the dishes and plates on which it was served, all silver, big scalloped plates, evidently in daily use.

But the best was yet to come. With the dessert (gold plates for this; very beautiful, bordered deep with carved fruits), in walked, in full Highland dress, his chanter tucked under his arm, the Piper of Argyle!

STEPPING WESTWARD

I had never heard the pipes before. He walked three times slowly round the table, playing “The Campbells Are Coming” with fiery vigor, then strode out again. The Campbells took no notice; they had *come*; they heard it every day, possibly at every meal. But I leave it to any lover of Sir Walter to imagine the feelings of seventeen-year-old Laura Howe!

My father, hurrying on to Greece, took Julia with him, my mother and I tarrying to visit my Aunt Louisa Terry in Rome. We parted company at Marseilles, where, by the way, I lost an illusion, a sad thing to do at any age. I was intimate with Thackeray’s Ballads (Do people read them now? If not, what a pity!) and was fully prepared to cry “Bring in the smoking Bouillabaisse!” Ah, me! They brought it in, and I found it detestable.

S. G. H. and Julia took a swift boat direct for Piræus; J. W. H. and I, in a slow (and very dirty) one, rolled leisurely along the Mediterranean toward Genoa. I have the pleasantest recollection of this little voyage. The moon was full, the weather perfect, I was a good sailor; there was a beautiful young Spaniard who, sitting on deck in the moonlight evenings, recited Horace to me with his soft Spanish accent:

TRAVEL

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem!

I have an idea that his quantities were not always what they should have been; no matter! Señor Balparda, I salute you across the years. You too are eighty-odd; several years “odder” than I, I fancy.

Holy Week in Rome: St. Peter’s and the Sistine Chapel; Palazzo Odescalchi, grim and dignified, where “Aunt Lou” kept her lovely state, one of the best-loved women in Rome; plenty of impressions here, deep and vivid, for Seventeen. Holy Thursday, and the great ladies shoving and jostling one another in the doorway of the Sistine Chapel—such behaviour! Easter, the silver trumpets, the Girandola—I must not linger over these. I was deeply moved by the love-affairs of my cousin Mimoli Crawford (Mrs. Hugh Fraser, author of *A Diplomat’s Wife in Japan*, and other delightful books). She was in her first exquisite bloom, a vision to dream of. I thrilled to hear of the Young Prince, Alessandro ——, who rode past her window every evening. She picked up a pebble that his horse’s hoof had spurned; had it set—I can see it now!—in a triangular frame of Etruscan gold, with *Quand même!* on it in raised letters. Here was romance indeed!

STEPPING WESTWARD

The three Crawfords (the fourth, Jennie, had lately died in the first flush of her lovely youth), were the children of my aunt's first marriage, to Thomas Crawford the sculptor. Annie, the eldest, with less actual beauty than the others, had every charm of grace and elegance. Her ample skirts had a sinuous flow all their own; so had the black velvet ribbons that meandered down her back. Do I hear that "Follow-me-lads" are again worn to-day?

Annie was kind to Seventeen, and proffered helpful advice.

"My dear"—I hear the silver Roman voice—"cross your feet at the *instep*; *never* at the ankle!"

Brilliant, erratic, distinguished, Annie had moreover a literary style and talent that might have taken her far. Her only published story, *A Mystery of the Campagna*, holds its own with any vampire story I know, except *Dracula*. She married a Prussian baron, who took her to Upper Silesia and the Seventeenth Century, and there was an end of that. She wrote no more; she made a pudding, I heard, and buried it in the garden lest her mother-in-law see it!

Francis Marion Crawford, the future novelist, was then the extraordinarily beautiful boy whom all Rome was trying to spoil. The two children

TRAVEL

of my aunt's second marriage, Daisy (Mrs. Winthrop Chanler) and Arthur, were nursery darlings, separated from Seventeen by that great gulf of ten years which now is but a thread-like stream between me and those two beloved cousin-friends.

All these brilliant creatures, flashing jewel-like in the foreground; behind them the gracious figure of Aunt Lou in her glowing matronly beauty (much associated in my mind with violet velvet and old lace), and Uncle Terry, tall, kindly and dignified; all this set in the frame of the Odescalchi, with its long vista of lofty rooms, mostly rather austere in their stateliness, but terminating, as I remember, in a crimson damask drawing-room where open fires glowed softly and great lamps glimmered here and there, just bright enough for beauty.

A few weeks of this Roman life, enrapturing, bewildering; then my first glimpse of Venice, my mother and I floating and singing under the great bridges along the Grand Canal—but I am coming to Venice again. I must hurry on to Greece.

Another all-too-brief voyage took us from Brindisi to Athens; the *Ægean* Sea this time, more beautiful, if that be possible, than the Mediterranean. I was never seasick; enjoyed

STEPPING WESTWARD

every moment at sea; was never ready to land.

This time, too, there was pleasant company on board; a Greek nobleman, with a golden-haired daughter so beautiful that Helen seemed —to the eyes of Seventeen—to walk the deck, and (must it be added?) be seasick in the cabin. An Austrian gentleman and his pretty sister; he was on his way to be married, but he was kind to Seventeen, and wrote an acrostic, the only one she ever received, on her name. It's a long, long road back to Seventeen; is there any harm in Eighty-odd's transcribing it?

Limpido é il tuo bello sguardo;
Adorabile il tuo soave viso;
Ugual non ha vi del tuo sorriso;
Rapito sono allorche ti guardo,
Angelo venuto dal Paradiso!

Pretty? I cannot be expected to translate it.

My father had made good use of his time; he was forbidden to go to Crete, and a price set on his head, whereupon he promptly went, and was nearly shipwrecked on the way back.

I must condense as I may those wonderful weeks in Athens. I see the hotel parlors thronged with Cretan chieftains and dignified Athenians with wonderful names. My mother has described the company in a song that she

TRAVEL

sang to the Brain Club after her return. I must give a stanza of it.

“Who were the people you saw, Mrs. Howe,
When you went where the Cretans were making a
row?”

Kalopothakis, Diomondakis

Nikolaides, P’raskevaides,

Anagnostopoulos, Paparipopoulos,

These were the people that met Mrs. Howe,
When she went where the Cretans were making a
row.

Among them was young Michael Anagnostopoulos, who became my father’s devoted secretary, refusing all payment for the work.

“Dr. Howe, what are you paid for helping my country?”

“Nothing,” said my father, “of course.”

“Neither am I paid for helping you.”

“What then can I do for you?”

“Take me to America.”

He came, and stayed.

Among the visitors was George Finlay, my father’s old companion in arms, author of a history of Greece, a standard, if somewhat dry work: a beautiful old gentleman, with snowy hair, and blue eyes almost as brilliant as my father’s. His life had been spent largely in

STEPPING WESTWARD

Greece. I see no harm, at this distance of time, in telling the singular story of his marriage.

He fell in love with a beautiful Greek girl, and won her love. I am not sure whether her parents disapproved of the marriage, or whether it was love of romantic adventure which made the betrothed pair resort to a curious device for obtaining their union. What I have heard is simply this: that the maiden was to be put into a box labeled "books," and sent, by water, to the city where her lover was to meet her, marry her, and take her to the home already prepared for her. Young Finlay may have thought of Hugo Grotius, that earlier scholar and historian, who in like manner freed himself from his fortress prison of Löwenstein.

The day came; the lover waited; the casket arrived. He opened it, and found—not his promised bride, but her younger sister. At the last moment, the bride's courage had failed her, and her sister, of bolder or more ardent nature, had slipped into the box in her place. The scene may be imagined, but hardly described. It was represented to Finlay that the young girl was compromised, that her reputation would suffer. He married her, and was a faithful and attentive husband through many years.

My father's chief work was distributing

TRAVEL

clothes and food and supplies of all descriptions to the wives and children of the Cretan warriors, who, when their husbands and fathers went to war, had been sent over to the mainland, and there shepherded into colonies, to be cared for or not as might be possible. One such colony was gathered at Argos, and thither we three petticoats, Mother, Sister Julia, and I, were allowed to accompany my father for the distribution.

Horse-breeding Argos! Thus described by Homer seven times, I believe. The great plain spread all about us, every yard of it full of memory and association. Agamemnon and Diomed probably galloped all about here; fought and made peace and fought again.

We spent a day and night in the town, most kindly received and entertained by notabilities of the place. I recall vividly the great church, its floor piled with clothing of every description (much of it made by Sister Flossy's sewing circle), the stately dark-eyed Cretan women, majestic even in their rags and misery, the slender girls, the lovely, dirty children. We were deeply touched, thankful, and eager to help; yet I remember a slight feeling of discomposure when an extremely dirty old woman flung herself on me and kissed me with ardor. Foolish

STEPPING WESTWARD

Seventeen! It was classic dirt, dust possibly of Diomed himself, or somebody as notable.

After the distribution, we drove over to Mycenæ and ate our luncheon beside the Lion-Gate, the two headless lions keeping guard over us. We crept into the Tomb of Agamemnon, and into the Treasury of Atreus, two rock-hewn caverns, opening one into the other, both lined with great stones exactly fitted. They were dark and very cold; Seventeen shivered and seemed to feel the shade of the King of Men shivering over her shoulder. She little thought that his mortal part, crowned and jeweled, lay actually under her feet. Gold cups, diadems, masks, bracelets, all the splendid frippery that now adorns the Museum of Athens, lay there waiting, as they had waited a thousand years, for the hand that, nine years later, was to bring them to light.

Henry Schliemann, "Citizen of the United States," as he called himself (we were told that he acquired the English language by memorizing *Ivanhoe* from beginning to end), had won fame as the excavator of Troy. In 1876 he undertook the great task of excavating the ruins of Tiryns and Mycenæ. Tiryns, almost appalling in its grim majesty, had no treasures. Hercules was born there, so they say; many other

TRAVEL

things happened there. My most vivid memory of it is of a conduit or trench, stone-paved and stone-roofed, close by the Cyclopean walls, which my father told us had sheltered him and his comrades in Revolutionary days, while the Turks were scouring the plain in search of them.

I turn the pages of Schliemann's great book, *Mycenæ*, with its wealth of illustrations, and all these things come shining back through the years. Did this gold mask cover the face of the King of Men? that, of Clytemnestra? Was this her necklace, with the delicate gold stars? Passion, crime, horror—did the relics of all these things lie beneath the feet of Seventeen as she trod cautiously on the rock-strewn ground that long-ago day? It was cold, cold! she crept out thankfully, back to sunshine and sandwiches at the feet of the Lions.

I have recorded elsewhere one incident of this expedition, and I venture to quote from my own writings.*

We found the good people of Argos in great excitement. Kitzos, the famous brigand, the original of Edmond About's *Roi des Montagnes*, had committed one crime too many, and was being hunted through his mountains by the militia of the country. A new rumor met us at every corner.

* *Journals and Letters of Samuel Gridley Howe.*

STEPPING WESTWARD

They had found Kitzos; they would never find him; he was seen yesterday; he was taken; no, he had escaped to inaccessible fastnesses, and was safe. So the rumors flew, and we girls, who had read our *About*, listened with beating hearts.

The next morning early, my father went down to the little wine-shop where the news of the day was to be had, and found it full of hubbub. People were wrangling and disputing loud-voiced, and still the word was "Kitzos."

"He is taken, I tell you!"

"A lie! they will never take him."

"But I heard—"

"But I saw—"

Close beside my father in the shouting crowd stood a man in the dress of a mountaineer, shaggy capote over his shoulders, shirt and fustanella, all dingy and ragged; a savage-looking fellow enough. After listening to the talk for a while in silence, he said quietly, yet so that every one heard, "Kitzos is taken!"

Something in his tone made every one turn to him with eager inquiry.

"What do you say?"

"How do you know?"

"Where did you hear?"

The mountaineer made no reply, but plunging his hand into a bag that hung by his side, drew something out and held it up at arm's length. It was the head of Kitzos!

The head, on which a great price was set, came to

TRAVEL

Athens in the same steamer with us, and my sister and I begged for a glimpse of it, which my father most wisely refused.

What else do I remember of this visit? Many pleasant things, some painful ones. The last shall come first, and be dismissed. The sand fleas, then! We were devoured by them, and it gave us no comfort to be told that they devoted themselves wholly to strangers, never troubling natives. Every tiny bite suppulated; our hands and wrists became masses of misery. Does any devotee of *Brown, Jones and Robinson* remember Brown's fight with the mosquitoes in Venice? Four pictures, with four legends: "Bells!" "Boots!" "Madness!" "Despair!" The last shows him sitting on his bed, defeated, his face half concealed by the buzzing little fiends. So, we! Away with them!

The other painful memory is of a visit to Nauplia (Napoli di Romania), a government fortress, and of looking down into a courtyard something like a large bear pit—stone pavement, rocky walls—where were gathered perhaps twenty-five men under sentence of death. They stood, or sat, or lounged about. Most of them were black-browed fellows who looked the brigands that they probably were; but against the wall opposite to that over whose brink I

STEPPING WESTWARD

timidly peeped, was a different figure, indeed; tall, slender, soldierly, blue-eyed and fair-haired; what was this man doing among those wolves? He might have been an Englishman and an officer, from the look of him. He was to be shot the next morning. For what cause, Seventeen never knew; but she never forgot him.

Back to the pleasant things. The visits, in return for the hospitality shown us everywhere; the cool drawing-room, the gracious hostess; the host often, though not always, in Palikari dress, fustanella and all. Refreshment was invariably offered, a glass of water and a small saucer of sweetmeats of some kind, *glyko*, the generic name. One took a sip of water and a spoonful of *glyko* alternately; highly agreeable. Sometimes the sweetmeats were made of mastic, singularly delicious, something like a semi-liquid nougat; sometimes it was jelly of rose-leaves; always it was a little feast to remember.

The thought of feasting brings me to the picnic on Mount Hymettus, never to be forgotten. Some kind friend, perhaps Mr. Kalopothakis, the excellent Presbyterian minister (Presbyterian seems somehow incongruous, but never mind), had arranged it all.

Starting soon after five in the morning, we drove up to the deserted convent which stands

TRAVEL

halfway up the mountain side, where we had our breakfast, which we had brought with us, sitting under beautiful lemon trees. Later in the morning, though still before the noon heat had come on, we went out and wandered hither and yon, and came upon a shady place where some working people were having their own picnic in their own way. They sat on the ground, round a low table about a foot high. Some of them were roasting a lamb on a spit. By and by it was done; they hacked it in pieces with their knives, and one of the men, arranging some small pieces of the lamb on green leaves, offered them to us with graceful courtesy. I am not sure that there were not some chips of wood to be used as plates. Presently the same man returned with a glass and bottle of wine, which he offered us, saying with great earnestness, "*Eleuthera! eleuthera!*" ("Free! free!") My mother, telling of this in her book of travels, *From the Oak to the Olive*, says:

"This man wore neither coat nor shoes, but his manners were in full dress."

When all their glasses were filled, a toast was proposed, and they all shouted, "*Eleutheris tis Cretis!*" ("Liberty of Crete!") When they had feasted fully, they began to sing, keeping time by clapping their hands. A little later, and they

STEPPING WESTWARD

began to dance, with hands joined. (As I remember, they were all in Greek costume.) "All save two of them formed a line, joining hands, the leader and the one next him holding together by a pocket-handkerchief. They sang all the while, stepping round slowly. The leader, at intervals, made as though he would sit upon the ground, and then suddenly sprang high, with an '*oich*,' something like the shout in a Highland fling."

I remember no words of their song, except "*Palikari*," repeated frequently, the word meaning a Greek soldier.

After this came the much-needed *siesta*, for the noon heat was upon us. An old woman, who seemed to act as caretaker, brought mats and quilts for most of the party. My mother, however, was to be treated with special distinction. "*E megale Kyria* shall not sleep on the floor. I have a good bed upstairs, she shall lie there." My mother went up and found a quiet room, and a bed spread with clean sheets. She has described how, on waking, she looked out into the courtyard, and saw the others all asleep; young Anagnostopoulos, near him the Greek missionary, a graduate of Amherst, by the way.

Later, rambling about, we came upon the

TRAVEL

merrymakers again. A stranger had joined them. He called himself a shepherd, but looked curiously like a follower of Kitzos. He proceeded to dance, with the assistance of the others, a dance which he called the "*Klephth*" (*Klepht*, I believe, is Greek for brigand). Standing at one end of the long line, he went through, quietly, yet with singular dramatic emphasis, what might have been an epitome of a bandit's life in the mountains. Now he crept cautiously forward, as if about to spring upon an enemy; now he seemed to be stabbed from behind by an invisible foe. Every movement was intense, passionate, though never extravagant. His last feat was to dance with a full glass of wine on his head, without spilling a drop.

Altogether, a delightful picnic. To-day, suspicion will creep in that possibly—I only say possibly—the peasant interlude may have been arranged beforehand, to give the visitors a glimpse of the wilder side of Greek life. If this were true, what harm? All the more honor to our good friends for the pains they took—if they did take them—in our behalf.

The Cretan refugees were fed and clothed, money and supplies were sent to the fighters in the Cretan mountains; back to America, to Perkins, State Charities, and all the rest of it!

STEPPING WESTWARD

Yet my father would curb his fiery rein, would show the girls a little more of the great Pageant of Europe.

Another week in Venice, where we were joined by the Roman aunt and cousins. A peep at Switzerland (we went up Pilatus on mules and walked down, and I really thought I should *die!*), Paris, and the Great Exposition, of which my recollection is at once vivid and dim. The Louvre is clearer, with one's first sight of the Venus of Milo, Mona Lisa and the rest. Speaking of Venus, was she of Samothrace there in '67? I doubt it; her "frozen stride," as Mr. Wells calls it, is more familiarly associated with later life. The thought of her brings a smile, as I recall the young friend who, kindly condescending to my daughter, informed her that Samothrace was the name of the sculptor.

This again reminds me of that other lovely girl who, spending a winter in Rome, "listened in" at the lessons which her elder sisters were taking, and protested that she was learning as much as they.

"I know!" she said. "I know that Tetrarch wrote *Torso!*"

One more memory of travel; this shall really be my last.

Belgium, then. At Gheel, near Brussels, there

TRAVEL

was an outdoor colony of insane patients, which my father was anxious to inspect. He was impressed and delighted with the place, and turned the visit to good account in his work among the insane and other unfortunates.

Antwerp and the pictures! In Paris I had been disgusted with Peter Paul Rubens, yards and furlongs of him, fat, roseate, unclad women, sprawling over walls and ceilings: horrid! Here was the real Rubens, of the wonderful portraits, the glorious "Elevation of the Cross" and "Descent from the Cross." My mother liked the first best, and so did I.

One day, roaming happily through the great gallery, we came upon a curious figure: a slight man, with a delicate, intelligent face, seated on a stool, before him an easel. He was copying one of the great pictures, painting busily. A first glance showed us this; a second amazed glance showed that he was painting *with his feet*; he had no arms; the great toe of his left foot was hooked into the hole of the palette, the right foot held the brushes. He worked as swiftly and apparently as any other painter.

Here, of course, was meat for my father, who instantly approached the stranger and made acquaintance with him. It was M. Charles Félu, a well-known figure in Antwerp. He was

born without arms, but had never let that stand in his way (any more than our one-armed milkman here in Gardiner, who "couldn't see what in Tunket anybody needed of two arms"). M. Félu proved a most agreeable person, and responded frankly to my father's eager questions. He went everywhere alone, did everything, with one exception. He could not get into his trousers without assistance. For the rest, he played a good game of billiards; he made his living and supported his aged mother by copying the Old Masters; he enjoyed life as much as other people.

My father invited him to call upon us, which he did. I should say that he wore woolen socks cut off at the toes. He offered us his foot to shake; his toes were cold, and I, for one, did not enjoy the salutation. I remember that he played with a strap that hung from the table, just as we would play with our fingers. He took us to visit a private museum, and in the horse-car slipped his foot out of the loose shoe, with the handful of change for the conductor held securely in the hollow of it. I saw him do this, otherwise I should not believe it. My father bought one of Félu's pictures (of course), a pretty scene from I forget what Dutch master.

Well, and so we came home in the *China*,

TRAVEL

which rolled abominably, and there is an end of my second European trip. I have not mentioned my first, taken in a sailing vessel at the age of six months, having little to say about it.

CHAPTER VI

VISITING

BESIDE the home pleasures and those of travel there was another factor of delight-someness—the visits to New York.

At first, in little-girlhood, I went with my mother to visit her uncle John Ward, at Number 8 Bond Street. Bond Street was in those days still a street of dignified dwelling-houses. At Number 7 had lived Great-grandfather Ward, the Revolutionary lieutenant colonel who marched with Arnold to Quebec—*q.v. infra*—and whose name shines in Washington's dispatches; at Number 23 Great-uncle Henry; while Samuel Ward, my grandfather, lived first at Number 16 and later at Number 1, the stately “Corner” house which he built in 1835.

“Mr. Ward,” said his neighbors on the Bowling Green, “you are moving out of town!”

But Mr. Ward could not stay on at the Bowling Green, in the house which he had adorned for his lovely young wife (Julia Rush Cutler), who died there at twenty-seven years of age, after the birth of my Aunt Annie, her seventh child.

VISITING

At the "Corner," my mother and her sisters grew up to girlhood, to be known as the "Three Graces of Bond Street." Here my mother studied and dreamed, pacing the long picture-gallery which she loved to describe to us. Here Mr. Ward died. Here the Three were wooed and won; Julia by her "Chevalier," as my father was called by his friends; Louisa by her sculptor, Annie by Adolphe Mailliard, a young Frenchman of great beauty and charm, whose family came to this country with Joseph Bonaparte.

These two lived for some years in Bordentown, New Jersey, and there were visits there, too, with delights all their own.

"Annie," said John O'Sullivan, "is so like a lily of the valley that I expect to see two long green leaves spring up beside her as she walks!"

She kept her flower-like charm through life; to me it was a dark violet or lily she suggested, the most fragrant kind. Exquisite, fragile, precious, *darling*; I need a new adjective for Aunt Annie.

Six children grew up at the Corner; the three boys as full of charm and beauty as their sisters. Two of them died in early manhood: Henry in my mother's arms—throughout her long life she never failed to note the date in her journal—Marion in New Orleans, of yellow fever. Sam,

STEPPING WESTWARD

the eldest, lived to a good age, the delight of all who knew him. But that very perfect gentle knight steps back and motions his Uncle John to precede him.

Mr. John Ward was a typical figure of the New York Worthy of the period. I see him clearly: tall, broad of shoulder and deep of chest, his face netted with kindly wrinkles, his dark eyes twinkling under the little brown wig that perched so quaintly on the top of his large round head; always carefully dressed in black, with gold seals at his fob; always—in retrospect—with a Manila cheroot in the corner of his mouth. In the chapter (unwritten) on Perfumes of my Life, the fragrance of this cheroot would drift alongside of the roses of Green Peace and the bay leaves, hot, spicy, pungent, of the Newport pastures; ah! and the thyme of Hymettus. I am told that the finest of Manila tobacco is no longer to be had in this country, which is a pity.

Uncle John's speech is kind and warm. He offers me a silk dress if I will make it myself. Alas!

He never married, the maiden of his choice preferring, and marrying, one of his brothers. Once in early manhood—possibly after some illness—he fell silent, for no apparent reason; remained silent, speaking no word, for a year or

VISITING

more. Then, one day, his mother, lamenting some household disaster, exclaimed, "I am only a stupid old woman!"

"*You are not!*" said John Ward, and resumed the speech of normal life.

After my grandfather's death he was a second father to the now orphaned young people, who lived on at the Corner till marriage or death claimed them. Then the stately house was sold, as was Number 7, the old Colonel being long gone to his rest; visiting nieces and grandnieces were welcomed and made happy at Number 8 as long as its kind owner lived.

While staying there, it was a matter of duty to make a call at Number 23, where lived the widow of Great-uncle Henry with her son, the late Henry Hall Ward. This call was always dreaded by me, in spite of many interesting features of the house: the aviary, where all manner of birds hopped, twittered and sang; the parrots, one of whom, Jocko, was reputed to be a hundred years old and had a savage temper. He was devoted to Cousin Henry, and came to meet him every day on his return from business, hopping down the long front staircase, step by step, with outspread wings.

These things, thrilling as they were, failed to offset the impression made on me by Aunt

STEPPING WESTWARD

Henry. She had been a woman of brilliant mind; she was always kind, welcoming, responsive; all would not do. I was afraid of her!

Number 23 was the last of the Ward houses to remain in the family. In time, it acquired an aura of romance which persisted even to recent years. Aunt Henry died, and her son lived on alone in the house. He had from his youth been attached to his cousin Miss Blank. We understood that his mother forbade the marriage on account of the near relationship. We knew that every evening of his life Cousin Henry called on Miss Blank and spent a couple of hours in her company. When Aunt Henry died, the Family pricked up its ears, and listened for the sound of wedding bells. Surely they now would marry, this faithful middle-aged couple! Or if—as some thought—they had long been secretly married, the fact would now be made public. Nothing of the kind occurred. Cousin Henry continued to pay his evening calls, until his health failed, and he followed his mother, leaving all his property to Miss Blank.

And now Romance spread her wings and fairly *flapped* them over Number 23.

The lady—spinster or widow, we shall never know which—went daily to the house, sat there long hours, alone with her memories; grew, with

VISITING

the growing years, into a figure of legend under the very eyes of the younger generation. It was not so many years ago that my mother took my daughter Rosalind to call upon this cousin-by-courtesy.

Rosalind will never forget that visit. The endless drive, down and down and down town, till they came to Bond Street, now given over to frowsy warehouses, where feathers and artificial flowers were sold at wholesale; and at one end, standing alone, gathering its skirts about it like a decayed gentlewoman in an almshouse, the solitary dwelling with its marble steps and dignified doorway.

The door was opened by an old Negress, staid and respectable in white apron and turban; another was in the dim drawing-room in attendance on her mistress, a slender figure in a great easy-chair (perhaps the very chair in which I remember Aunt Henry!), with silvery hair and blue eyes, bright and elfish. She received the visitors as if she had seen them the day before, and fell easily into family talk.

She bade her attendant bring a certain box, and from it poured into her lap a collection of family miniatures and other treasures.

“You know this?” she said to my mother; and thrust upon her a portrait of her beloved brother

STEPPING WESTWARD

Henry; my mother turned sick and faint with the shock. The portrait was quickly withdrawn, and another produced.

There were jewels, too.

“Here!” said the old lady, putting into the young girl’s hand a ring set with a magnificent carved sapphire. “You would like that, wouldn’t you?”

Pounce! and the claw-like fingers snatched it away again. This process was repeated with treasure after treasure. Decidedly, a visit to remember, even though no tangible memento was given.

It was only a few years ago that Miss Blank died, and Number 23 went the way of all the rest.

And now I have done with Bond Street, and may joyously return to greet my Uncle Sam.

“Sam Ward!” “Uncle Sam!” Has a generation arisen that knows him not? Brilliant scholar—he might have scaled any peak he chose in the higher mathematics, and his classical honors were numerous—gay leader of dances. . . .

“Consider the Social Tie, sir!” I hear him cry to his father, pleading for some exercise of hospitality in that austere mansion.

“I think little of the Social Tie!” replied Mr. Ward.

VISITING

"I would die in defence of it!" cried Sam. This amused Mr. Ward greatly; he repeated several times, "He would die in defence of it, forsooth!" It is not recorded that Mr. Ward yielded this or any other point.

When Mr. Ward was dead, the doors of Prime, Ward and King closed, and the great fortune dissipated through panics and other disasters; when the young wife (Emily Astor) was dead, too, the one little daughter gone to live with her mother's people (to become later the wife of Winthrop Chanler, and mother of dearly-beloved cousins) and the dancing and singing done, there came years of wandering and adventure for Sam Ward. Gold-mining in California; I wear to-day the brooch he gave my mother, the product of his own pick and shovel. Riding and shooting in South America; my son has the silver *maté*-cup won by him at a shooting match in Paraguay, my sister the splendid silver pitcher won in Brazil—or was it Argentina? I do not vouch for the statement that "he once took refuge among the Indians and taught them to cook dog so lusciously that they elected him chief of the tribe," but if he did cook the dish, it could not fail to be luscious. He gave me once his recipe for boiling a ham;

STEPPING WESTWARD

the ingredients included a quart of champagne and a wisp of new-mown hay.

The early Sixties found him in Washington, where he spent much of his time for many years. The excitement of "lobbying," perhaps its very uncertainties, its possibilities of triumph or defeat, attracted him, and before long he became known as the "King of the Lobby." His weekly breakfasts at Welcker's were features of political society, and were eagerly sought and keenly enjoyed by people of all shades of opinion.

"I differ from Sam Ward on every known subject," said Charles Sumner, "but when I am in his company I am only conscious that he is the most delightful man in the world."

It may have been at one of these breakfasts that Uncle Sam was challenged to name all the plays of Shakespeare, a bottle of champagne being the wager proposed. Another guest chimed in, and another, each adding a bottle; it was on the risk of a whole basket of champagne that the table fell silent, listening while their host gave title after title without pause or mistake. He won the basket.

I never saw Uncle Sam's rooms in Washington; I remember well those at the Brevoort, in New York, where Jerry, his faithful servant, received members of the family with beaming

VISITING

smiles. Sober, dignified rooms, with nothing splendid or showy about them, except some of the countless editions of Horace which it was his delight to collect. I recall one elephant folio, full green morocco magnificently tooled and gilded, with three-inch margins, and print that might give sight to the blind. I wonder who has it now.

Sometimes Uncle Sam visited us at Green Peace or the Valley. I recall one day at the latter place, when I waked in the gray morning to the sound of singing. Peeping from behind the curtain I saw the Fairy Uncle standing at the door, a basket of superb peaches beside him, his rich baritone voice demanding "*L'hospitalité*," in the beautiful old French song. Was that the time he brought me the gold bracelet? The diamond ring came later, when I was a big girl.

I suppose that his greatest pleasure in life was giving. Fortunes came and went; when he had one, he scattered it royally, in gifts to old and young: diamonds and sapphires for our Maud in her young beauty (which did not need them!); for our mother the comfortable Beacon Street house which was her happy home for so many years. He would have shared his last crust with any of us, and the crust would have been pre-

STEPPING WESTWARD

pared in some marvellous way that made a tidbit of it.

When he had nothing else to give, he gave himself. I have a vision of him in some wild western place, perhaps a miner's shack, where he found the late James Keene left to die, and nursed him tenderly back to life and health. Keene never forgot this. Rising to great fortune himself, he tried in every way to assure fortune for his friend, advising him about investments, making opportunities for him, etc., etc. For a time—this would be the time of the Beacon Street house and the jewels—all went well; but by and by the fortune was gone, and Uncle Sam was singing, perhaps, the old student song he learned at Heidelberg:

Es ist mir alles ein, es ist mir alles ein,
Ob ich Gelt hab' oder kein!

How he sang! It was from him that my mother (and I in my turn, and Marion Crawford in his) learned many of her songs; “all the songs in the world”!

Scholar, wit, *raconteur*, writer of slight but charming verse, host and guest unparalleled, most faithful and helpful of friends, most delightful of companions, it is a little sad that the enduring memory of my uncle should seem to be

VISITING

chiefly that of the *bon vivant*. There is real enthusiasm in the picture of him drawn by a *Tribune* correspondent, "sampling the claret."

The keen eye upon the claret to see that he wrought no harm upon the precious fluid as he let it flow from one crystal to another; the delicate adjustment of finger and thumb to the glass; the poise of the glass as he lifted it; the concentration of his whole being in the sense of smell as the bouquet of the wine reached the nerves which transmitted it to the brain; the touch of the lips which followed, and the instant subtle decisive comparison of bouquet with flavor. The delicious contentment which spread over his features if both senses were satisfied; the appeal to his friends hard by to share in the delight, and the graceful invisible lines which the glass described in the air as he set it down.

Mr. Beverly Smith would have it "written on tablets in letters of imperishable brass:

SAM WARD, IN A.D. 1876, INVENTED STEWED
TERRAPIN A LA MARYLAND."

I, however, choose for the epitaph of this best-beloved of men the brief and tender tribute of the late Lord Rosebery:

"He was the uncle of the human race."

The visits of my girlhood were made farther uptown, at Number 193 Second Avenue, where

STEPPING WESTWARD

lived my mother's cousin, Charles H. Ward, and his wife Mary. As I write these names the years slip away, and I see these two beloved cousins at the door of the hospitable brownstone house, and hear their cordial voices welcoming Sixteen, Seventeen, Eighteen, after the weary journey of nine hours from Boston.

They would be in their middle thirties then; Cousin Charlie dark, handsome, powerful; Cousin Mary as like a full-blown June rose as Aunt Annie was like a lily of the valley. She had been Mary Parmly, the most beautiful of Dr. Parmly's four lovely daughters. Her smile would have brightened a London fog; her golden laughter was like a song. For her, as for my mother half a generation earlier, many suitors sighed and panted.

"Why did Mary marry me?" Cousin Charlie would say with his jolly laugh. "Well, you see, she had gone through the whole alphabet till she came to W; and X, Y and Z being unknown quantities, she decided to stop there!"

Do her great-grandchildren know, I wonder, about the college youth, who, seeing and loving her (the processes were apt to be simultaneous), "hired out" to her father as a farm-hand for the summer months, and wooed his goddess in the hay-field? He could not win her; his name prob-

VISITING

ably began with A or B; but how I thrilled to the story when she told it over the nursery fire, she and I together!

Cousin Charlie must have his story, too. I said he was powerful; he was also extremely deaf.

There was a time when in New York the practice known as garroting ("highway robbery performed by throttling victims") was rife. The robber attacked his victim from behind, "bonneting" and then choking him.

One night Charles Ward was making his way along a dark and deserted thoroughfare; street-lighting in the Sixties was not what it is to-day. Suddenly, without warning, his hat was smashed down over his eyes. He turned; grappled with his assailant; gave him a sound, systematic thrashing, and went composedly on his way. The next day he met a friend and crony, limping along with a stick, his head bound up, his arm in a sling.

"My dear fellow, what *has* happened to you?" cried Cousin Charlie, full of sympathy and concern.

"Oh, nothing!" shouted his friend. "I was damned fool enough to play a practical joke on a deaf man in the dark; that's all, thank you!"

Next to the dear host and hostess, and the troop of handsome, merry, dark-eyed children

STEPPING WESTWARD

(all Wards; none of the Parmly rose and gold among them!) who kept the house in joyous tumult, my chief delight was the library, a spacious book-lined room with a wood fire crackling on the hearth (mine were winter vacation visits), and drawn up before it the two most comfortable easy-chairs I have ever known. Scarlet morocco, no less! I have never seen their like. I spent much of my time curled up in one or the other, reading, reading, as if I had never seen a book before. Cousin Charlie was a scholar, and his library was a varied and delightful one. Here I made acquaintance with Bon Gaultier (does any one read his ballads now?), and with Hans Breitmann too, then a new star twinkling merrily on the horizon. Cousin Charlie, sitting, it may be, in the other red chair, while Mary in a third ample fauteuil held the glorious Twins in her embracing arms, would read aloud how:

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
Dey had bianco-blavin;
I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau,
Her name vas Madilda Yane.
She hat haar as prawn ash a pretzel,
Her eyes vas himmel-plue,
Und ven dey looket indo mine,
Dey shplit mine heart in two.

VISITING

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
Where ish dat barty now!
Where ish de lofely golden cloud
Dat float on de moundain's prow?
Where ish de himmelstrahlende Stern—
De shtar of de shpirit's light?
All goned afay mit de Lager Beer—
Afay in de ewigkeit!

Dear Cousin, so handsome in your black velvet smoking-jacket; so courtly kind to Seventeen or Eighteen; so patient under the growing infirmity which was at last to shut you in a silent prison where even Mary's voice could not reach you! My love and thanks to you across the years, for all your kindness to me; I do not forget.

CHAPTER VII

ROMANCE

FROM seventeen to nineteen was a short way, pleasantly set with primroses, and with the roses of romance.

The year 1869 found us at 32 Mount Vernon Street, the last of our town dwellings; a comfortable, roomy house, with nothing remarkable about it. Yet our three years there were eventful ones.

The young Greek, Michael Anagnostopoulos, who came back with us from Athens, became my father's assistant at the Institution. His ability and devotion were apparent from the first. It soon became evident that he had more than one motive in wishing to come to this country. My sister Julia was at the height of her "trembling beauty," as Thomas William Parsons called it. Anagnostopoulos had come partly, I have always thought, to woo and win this lovely flower. He began by giving Greek lessons to Julia and me together. I found this highly agreeable, and had large visions of the Classics and an erudite

ROMANCE

Eighteen frisking gayly through them, with Plato for her playfellow. Shortly after this, the other two of the trio became engaged, and if there were any more Greek lessons I was not notified of time or place.

Finding that people had difficulty in mastering his name, Anagnostopoulos dropped three syllables of it. It was as Michael Anagnos that he was to marry Julia, to succeed my father as Director of the Perkins Institution, and to become in his turn a leader and benefactor of the blind through many active and fruitful years.

Sister Flossy was already engaged to David Prescott Hall, a young New York lawyer with whom she had played at Lawton's Valley and Vaucluse. At the age of twelve David announced that he intended to marry Flossy Howe, and from this intention he never wavered.

Primroses? Some of mine grew in Papanti's Hall; I was "out" now; had my share of dancing, and enjoyed it. These were the Tarlatan Days. We had lost our crinoline; we consoled ourselves with billows on billows of tarlatan (the middle *a* mute), a material which was, as I remember it, a cross between muslin and mosquito netting. It came in exquisite shades; one might be (if Nature permitted) a June Rose or a Forget-me-not Shower; yet it seemed sometimes better to be a

STEPPING WESTWARD

White Cloud (with a row of pearls heading the court train; ah!). Tarlatan was an ephemeral material, so one could have several dresses; when torn, as often happened, it was no serious matter to have a new one. So universally popular was this wear that I well remember the startling effect produced when one evening, amid the rainbow-hued billows, a girl entered clad in heavy white satin, the low corsage outlined by a band of dark green ivy leaves, setting off the stately neck and the glorious crown of red-gold hair. One does not forget such a vision. It was the beautiful Nina Greenough, later Mrs. Atherton Blight of Philadelphia.

Lorenzo Papanti! the name strikes a chord in the Bostonian heart. For three generations he and his hall, and the wonderful spring floor which he invented, were familiar to dancers. As children we all went to dancing school, where his tall, elegant figure, his polished wig and pumps, above all his pointed fiddle-bow, struck terror to our hearts.

“Point your toe, Meess Howe! So!” and if the toe were not pointed right, it was smartly rapped by the fiddle-bow. We learned not only the waltz and polka, quadrille—plain and “Lancers”—but also the Schottische, the Varsovienne, the Spanish Dance, all graceful and

ROMANCE

charming. Even more so were the Gavotte and the Shawl Dance, attained by specially proficient pupils. Watching the depressing manœuvres which are called dancing to-day, I sigh for the pretty old dances of Papanti's Hall, and even more for the beautiful country dances which even in my youth were banished from Beacon Street, but which linger to-day in certain parts of New England: the Tempest, the Lady of the Lake, Pop Goes the Weasel, and the rest. Terpsichore must droop sadly in a modern ballroom.

Brother Harry graduated from Harvard College with the notable (I really mean "glorious," but reserve is proper to age!) class of 1869. He took no honors; he attracted no special notice; we were perhaps thankful that he got through with only one rustication, for some of his endless "monkey shines." In those four years, any practical joke perpetrated at Harvard was laid at his door on general principles; if he were not responsible for that special one, he was for most of the others. Practical jokes are now (I trust) as dead as Theodore Hook, their most famous exponent; I mention this merely to show how, as in my father's case, the spring of energy and power which led the boy into ingenious and undesirable mischief was to become a deep and swift stream, flowing for the advancement of humanity.

STEPPING WESTWARD

Knight of the Order of St. Stanislas, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, LL.D. of Harvard University and Lafayette College, Sc.D. of the University of Pittsburgh; all this naughty Harry was to become.

All this, and how infinitely more, in the hearts of how many people! So quiet, so modest! I have been told of his visiting some steel plant, where the zealous young metallurgist who showed him round quoted in every other sentence his book on *The Metallurgy of Steel*, which had become the standard work the world over.

“Howe says,” etc., “Howe is of opinion,” etc.

At length my dear brother could bear no more, and said gently, “I am Professor Howe!”

One more story of him! A great international Steel Conference met, for the first time, in the United States, and the great and learned and eminent flocked from all over the world. Arrangements had been three years in the making; the President’s Yacht was lent, etc. At one city the principal hotel was crowded beyond its capacity, and a super-eminent scientist (a Russian Prince) was put in a small room opening *on the fire escape*. Sensation! The Super-Eminent One was furious; he was insulted; through him his nation, his profession, were insulted; he would not stay, he would depart on the instant.

ROMANCE

In despair, the Committee on Housing came to my brother. What was to be done? Could he think of anything? In short, would he . . . ? I can see my brother's wise look, his head a little on one side, pondering.

"I will see to it," he said.

He sought the Super-Eminent One, and talked for a few minutes of Conference affairs, receiving brief and frigid answers. Then:

"I hope," said my brother, in cheerful, confident tones, "that the arrangements are comfortable for every one. In especial, Highness, we feel fortunate in having secured this room for you. In the case of so very precious a life, no precaution could be omitted, and we felt that only a room with a fire escape could properly be considered!"

The Super-Eminent One swelled responsive, blossomed into smiles. He was the only man for whom a fire escape was deemed necessary. All was well, and the Conference proceeded.

The memory of Class Day, 1869, is a bright one. In white and pink, with a pink and white saucer hat tipped over my nose, I was proud and happy. The Seniors wore tall hats in '69; they danced round the Tree; they leaped, pranced, flung themselves about, like young fauns, if one can imagine a faun in a top hat. They sang and

STEPPING WESTWARD

danced and did many things which I believe were not done at my grandson's graduation.

One member of the Class of 1869 was not present; having been born with a dislike of Functions, he saw no reason for enduring one; he took a boat and went down the harbor. Fate claims us; there is no escape. The elusive Senior and I were to meet, as we had met at dancing school, as we had met again on the stairs at 19 Boylston Place. In the winter of 1869, Henry Richards and I became engaged.

We were young; we had no special prospects, financially speaking; briefly, we were to wait two years before thinking of marriage. We waited. It developed that the one remarkable feature of No. 32 Mount Vernon Street was a bow window on the front of the house, looking east and west. Here one could sit and play Juliet, waiting till Romeo came up the hill on his way to Pemberton Square and the architect's office where he was to win fame and funds. We waited. It did not kill us, dear young people who find it hard—cruel—impossible—to wait six months. We came to know each other very well. Finally, we were married on June 17th, 1871, and the Boston bells rang, and cannon were fired on Boston Common, and there were fireworks in the evening.



LAURA E. HOWE AND HENRY RICHARDS
1870



ROMANCE

"It was Bunker Hill Day!" cries the youngest grandchild.

"So it was, dear! How clever of you!"

What did I wear, dear granddaughter? I wore white silk, made in the fashion of the day. It was not a graceful fashion; the silk was good; the long tulle veil and the orange blossoms were all that they should be; we will let it go at that. To atone for my reticence in this matter (mind, I thought my "things" charming!), I offer, with apologies to the male reader, the description of another wedding, which took place a little before mine, in New York; that of Miss Mary Amelia Tweed, daughter of "Boss" Tweed. I have kept the clipping all these years.

The presents were a chief centre of attraction to the guests. They filled an entire room when crowded close. There were forty silver sets, any one of which would have attracted a crowd if placed in a jeweller's window, and one single one contained two hundred and forty separate pieces. Mr. James Fisk, Jr., sent a frosted silver contrivance representing an iceberg, evidently intended to hold ice cream or some equally frigid substance. The association was beautifully sustained by the presence of arctic bears reposing on the icicle handles of the bowl and climbing up the spoons. Singularly enough, Mr. Fisk displayed the same taste as Superintendent Kelso, and their offerings were exact duplicates. There

STEPPING WESTWARD

were forty pieces of jewelry, of which fifteen were diamond sets. A single one of the latter is known to have cost \$45,000. It contained diamonds as big as filberts. A cross of eleven diamonds, pea size, bore the name of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Genet as donors. A pin of sixty diamonds, representing a sickle and sheaves of wheat, was the gift of J. H. Ingersoll. Peter B. Sweeny's card appeared on diamond bracelets of fabulous magnificence. Cornelius Corson gave a ring with a tiny watch as the seal. Bronzes, thread lace, cashmere shawls, rare pictures, everything that could be conceived of which is rich and costly filled the room with splendor.

The trousseau of the bride, which was designed and cut by Mr. Eustace Roberts, was superb, the materials being of the finest quality and obtained from the leading Broadway dry-goods houses. They are of the most costly description, and the labor in preparing them has consumed nearly two months. The dresses are models of elegance and the most refined taste, and a *carte blanche* was given the maker with the simple injunction that the outfit should be "the richest ever produced and fit for a princess." The wedding dress was composed of white grosgrain with a train three and a half yards in length, and was trimmed with real point lace, costing near \$4,000. The front of the skirt was cut with a deep scallop, and the overskirt consisted of lace ornamented with orange flowers. The price of the material and labor required in making and trimming this dress was \$1,000, making with the lace a

ROMANCE

total cost of \$5,000. The other dresses forming the trousseau are fourteen in number, and are all elegant and designed in the most artistic manner. First, there is a black walking suit in heavy rich grosgrain, in which thirty-five yards of silk were used. It is trimmed with two pieces of Autuilly guipure and two pieces of rich heavy Cluny. Three hundred and eighty-two bows are used in the trimmings. The front is cut with deep side plaiting the whole width of the skirt front, and the train is white, mingled artistically with black. This dress cost \$700. Next is a brown walking suit of thirty-two yards of brown silk. The front of the underskirt consists of three regular reverse plaits interpolated with three deep flat falls. On each side the box plaits are narrow at the top and wide at the bottom. The back part is very deep, flounced, scalloped and trimmed with narrow piping, looped in each corner with scallops. The front is perfectly plain. The polonaise has a very deep postilion trimmed with fringe looped on the left shoulder. The back part of the polonaise is flat, making, on each side, two deep points, each point having a heavy fringe of brown. The sleeves are entirely pagado, trimmed with flowers, and deep at the top and pointed at the bottom. The inside sleeves are trimmed with thread lace, mixed with tulle, as is also the front, giving the dress a very rich appearance. The cost of the inside sleeves and waist was \$35, and the cost of the entire dress \$600. Then there are a walking suit of forty-two yards of blue striped silk, costing \$350; a lilac walking suit

STEPPING WESTWARD

of striped silk, costing \$500; a black and white silk walking suit, containing thirty-five yards, and costing \$400; a brown walking suit, containing fifty yards, costing \$300; a purple silk reception dress, containing thirty yards, costing \$900; and a silver gray reception dress, containing thirty-two yards, and costing \$1,000. The total cost of these dresses was \$6,200.

Two years later, William Marcy Tweed was condemned to twelve years in the State Prison of New York for embezzlement of public funds! So fell the Ring and its leader.

“Let something good be said!” Reilly, gentlest of poets, reminds me. William Tweed was the last of recognized American cabinetmakers, a good and skilful workman; also, to him and his Ring New York owes Central Park.

An architect, it was then thought, must know something of European architecture. The children should go abroad. (I fear they all, of both houses, thought of us as children, though I was twenty-one, and he a year and a half older. “Oh!” said my father, when, on asking the age of the candidate, he was told, “Twenty-one and a half,” “You think a great deal of that half, don’t you, young man?”)

CHAPTER VIII

MORE TRAVEL

AFTER a week at Newport, spent largely in a cat-boat, regardless of weather, we sailed on the *Tripoli*, a "side-wheeler," one of the old Mediterranean Cunarders; had an all-too-short passage to England. Not the England of 1867. No McCallum More, no Greek Muses, this time. London was to be seen. We saw it, as thoroughly as time and strength allowed; then away to Hampshire, where the Richards Relations awaited us.

Richardses of Silverton, of North House, of Hambledon; once a large clan; scattered now, and diminished. "Good people" in Hampshire, with a wide-branching family tree. At the head of one branch stands the John who married Wil-mot Digan, whom I salute as my many-times mother-in-law. "North," a pleasant manor where the Hunt met, was their home for many generations. John Richards of Silverton founded the first free Grammar School in England, which is still extant. Another, the so-called

STEPPING WESTWARD

Spanish Merchant, made a handsome fortune, which his nephew and heir gayly spent, his wife assisting him largely in this respect. This lady went to court in a crimson velvet dress with diamond buttons, six of them, as big as trouser-buttons; it was she also who wore the great necklace and earrings of Syrian garnets which her descendants hardly venture to wear, so delicate is the sixteenth-century workmanship.

To come down to a nearer generation: the beautiful, stern grandmother with whom my husband had passed his school vacations was American by birth; daughter of Judge Stephen Jones of Machias, Maine; he whose portrait by Stuart does everything but speak—or swear! A rubicund, masterful old gentleman. He was born in 1738; he fought first against French and Indians, and later, under Revolutionary banners, against the British; had part in many of the most stirring events Maine has known. His memoir, written at eighty, for his beloved daughter, should be a lesson to me in succinctness.

This beautiful daughter, Susan Coffin Jones, married John Richards of Hambleton, Hants, who had come to this country, gone into business first for the Baring interests in Washington County, Maine, and then as a merchant on his own account in Boston. He lived in Chestnut

MORE TRAVEL

Street, if you please! in one of the two houses with looped chains on the stone steps.

In our day, Dr. Luther Parks lived in one of these, and in the other, Mr. Patrick Jackson, whose handsome, dark-eyed son Charles used to wheel his baby sister Anna so faithfully and patiently up and down the street. He became the Harvard professor whom my husband and sons know; always faithful and patient, as able in Chemistry as in baby-tending; a man deeply beloved by all who know him. And the Grant boys—greetings to you, Judge!—played about the corner; and on the next corner the Lawrences, the younger—forgive me, Bishop!—with the face of a child-angel.

Before leaving Chestnut Street, I must spend a few lines with Grandfather John Richards at No. 2 (or No. 4, I am not sure which). It was a friendly, social house in his day, Beacon Hill coming and going through its hospitable doors. Judge Jones made his home for the most part with the young couple; it was here, probably, that Stuart painted his portrait. He painted the young people, too; Susan in full matronly beauty; John dignified and kindly, with soft white ruffles about his neck. Stuart was a familiar friend of the house, coming and going as he pleased. It may have been here too

STEPPING WESTWARD

that he painted the Gardiner portraits which belong in another chapter. He was one of the very few who encouraged and helped my father in 1824, when the young surgeon (just about the age of my husband at the time of our marriage) must and would go to Greece to take part in her War of Independence. All gratitude and honor to Gilbert Stuart for this! but—could he not have taught his daughter Jane to paint a little better?

Miss Jane! Miss Anne! two of the best and plainest ladies that ever lived; I doubt if Father Gilbert painted either of them. I recall but dimly their kind, homely faces. My father never forgot Stuart's helpfulness, and was a faithful friend to the daughters through life. On one occasion, when he had rendered them some signal service, Miss Jane flung her arms round him and hugged him in an outburst of gratitude.

"My dear," she told my mother, "I might as well have hugged the door!"

Indeed, my father thought women should be good-looking, especially in case of endearments.

Miss Jane painted a portrait of my father. As a work of art it is probably *nil*; still, it is the only portrait we have of the "Chevalier" in his youth, and we are thankful for it. And yet—if Gilbert Stuart had been less occupied with painting Beacon Street, he might have made a portrait

MORE TRAVEL

of his young friend Sam Howe which would, in modern parlance, have made people “sit up”!

“Your father was the handsomest man I ever saw!” said Mrs. William Greene to me; she then in the frosted beauty of her own age. “When he rode down Beacon Street on his black horse, with the crimson saddlecloth, all the girls ran to the windows to look.”

He had discarded the saddlecloth before my time, but I remember it well in the old camphor chest.

But to return to the Richardses. The Panic of 1837 came. Grandfather John Richards lost much of his modest fortune; and took his beautiful Susan back to England, where she spent the rest of her life. The quiet Hampshire neighborhood was deeply impressed by the newcomer. When she appeared at church, with her five handsome sons and her lovely little daughter, there was a decided sensation among the congregation.

It was a strange life for a girl born and reared in colonial Maine: but she fitted into the rigidities of English country life as a hand into a glove. Her grandsons remember the frictionless perfection of her household: the butler, who warmed and *ironed* the newspapers before bringing them in, and all the rest. Family letters tell of many benevolences, in which she was associated with

STEPPING WESTWARD

her close friend and neighbor Lady Seymour, wife of Admiral Sir Michael Seymour. Sir Charles Napier, of Peninsular fame, and his family were other near neighbors and friends, as was also Lady Ashburton, one of whose gifts—a great carved basket of Indian ivory, fretted like cobweb lace—we still treasure.

Her eldest sons, the twins Francis and Henry, grown to manhood, crossed the ocean again as agents of the Barings, and lived for some years in Calais, Maine, visiting often in Boston. It was on one of these visits, doubtless, that they made acquaintance with the family of Robert Hallowell Gardiner, 1st, of Gardiner, Maine. In due time Francis Richards married Mr. Gardiner's second daughter, Anne Hallowell, and settled in Gardiner. My husband was the youngest of their six children. Henry, the other twin, failing to win Henrietta, Anne's younger sister, went back to England and died unmarried. The other brothers went to India, and lost their health there. The youngest, George, was lost at sea. They were handsome, silent men. My dear mother-in-law once described to me a three days' visit to her brother-in-law John.

"He said good-morning," she told me, "and he said good-night; he said nothing else."

To English folk of that day—perhaps still!—

MORE TRAVEL

education in a country other than England was scarce thinkable. As his boys grew big enough (little Frank, the eldest, was only seven when he was sent home in the Captain's care!) Francis Richards sent them home to England for their schooling—small private schools first, then Rugby for the two elder, Wellington for the two younger boys—and to spend their holidays with his mother. After his tragic death, her own life cut in two, my dear mother-in-law left the sunny home circle at Oaklands, of which more hereafter, and went to England also, laying aside the burden of her sorrow to minister to the older woman in her austere grief, and to become her one intimate companion and best earthly comfort.

I never saw Grandmother Richards. She died the year before our marriage; yet my mind holds a vivid picture of her in her later years. Her husband was dead, her only daughter and four of her five tall sons, the youngest remaining to scatter the family fortune, lose North House, the home of tradition and affection, and quarrel bitterly with his mother.

"If I should weep," she said to a beloved cousin, "my tears would never stop."

The grief for her daughter was perhaps the bitterest. Maria Downman Richards was engaged to the son of a titled family, neighbors in

STEPPING WESTWARD

Hampshire. He has been described to me as a youth of great beauty and promise. Life was very bright for the young couple. Suddenly he developed symptoms of epilepsy. The malady grew upon him: all thought of engagement and marriage was abandoned; he sank rapidly and died. My husband remembers "Aunt Downy" as a woman still very beautiful, but sad and bitter, an incurable invalid. She died at forty.

I leave Grandmother Richards as her grandson describes her, sitting, austere and solitary, in the ruin of her great beauty, the inevitable "front" and cap of the period hiding her fine gray hair, her profile still perfect Greek; reading by the light of one candle (in an old candlestick like a ball of rosewood with a hole in it), held in one hand to bring it nearer the page.

When we two went down to Hampshire in July, 1871, it was to visit Uncle Charles Richards, the youngest son of his mother, described above. He was an old man, superbly handsome, much crippled with rheumatism, practically confined to his chair. From this chair his thunders roared; I can see now the black flash of his lightnings. He meant to be very kind to me, I think; I was young, not ill-looking, he had nothing against his youngest nephew. As a matter of

MORE TRAVEL

fact, he frightened me more than any human creature has ever frightened me.

“Mrs. Henry, do you not think it would be more convenient if we ate green peas with a spoon instead of a fork?”

Mrs. Henry falters something in the nature of an assent, thinking this expected of her. Uncle Charles turns savagely to the trim maid.

“Bring Mrs. Henry a spoon for her peas! Give Mrs. Henry a spoon for her peas every day while she is here!” And it was so.

Terrible old man! His wife was the gentlest of women; she still wore the corkscrew curls of her youth. The two had been engaged for eighteen years. Think of that, modern impatience! And after eighteen years—this! When he began, with deadly emphasis, “My own dearest Susan,” I knew the poor lady was to receive a rating that made me tremble where I sat.

Alas! poor soul! his four little sons, sent home from India, all died in early childhood. He had quarreled absolutely with his only surviving child, a daughter, who was much, I have understood, of his own kind. Nobody can by any possibility, I think, have loved him. To-day I feel infinite compassion for this desperate soul imprisoned in an agonizing body; at twenty-one I could only tremble and long to be away.

STEPPING WESTWARD

There were other cousins who made us welcome, and prepared pleasant little festivities for us. They had perfect little gardens, jewels of gold forty feet square, set with every manner of gem. Next to the beautiful hospitality and kindness of these cousins, the thing that struck me most was the frequency with which beverages of every intoxicating kind were urged upon my husband. To have brandy and soda pressed upon him at every turn was disconcerting to him and to me.

This was still in Hampshire. The cousins whom we visited in the Isle of Wight, lovely gentle ladies, with every charm and grace except that of youth, produced no strong drink, only wonderful cakes and glorious roses. The memory of that visit is so delicately fragrant, I take it out now and then, and sniff at it happily, and say, "Dear Georgina!" or "Dear Fannie!"

All this being sixty years ago, there seems no harm in my describing an odd situation that I encountered in Hampshire. One of the younger cousins, a young man not too steady in his habits, had married a young woman "perfectly respectable and well-intentioned, but not a lady, dear"; I hear his sister's gentle voice now. Lady or not, she steadied her young husband, and kept him steady. After his early death, she was re-

MORE TRAVEL

ceived into his family, where she filled the place of niece or companion. At the same time, her sister was parlor-maid in the family, and waited on the other at table. Incidentally, she was the more attractive of the two, a charming girl, sedate, well-bred, and dignified. I am not sure whether the family in general knew of the connection. It was the mistress of the house who told me, as any one may confide in a person not likely to be met again. After the death of the master of the house, she who was "not a lady" might be seen driving her sister about the village in the family phaëton.

It must be remembered that studying architecture was our chief objective; why we neglected the architecture of England I cannot now remember. At all events, we left it.

First Bruges and Ghent, both with the added delight for me of introducing my companion to them; then Tournai. I doubt if people go very much to Tournai; I don't remember seeing any other travelers there. We fell in love with the cathedral, and spent many happy days there; he sketching, I gazing. We loved the market place too, and the people, then still in delightful costumes. There was a *Kermesse*, most delightful, even though he would not let me ride on the

STEPPING WESTWARD

merry-go-round. I have never ridden on one since.

Antwerp, where M. Félu, the armless painter, was still at work, and showed himself most friendly and welcoming; then Brussels, where the Wiertz pictures frightened me almost out of my wits; then Nuremberg, where we stayed at the little Inn of the Red Cock, and saw the handsomest man in the world. It was a humble hostelry; no grand hotels for us. We studied our Baedeker ardently, going wherever he indicated cleanliness and moderate prices. We left a good piece of our hearts in Nuremberg. Thence to Ratisbon, where we arrived on the day of the Pig Fair, and every man we met had a little pig under his arm, and wondrous was the squealing. We were at Ratisbon, I remember, on what would have been Thanksgiving Day at home. We were feeling extremely economical that day. We made a picnic of it, the day being fair and warm, and our Thanksgiving dinner was a bunch of grapes; as I remember it now, say three feet long and two feet wide.

Innsbruck; the little bridge over the rushing Inn; the cathedral; the tomb of Maximilian, with its bronze bodyguard of life-size figures, some ugly, some quaint, two beautiful beyond our dreams, Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths,

MORE TRAVEL

Arthur, King of Britain. We fell in love with them as we had with the golden-haired stranger at the *Rothen Hahn*. We could not bring Frit-hiof (as we named him; he was unaware of us, and ate his soup with a sound as of many waters) away with us, to put on a pedestal, and burn incense before; but—Innsbruck was peopled by these two figures, carved in wood by delicate Tyrolean fingers; they jostled each other in every shop window. Might we? Could we, having dined on grapes in Ratisbon? Not both, but one? We did! The decision was like that of Lucy Fountain between the two ponies: “Take the bay darling out of my sight, and leave the cream-colored love!” (Does no one read Charles Reade nowadays? Must “Love me Little, Love me Long” be lost to a might-be-enraptured world? “Lord, what fools these mortals be!”)

With wistful glances we turned our backs on Arthur; wrapped Theodoric (not the largest size of him, of course; nor yet quite the smallest) in cotton wool (not my fingers, be sure; H. R. was, and remains, the perfect packer); brought him home uninjured, and there he stands on the mantelpiece to this day. He was to wait many years for his mate. In the end, a good friend, going to Innsbruck and knowing our hearts, brought

STEPPING WESTWARD

Arthur home to us, and he stands at the other end of the mantelpiece.

If Venice was magical to Seventeen, it may perhaps be dimly imagined what it was now, at twenty-one, with a Companion on one hand, and Architecture with the biggest possible *A* on the other. We read Ruskin in those days. “The Seven Lamps” was in our trunk, if I remember aright, yet I cannot be quite sure whether it came out in Venice itself. How should we read anything except our Baedeker? How should we do anything but look, and wonder, and look again? We had a room in a little house on one of the small canals. It was just round the corner from the Grand Canal, and one side of the mysterious little garden fronted on the wide expanse of liquid chrysoprase. The garden belonged properly to the Signore who rented the chief rooms of the *casetta*, but by great good fortune he was away, and our kind landlord, a little, withered, smiling Frenchman, gave us the use of the garden. It became our own; we went down little stone steps, and there we were under cool trees, with canal water lapping with low sounds on the shore (with apologies to Mr. Yeats).

There sometimes our dinner was brought to us, a wonderful little dinner, three or four stories

MORE TRAVEL

of it, in covered tin dishes, brought from the *trattoria* round the other corner. The dishes were mostly the same, oddly shaped pieces of veal or fowl—I could not always tell the difference—and *minestra* and *fritta dorata*. Under the windows of our little sitting-room, a woman sat all day long, shouting at intervals of two minutes, “Ah, what wholesome pumpkin! Good!” We did not care much for pumpkins, I think.

We haunted St. Mark’s like two of its own pigeons; we studied all the miles of pictures in the Ducal Palace. I recall now the dictum of my dear Uncle Richard Sullivan on these pictures.

“Your Aunt Etta and I were in Venice; we read all that Mr. Ruskin said about these pictures; we went to see them. My dear, the things that he describes in the pictures are not there!”

Poor Ruskin! Unfortunate John! When Uncle Richard disposed of a subject, there was nothing left of it.

My husband ascended the Great Campanile, and was so enraptured with the view that he must needs share it with me. I was not strong in those days. The Campanile was three hundred and twenty-five feet high; I could not mount that everlasting spiral. No, but he could, and did, carrying me in his arms all the way, stopping

STEPPING WESTWARD

now and then to rest and let me look through the narrow windows, to see the marvel growing and spreading before our eyes.

Of course the evenings in the gondola were the most magical things of all, in that time of faëry; but here Conscience smites me; I draw the glittering gold-spangled veil before the beloved face of Venice, and go on.

Naples in her turn had wonderful things waiting for us; not the *Museo* alone, nor the streets, sun and dirt in equal portions, nor the coral and tortoise-shell shops. Our window had a little balcony overlooking the Bay. Sitting there, we saw the Bay with its flitting lights, its singing boats, its general effect of *Funiculi* and *Santa Lucia*; and beyond it Vesuvius staging a special eruption for us. Not one of the great, terrific eruptions; rather one to thrill than horrify; dusky splendors, lurid heights and depths, all our own. And as if all this were not enough, one night, clear, and with the moon safe round on the other side, we saw—the unforgettable Aurora of 1871! Great crimson cloths waved and shaken all over the sky, fold upon fold, fringe upon fringe, changing, shifting, blending, long scarves streaming out, caught up, unrolled again. It lasted half an hour, perhaps; it has lasted all my life.

MORE TRAVEL

And so, as winter came on, to Florence, where we almost froze in a little stone room in a stone house. There was a little stone fireplace, and our fuel consisted of round flat cakes of something like tan; perhaps they were tan. They gave some heat, but not much. One night there were six inches of snow. Our sponges froze solid; the Florentines almost froze solid, too. They warmed themselves by gathering up the snow in little baskets, in the most futile manner imaginable. We found amusement, if not warmth, in watching them. My husband almost took his death, sketching in the Uffizi, which was stone cold. He was very ill; anybody else would have died.

Then one day suddenly it was summer, for my Uncle Sam Ward came in. He was in Florence for twenty-four hours, on a most characteristic errand. Dom Pedro, the last Emperor of Brazil, was there, and Uncle Sam had come over from Washington on purpose to see him on some political errand. He told us with glee how at first he was refused admittance. The Emperor saw no one, except the members of his party. He was traveling *incognito*. But the "King of the Lobby" had probably foreseen this contingency. He had brought with him a presentation copy of Longfellow's latest work; this he

STEPPING WESTWARD

sent to the Emperor with a courteous note, begging his acceptance of it, with his compliments, etc. Presto! the door flew open. Dom Pedro would be delighted to see Mr. Ward! They became intimates in an hour. I never knew whether the political mission went through or not.

Next day, before he flitted back to this country, Uncle Sam sent me a wonderful bouquet, I should think about a yard round, the old-fashioned kind with a frill of white paper round it, and a substantial cheque. Doubtless he hoped we would get a more suitable apartment. Instead, we bought, if I remember aright, another bronze statuette, and continued to cower merrily over our tan disks.

Rome came next, and the Odescalchi, and another wonderful visit with the dear aunt and cousins, and so on to Greece.

The steamer that took us to Greece this time was the *Vulcan*; I loved her, as I have loved all my steamers. They became personal friends, however short the acquaintance. I remember the hearty old Italian captain, and the question I asked him about the weather. Would it be fair to-morrow, or—

“*Signora*” (with a courtly sweep of the gold-

MORE TRAVEL

braided cap), “*bisogna domandáre al Padre Eterno!*”

I remember, too, an early lesson in wife-hood. A moonlight night; I, being tired, went to bed early. Ten o’clock came, and no husband. Eleven followed; twelve. It was by this time clear that he had fallen overboard and been *drowned*. He came. He had had a great crack with the Captain; jolly night! And, with apologies to Mr. Kipling, “I learned about husbands from him!”

A dancing school friend came with us from Rome; the late Frank Jackson, kindest and gentlest of souls, sweetest of singers. I remember a party at some Athenian house—Athens received us most kindly for my father’s sake—where he sang “The Old Kentucky Home,” one of the few songs my mother had not sung to me.

“Weep no more, my lady!” I still hear the golden tenor lingering over the words, sentimental if you will (was not this in the Seventies?), but sweet and tender; still see the kind face beaming with good will; and the black-browed audience, all intent and admiring. Dear Frank, “other groves and other streams along,” I trust you are still singing.

He was a tactful friend. He went with us to the parties, and on various expeditions; when

STEPPING WESTWARD

we climbed the immortal height of the Acropolis,
he was somehow otherwise occupied.

Looking back, we two seemed to have lived mostly there on the hill, coming back to the hotel for food and sleep and the exercises of friendship. I sat on the steps of Parthenon or Erechtheum, while my husband painted in water colors. Here are the pictures now, over the doors in my little parlor. The good Maine sunshine streams in and lights up the dim gold of pillar and frieze and architrave. The caryatids bear their burden serenely as ever; they are never tired; what is all this talk about years?

Wonderful! I find I do not need the water colors, dear as they are, to bring it all back. The tumbled ruins, the glory triumphant over ruin; encircling all, the purple mountains; all as clear by evening light as by that of the long-ago morning.

Why are the mountains shadowed o'er? Why stand
they darkened grimly?
Is it a tempest warring there, or storm-cloud beat-
ing on them?
It is no tempest warring there, no storm-cloud beat-
ing on them,
But Charon sweeping over them, and with him the
departed.*

* From a modern Greek poem, translated by the late C. C. Felton.

MORE TRAVEL

Is it something to be able to say, “I have seen Constantinople?” I say it! I say little more, as I was not able to go about much. I saw St. Sophia. I rode in a palanquin, with one tall bearer and one short one, and decided that once was enough. I saw the Dogs, then still rampant-pervasive; I fancy they have been done away with before now. Memory shows them by hundreds round every corner, all yellow, all—one felt in every nerve—ferocious.

I saw the Sultan’s Treasury. I heard—ah! who could forget this?—the watchman at night, striking his staff on the pavement under my window, crying “*Rangoon Var!*” (“There is Fire!”). What whistle or siren could chill the blood as did that cry in the black night?

Otherwise, the four walls of my hotel room kept me safe and quiet, and I was perhaps as well off in Constantinople as anywhere else.

Between Athens and Constantinople—whether going or coming, I forgot—our little cockboat of a steamer was stormbound for a day and a night in the Gulf of Corinth. There were several other passengers, a Greek, two Italians, and, I think, a Frenchman. Together we took shelter in the little cabin; and polyglot conversation—among the dancing table-legs—whiled away the time.

STEPPING WESTWARD

The Greek was an old *Palikari*; my delight may be imagined when I found that he had known my father—perhaps served with him—in the Revolution of 1826.

The two Italians were Livornese. Finding that we came from Boston, they asked if we had ever heard of “*un certo Papanti, maestro di ballo.*” We three Bostonians—Frank Jackson was still with us—replied in delighted chorus. They kindled responsive. They had heard that he was successful; that he had invented a “*piano sopra molli,*” a floor on springs; news of him had come back to Livorno. Whereupon we took up our parable, and unfolded the glories of Papanti, till for pleasure we could all have danced the gavotte with the dancing tables.

Back to Athens, and then, in golden leisure, through and among the Ionian Islands—each name drops a jewel of memory, but I cannot tarry to pick them up; my name is not Atalanta.

And so to Venice again, and how we ever managed to leave Venice once more I cannot imagine.

Of Milan I remember nothing except the cathedral, and the fact that there we met my dear and lifelong friend, Susan H. Bradley. She was gay, handsome Susie Hinckley then; in later life she was handsome still, with her fine

MORE TRAVEL

gray hair, her regal carriage, her whole vivid, sparkling personality. Then she was thrilling responsive to all beauty, just beginning to be aware of Art; neither she nor we foresaw her brilliant future of ardent work and happy achievement as an artist. I like to recall our first meeting at Papanti's; she nine and self-possessed (I believe she was born self-possessed), I eleven and shy; I see the little, trim, smart figure, head held high, eyes like diamonds; hear the crisp, incisive utterance.

"Do you know I'm your cousin?"

"No!" says bashful Laura.

"Well, I am!"

And she was! See chapter (unwritten and likely to remain so) on Cutler Ancestry.

Dear Susan, faithful and loyal friend; I did not think you would go before me! I am sure you entered Heaven like a northwest breeze, ruffling the white plumes and setting the haloes a-tilt.

Susan and my husband went up on the roof of the Duomo, and wandered happily about among the statues. I sat in the choir and wondered whether both would fall off and be killed, or only one; and which one. . . . But where are the pangs of yesteryear?

I know not what kind French fairy guided

STEPPING WESTWARD

our steps to Chambéry on our way to Paris. My one association with the place hitherto had been gauze; beautiful silk gauze shot with gold, as in a certain dress of my mother's, flounced and enchanting. Has *gaze de Chambéry* ever been "in" since the Sixties, I wonder?

Now, the name suggests primroses, my first real primroses, banks and banks of them, a possession for the rest of my life.

To Paris now, a different Paris from that of four years earlier. The Franco-Prussian War and the Commune had come and gone. The Tuilleries, which I had seen spreading its roofs and towers over an unconscionable space of ground, was now an unsightly ruin. I seem to think that smoke was still issuing from some of the piles of rubbish, but this may be a lively imagination. At all events, it was gone. One shuddered to think how narrowly the Louvre had escaped destruction. It had escaped, however, and we spent glorious hours there.

CHAPTER IX

GREEN PEACE ONCE MORE

AND when the pleasant pilgrimage was over,
what next?

What but Green Peace once more! Sister Julia was established in the "Doctor's Part" of the Institution, working hand in hand with her Anagnos; Sister Flossy, with her young lawyer, in New Jersey, where her valiant and active life was to be mostly spent; Brother Harry—in Arizona, I believe, toiling (and roasting!) in the service of his mistress, Science. He had not yet found his mate, Fannie Gay, who was to fill his heart and his life to overflowing.

A new dispensation; my parents and Sister Maud in the New Part, my husband and I in the Old.

My first housekeeping; my first loaf of bread; my first quince marmalade; my first Baby. Here begins a whole library of volumes, bound for the most part in lively colors; how condense them? Four years saw the birth of the first three of my seven children, Alice, Rosalind, and

STEPPING WESTWARD

Henry Howe; saw, contemporary with these births, the acquisition of my hurdy gurdy. Ballads and songs and the like, early assimilated, had given me a good ear for metre and rhythm (say *jingle*, woman, and have done with it!). I had always rhymed easily; now, with the coming of the babies, and the consequent weeks and months of quiet, came a prodigious welling up of rhymes, mostly bringing their tunes (or what passed for tunes; the baby, bless it, knew no better!) with them. I wrote, and sang, and wrote, and could not stop. The first baby was plump and placid, with a broad, smooth back which made an excellent writing desk. She lay on her front, across my lap; I wrote on her back, the writing pad quite as steady as the writing of jingles required.

“Little John Bottlejohn,” “The Shark,” “The Queen of the Orkney Islands,” etc., etc., all had their own tunes, to which, once they were written down, the baby was trotted. (Yes, we trotted our babies; they liked it; I never saw that they got any harm by it. I never trotted my grandchildren!)

I mean to be a model of reticence about my published works. (“Gad, she’d better!” said Carlyle, when Margaret Fuller announced that she “accepted the universe!”) I may, however,

GREEN PEACE ONCE MORE

be allowed one little item about the first-named jingle. It was written in the late Seventies. In April, 1885, the *Scottish-American Journal* of Montreal printed a letter from Mr. J. Clark Murray, asking for information about

“a song I heard lately sung for the amusement of my children by a young lady who came recently to this country from Aberdeenshire, and who kindly, at my request, wrote out the accompanying copy. The song deals with an ancient theme which has been frequently treated, not only in older Scottish ballads, but in the earlier literature of all European nations. The song itself bears all the impress of a very modern composition, for it strikes me as treating the mermaid myth in a spirit of fun, which implies that the myth is no longer the object of that simple credulity which gives a charm to the veritable legendary ballad. The lady, however, who furnished me with this copy of the song, could tell me nothing about it, except that, when a child, she had heard it sung by an old woman who used to come about her father’s house. I shall, therefore, be obliged to any of your readers who can give me any information about the history of the song.”

I gave the desired information.

This is perhaps the highest compliment I ever received, unless it were the unconscious tribute of the five-year-old child, who, when called upon

STEPPING WESTWARD

in Sunday school to give her Christmas verse, forgot the hymn, and recited instead:

The owl and the eel and the warming pan,
They went to call on the soap-fat man.
The soap-fat man, he was not within,
He'd gone for a ride on his rolling pin.
So they all came back by way of the town
And turned the meeting-house upside down!

It is a pity she could not sing it; the tune was a rather pretty one.

While I was bearing and nursing and rearing, trotting and writing and singing, my husband was toiling at Architecture; first in the office of Ware and Van Brunt, who built (it seems now, looking back) half of the new Boston of the Seventies; then in that of Peabody and Stearns, who built the other half.

Mr. William Robert Ware! what memories cluster round that courtly, friendly figure! A trifle over meticulous, his draughtsmen thought.

“Mop-board?” (He could be testy on occasion.) “What do you mean by a mop-board?”

“Why, Mr. Ware,” says the draughtsman—who knew perfectly well that he should have said “baseboard”—“don’t you know what a mop-board is?”

I wonder if any one but me remembers Mr.

GREEN PEACE ONCE MORE

Ware's dream of which he once told me. It is too good to lose!

He dreamed—one of the inevitable dreams, I suppose, for pen-and-ink people—that a wondrous poem came to him in the night watches; a poem of such supreme beauty and power that it would, he felt, change the whole course of the world's poetry. Waking with its cadence still ringing glorious in his ears, he sprang up and wrote down all that he could retain of it; for all the world as my mother wrote down the Battle Hymn of the Republic. Next morning he found the following lines:

Then rose great Asgard, victor of the world;
Great conqueror of men in time and story,
Who a pragmatic knot has tied and curled
In the vast forefront of heroic glory.*

* Note. An allusion to the celebrated Pragmatic Sanction, by which he as it were tied a pragmatic knot in the forelock of Time.

One must have known Mr. Ware to realize how characteristic, how inevitable, the footnote was—even in a dream.

It was in the office of Ware and Van Brunt that my husband came to know John Ames Mitchell, familiarly known as Johnny. The two young men took to each other at once, and

STEPPING WESTWARD

Johnny became a frequent and always welcome visitor at Green Peace. He was a merry, witty, delightful little man, overflowing with fun and life. He could no more keep his hand from making pictures than I could keep mine from making nonsense rhymes. My husband assumed the rôle of *deus ex machina*, which has since become so familiar to him. “Papa” attended to everything, from the broken doll to the shattered bicycle, from the column of figures that would not add right to the sewing machine that would not take a stitch, and the furnace that “behaved so strangely”; one and all and everything, “Papa” must and did correct.

“Why,” said he, “don’t you and Johnny join forces; let him make pictures for your rhymes, send them to a magazine and get them published?”

We took fire at once, or rather we combined the little flames that were already burning on our separate hearths. I have some of the drawings now, framed and hanging up, reminders of a pleasant time. We tied them up with thrills of delightful anticipation, sent them to *St. Nicholas*, then in its early days, and waited. It was hard to wait. We did not see why people were so slow. Never mind! when the answer came it was most kindly-favorable, accepting

GREEN PEACE ONCE MORE

both verses and pictures, and asking for more; and we made our bow together, Johnny Mitchell and I, in those friendly pages. In the early bound volumes of the magazine you will find them all, "John Bottlejohn" and the rest. When the rhymes came to be published in book form, it was with other illustrations. Why this was, I cannot remember, but no others could be like Johnny's to me.

He became the well-known editor of *Life*; lived beloved and honored; died only a few years ago. Peace to him!

There was much merrymaking at Green Peace in those days; in Old Part and New. Though my mother was studying Greek, and beginning to be interested in Woman Suffrage—which she had until then regarded with aversion—and in Peace Congresses, and in Mother's Day (*her* day, June Second, instituted by her some years in advance of the present festival; my parents were always ahead of their time!), she was also giving parties, of course. I recall one party where young Richard Mansfield sang a duet with himself, alternating a high, clear falsetto with a melodious baritone; it was hard to believe that he was only one person. His mother, Madame Rudersdorff, was just bringing her young son forward; some years were

STEPPING WESTWARD

yet to pass before “Richard was himself”—not “again,” but once and for always.

My father was writing his Reports, which were then looked for the philanthropic world over; reports of the Perkins Institution, of the School for Feeble-minded (founded by him, the first in this country. When he began that work some of his friends laughed, called his first report “a report for idiots as well as about them”; yet a little while, and Dr. Fernald was to call that work the brightest jewel in my father’s crown); reports of the Board of State Charities, of which he remained chairman till October, 1874. In those days he wrote to his friend Francis Bird:

“How little do we appreciate the advantage, the beauty, the happiness-giving of the *capacity for work!* While we possess it we are more apt to complain of fatigue than to rejoice in the possession of the power. Fatigue! fatigue is not the natural result of work; but the punishment of the sin of *overwork*. Every one who feels the pain, the discomfort of fatigue, expiates thereby, or suffers the consequence of his sin. The normal consequences of normal work are a pleasant feeling of well-being, and a positive increase of bodily ease and of happiness.”

My father and my husband were fast friends

GREEN PEACE ONCE MORE

from the first; they loved to talk together on every imaginable subject. We played together, too, when S. G. H. was able. We gave him his first toboggan slide, I remember, down the steep, icy hill at the foot of the garden. I fear it shook him, dear soul! I think I myself, at seventy-three, had long given up tobogganing.

Maud was in the early bloom of her great beauty, and was much beset by suitors of every age and degree. They hovered about Green Peace; the general atmosphere was one of high sentiment. This was in the early Seventies, remember. Maud sang in those days, and the suitors brought the songs of the period and left them on the piano, heavily underscored.

Take back the *heart that thou gavest!*
What is my anguish to thee?
Take back the freedom thou cravest,
Leaving the *fetters* to me!

My husband and I, from our station as old married people, made rather merry over these poor lads; so, possibly, did John Elliott, when a few years later he came to claim his own.

We could not have parties in the Old Part, we two; there was neither room nor money for formal entertainment of any kind; yet we had our own merrymakings. A moonlight evening,

STEPPING WESTWARD

a big express wagon filled with young folk, married and single, a big gymnasium kindly lent for the evening, where we could frolic and dance—and sing—there was a piano—among the vaulting-horses and the parallel bars and the swinging rings. Then into a kitchen, mysteriously near, where we pulled candy and ate ice cream; then home by moonlight, singing all the way:

“Good night, ladies! we’re going to leave you now!”

And at the end, the best word of all, spoken by the little sleepy maid, “Baby never stirred, Mum!”

In spite of all the laughter and singing, the shadows were gathering round Green Peace. The move thither was made largely on my father’s account. Feeling his strength going from him, he longed to be near the Institution, where he must still spend a part of every day; longed, too, for his garden, for the pears and peaches which glowed and ripened (or so it seemed) better for him than for any one else.

The little granddaughters were his great delight. He saw, too, with pride and joy, his first grandson, Samuel Prescott Hall, who was born at Green Peace. My first impression of him is



Courtesy of Little, Brown & Company

MAUD HOWE ELLIOTT

From a crayon drawing by Benjamin C. Porter

GREEN PEACE ONCE MORE

as a wailing bundle in the arms of his Shaker nurse, who danced gravely up and down, balancing her stout person first on one foot, then on the other, and chanted,

Come, come, Shaker life,
Come, life eternal!
Shake, shake out of me
All that is carnal!

Over half a century has passed since my father's death, and still I linger over the telling of it, unwilling to let go that beloved hand. He laid down his arms a few weeks before the birth of my eldest boy. He had done justice, loved mercy, and walked humbly with his God, close upon seventy-five years; the blade was worn through, and snapped quietly.

I was ill at the time, and was unable to say good-bye to him. As I lay on my sofa, our dear minister, James Freeman Clarke, came to see me.

"Well, my child," he said, "your good father has gone on to his new work!"

There was no more to say.

I think of my father most often as I saw him on one of those late days, standing in the doorway, holding in his arms my second daughter, Rosalind, who looked up and smiled in his face.

STEPPING WESTWARD

"Her smile," said my father, "is like the opening of Heaven!"

The only one of my children who could keep even a dim remembrance of him was Alice, the eldest; now Alice has followed him, going on to her own new work, as he to his. Wherever there is life, there will be work; the stars may be glad of those two strong, patient, indomitable workers.

Shortly before this time, the City of Boston had decided that a new street was needed in the neighborhood, and that its lines should pass directly through the old house. Notice was served on my father that by right of eminent domain (splendid and sounding phrase!) Green Peace would be taken over by the city. The news of his illness transpiring, the matter was postponed, to be brought forward once more after his death.

I have never seen the street that replaced Green Peace. I sometimes wonder if it justified itself. That little happy valley, lying in the cupped hand of Nature, sunshine gathered into it, winds tempered for it, bird song and child laughter ringing through it—all that beauty, all that warmth and glow of leaf and blossom and fruit, swept out of existence to make room for rows of drab little houses in which no one ever stayed long. Was it worth while? Was it fitting? Vain question, never to be answered.

GREEN PEACE ONCE MORE

For me, the change would have come in any case. The moving finger was even then writing.

Some time before this, my husband had become an architect on his own account in Boston, and set up his modest sign in Pemberton Square. For some time all went well, with immediate work enough to keep the fires burning, and promise of more to come. He built houses in Boston, in Mount Desert, hither and yon; built castles, too, on paper; entering competitions for State Houses, churches, town halls; with what toil, what high hopes, what disappointments, every young architect knows.

Almost his first work was done for my father, in remodeling Oak Glen, changing it from a ramshackle farmhouse into the sturdy foursquare dwelling that it is to-day. He and my father had happy times over the plans. I like to think that S. G. H. may have had something to do with awakening the spirit of public service which has been my husband's companion through life, and which then, in his early twenties, led him into work on Committees of Public Housing and the like.

People began to seek him out; he was made Clerk of the Hospital Life Insurance Company, Secretary of the Boston Society of Architecture and the Boston Architects' Club; editor, too, of

STEPPING WESTWARD

the *Architectural Sketch Book*, which had several years of inspiring life.

Three happy, hopeful, ardent years; these things and many more at the office in Pemberton Square; at home in Green Peace, the babies growing and blossoming, with a new miracle for every day, life rounding more and more into the aspect of the New Jerusalem.

The Finger, having written, moved on. There came one of those periodic depressions which now and then mysteriously occur in the profession of Architecture; and coincident therewith, an urgent request from Brother Frank Richards that my husband should leave Boston and join him and Brother John in the management of the family paper mill. This mill had been established by Grandfather Gardiner on the Cobbossee Stream, and Francis Richards, my father-in-law, had been head and manager of it from its foundation until the time of his death.

This matter belongs mostly in the second part of this chronicle. My husband consulted Mr. Edward Cabot, a well-known architect and a kind and faithful friend. These depressions, he was told, were sometimes of long duration; came, endured, finally went, as mysteriously as they came. No family man could wait on their vagaries, unless he had other means of support.

GREEN PEACE ONCE MORE

Briefly, the decision—a momentous one for the young couple with their three little children—was made. In the summer of 1876 we moved to Gardiner, Maine, and a door closed behind us.

PART II

GARDINER, MAINE

CHAPTER I

STORY AND LEGEND

GARDINER (formerly Gardinerstown, named for its founder, Sylvester Gardiner) stands on the Kennebec River, forty miles from the sea. The name of the river and its variants—Kennebecasis, Kennebis, Canabis—are closely interwoven with local history and romance; its banks are peopled with shadowy figures that spring to life as we call their names: Kennebis, the early sachem (or line of sachems), Abbagadasset, Natanis and Sabatis, and their people, the good Indians, the gentle, brave, friendly Abenakis, “less barbarous than any other tribe.” The river they saw is our own; rivers do not change their fashions; it is only shores—and men—that do that.

Gardiner’s one historian, the Rev. J. W. Hanson, writing in 1852, revels in flowery description of the river he loved:

The silent river as it rolled its constant journey to the sea, bore on its bosom some dark-eyed Indian maid in her light shallop, or a company of hunters

STEPPING WESTWARD

or warriors as they paddled their white canoes across its blue surface. Where stands the busy mill, then drank the antlered moose. Where spreads the wide green intvale, then wrought the busy beaver. Where now is heard the locomotive's scream, the steamboat wheel, then howled the wolf, then leaped the golden salmon, then fled the caribou. The all-beholding sun as he gazed on our splendid stream, saw only nature and her votaries.*

Flowing directly through the town, flashing and foaming down into the Kennebec, comes the Cobbossee; no less beautiful than the mother stream, though half her size. Cobbossee or Cabbassa; "the Sturgeon." For this too Mr. Hanson has his flowery wreath.

When the first red men came from the distant and beautiful Northwest, to which the Indian always directed his gaze, and where he fancied were the Happy Hunting Grounds, a small clan settled along the Cabbassa-contee, from its source to its mouth. Scarcely had they pitched their wigwams, when, one day, one of their number, a noted brave, went down to the shore, and, divesting himself of his clothing, exclaimed "I am a Sturgeon," or Cabbassa, and plunged into the Kennebec, near the mouth of the stream. Immediately a large sturgeon was seen frolicking among the waves, but, though the sanups

* *History of Gardiner and Pittston.*

STORY AND LEGEND

and sachems of the tribe looked long and anxiously for the warrior's return, and though his squaw and papooses mourned his absence, he was never seen again. Ever after, when one of the tribe was asked who he was, he would reply, "I am a Sturgeon," or Cabbassa, or, in other words, a red man from Cab-bassaguntiag. Gradually, the hieroglyph of a sturgeon was adopted as their symbol, and was attached to their treaties, or deeds.

The Indians used to say that the Cobbossee Stream was made by a mighty Manitou who, standing where its outlet now is, hewed with his axe a channel through the solid rock, and let the waters of Cobbossee, pure, sweet, unfailing, rush down to mingle with the river.

Gardiner stands at the head of navigation on the Kennebec. For many years, in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, ship-building was one of her principal industries. There were shipyards all along the river front, from Brown's Island to Colburntown; her ships sailed the seven seas and all the other seas beside. Many a substantial fortune was made to the tune of ringing hammers and creaking blocks; the river, beautiful enough in itself, was decked every day like a bride, with white wings coming and going.

The advent of steam put an end to all this.

STEPPING WESTWARD

There has been no shipbuilding in Gardiner in my time, but in my first years here the schooners were still a familiar and a lovely sight.

We have six feet of tide in Gardiner, which strangers find it hard to believe. Also, we have a deposit of tertiary clay, filled with sea shells, which shows beyond question that, one of the days before yesterday, we had an ocean at our very doors. "Ocean" connotes pirates and treasure. Gardiner has had both; at least I have always heard that Captain Kidd himself sailed up the Kennebec, and landed on Nahumkeag Island, and the island is covered with holes, certainly of men's digging.

The old town is full of legend and romance. Pittston, across the river, once a part of Gardiner, saw the first outbreak of gold hunting in these regions. Early in the nineteenth century, one Daniel Lambert "suddenly announced that through the medium of witchhazel rods, he had discovered wealth untold, concealed in different places. To prove what he related, he exhibited several pieces of old brass, battered, but highly polished." He dug here and there, and wherever he dug, a crowd gathered round him, open-mouthed, watching to see what he found. I do not know that he actually found anything, but little by little, he inoculated the entire popula-

STORY AND LEGEND

tion of the Kennebec Valley with the treasure-seeking mania, and people in all walks of life were found digging, from Anson to Seguin, and all along the coast, even to Rhode Island. Lambert at length gave out that he had found huge quantities of gold, had sent a large amount to Philadelphia to be coined, and would make, on the first of September, a general distribution. The countryside was in a frenzy; people sold their farms and stock, and gave their property to him, as a small requital for what they were about to receive. Hundreds of people thus beggared themselves. The first of September came, and an eager throng gathered about Lambert's house. He was not there. He had disappeared, never to be seen again on the Kennebec.

After a while, New England people being what they are, the anger and distress were forgotten. The matter became a joke, and "Lambert's Day" was for a long time observed with much hilarity.

A dozen years later, a negro boy named Mike became possessed of marvellous powers. He had a stone with holes in it, through which perhaps some little sea creature had crawled as the soft clay began to harden about him. If he put this stone in his hat, the existence of buried treasure was revealed to him in such or such a place. The

STEPPING WESTWARD

revelation could be transferred to the owner of the place, doubtless for a consideration. In one place he saw the treasure "down very deep." The neighbors dug eighty feet and found nothing. Mr. Hanson comments: "The conclusion left on the minds of posterity is that the excavations were *deeper* than the people who made them." He goes on to add that in spite of this, "there has hardly been a single summer which has not found men, wasting their time, and presenting a spectacle of folly, as they have sifted and examined the locality for gold. As late as last year, 1851, there were several who were thus at work."

I can testify that in the late Seventies and perhaps the early Eighties, there were still people at work.

How different is the recital of this folly from the story of Worromontogus Stream, which rises in Chelsea Meadow, and empties into the Kennebec! The story tells that at the time the country was settled alewives were so plenty that bears, and later pigs, fed on them in the water. "Mrs. David Philbrook, who was a McCausland, was very much in want of a spinning wheel. One day she took a dip net, and caught seven barrels of alewives in the Togus, and took two barrels in a canoe, and paddled them down to

STORY AND LEGEND

Mr. Winslow's, and exchanged them for a wheel." No treasure digging for Mrs. Philbrook! only treasure finding and dipping, to good use.

Through Gardiner (the Pittston part of it, across the river from where I sit) Benedict Arnold passed on his Expedition to Quebec, in 1775. A boulder and tablet now mark the place where he made his camp, on his way to Fort Western; a beautiful spot overlooking Reuben Colburn's shipyard, where the ill-fated bateaux were building, which were to carry so many to their death, and to hardships and suffering worse than death.

The Colburn house, where Arnold was entertained, is still standing, much as it was.

Among the ardent band clustered round that camp fire was Samuel Ward, a captain in Colonel Greene's troop, my mother's grandfather. So young, so gay, so eager! Little they knew what lay before them on that terrible march. Yet at the end of it, lying exhausted in the snow before Quebec, Samuel Ward could write:

It would take too much time to tell you what we have undergone. However, as a summary of the whole, we have gone up one of the most rapid rivers in the world, where the water was so shoal that, moderately speaking, we have waded 100 miles. We

STEPPING WESTWARD

were thirty days in a wilderness that none but savages ever attempted to pass. We marched 100 miles upon short, three days' provisions, waded over three rapid rivers, marched through snow and ice barefoot, passed over the St. Lawrence where it was guarded by the enemy's frigates, and are now about twenty-four miles from the city, to recruit our worn-out natures. General Montgomery intends to join us immediately, so that we have a winter's campaign before us; but I trust we shall have the glory of taking Quebec!

He was taken prisoner with the others, and spent the rest of the war in prison.

Another romance of Gardiner belongs to the west side of the river, in Gardiner proper and present. In 1771, Dr. Sylvester Gardiner established St. Ann's Church (Episcopal), and prepared to erect a building therefor. The Revolution broke up his plans, and when he died in 1786 the church existed only on paper and in his resolute heart. Several years later a small wooden building was erected, apparently piece-meal, for we find that in April, 1792, the Town voted that Major Reuben Colburn "should get the Windows and Doors put up in the Meeting-house."

In 1793 Henry McCausland, an early settler and Revolutionary soldier, received a revelation

STORY AND LEGEND

from on high, commanding him to make a burnt offering unto the Lord. He had lost his wits, possibly through suffering and privation (had he perhaps gone to Quebec with Arnold?), but he was considered harmless, and wandered about the town as he pleased.

Now, however, his unsettled mind was awake and alert, and he laid his plans carefully. "The offering was to be the church, and the sacrifice the Rev. Mr. Warren, who had for some time preached in the vicinity." *

McCausland filled a child's shoe with live coals, placed it among some shavings in the still unfinished gallery of the church, reverently removed the great Bible and laid it on a convenient stump in the woods hard by, and went in search of his sacrifice. The building was soon alight, and burned gloriously; Mr. Warren, however, was not at hand. Troubled at this, McCausland concluded that another person of the same name would do as well; the main thing was that there should be a sacrifice.

Mrs. Abigail Warren, the wife of Pelatiah Warren, was keeping house at that time for Mr. William Gardiner, on Cobbossee Stream. One day she went to see her mother, and Henry McCausland saw her go, in a boat. The maniac

* Town Records of Gardiner.

STEPPING WESTWARD

followed in another boat; entered the house quietly, with a friendly greeting to the inmates. They had killed a cow that morning; the butcher-knife was stuck in the wall above where Mrs. Warren sat. A quick movement, a single blow, and the sacrifice was consummated.

Then Henry McCausland went to the place where the congregation was gathering for worship, told of his deeds and the reason for them, and gave himself up.

He spent thirty-six years in the Augusta jail. During his confinement he read the Bible through several times, and was visited by hundreds of curious persons, from whom he obtained small contributions which he sent to his family "in very considerable sums." I have heard him described in his later years: a venerable figure with long hair and beard, clad in a long, loose gown; gentle and courteous. He looked like an ancient prophet, and doubtless thought himself one.

As to the church: we read in the Parish records that there were two Sunday services, each of four hours' duration, summer and winter: and that the heating plant consisted of two pails of lime!—Three or four years ago the last of the tall pines were cut down, under which in early days the people coming in to church

STORY AND LEGEND

from the country used to stop to put on their shoes and stockings, after the long barefoot walk.

Another romance is that of the Rolling Dam Mystery.

Rolling Dam is a brook that wanders down between Libby Hill and the Mountain, and so into the Kennebec, something more than a mile from Gardiner Town; as beautiful a brook as one would ask to see, and the woods around as fair and leafy as any enchanted forest.

In March, 1826, "some one" was strolling through the Rolling Dam woods, as Gardiner people still do. Approaching the spot where the stream breaks in white over a sudden fall into a fairy pool below, the stroller was aware of smoke issuing from the top of a hollow, blasted tree, about twenty feet from the ground. As he stood wondering, his foot broke through the surface of the ground, and he heard voices beneath his feet.

I have my opinion of this person, whose name I never heard. Here was romance under his feet, its very voice sounding in his ears; did he rush to meet it? He did not. He "ran for assistance before venturing on a search." When others came, about an hour later, the voices were silent. Search was made, and revealed an open-

STEPPING WESTWARD

ing in a steep hill of stiff clay, some forty rods from any path, facing the brook, and artfully concealed by a lattice of twigs and moss and leaves. The opening was small; only one person could enter at a time, and that "by lying flat on the ground, and using much muscular exertion." Shall we say by violent wriggling?

Five feet of wriggling, and the cave opened; a small one, evidently dug with great labor in the stiff clay, walls and roof supported by pieces of split pine and small poles. There was a fireplace, hardened by much use; the smoke rose through the blasted tree. Above, trees, ferns, moss, and the stream murmuring by; below, what, and who? The voices were silent, the little dwelling deserted. Old garments lay about; a mooseskin and some sheepskins composed the bed. Here lay a teakettle, there a saucepan, and a hand gristmill "like a paint-mill, and proofs that it had been used in grinding wheat." An axe, a hoe—this was all, except two articles, which might, one fancies, have held the key of the mystery. "A sword-cane, and a small book of birchen bark with five or six leaves covered with singular characters."

Why a sword-cane, in a subterranean dwelling on Rolling Dam stream? What were those singular characters? He who can answer these

STORY AND LEGEND

questions may yet pluck out the heart of the mystery. "The subject is still open!" says Mr. Hanson.

If all this is not Romance enough—

"Mother," said a friend of mine, some years ago, "you must know many old Gardiner stories that I have never heard. I wish you would tell me some of them!"

The beautiful lady—I can see her now, erect and stately, her silver hair crowning the rose-tinted oval of her face—smiled, and her sea-blue eyes seemed to look far away, back over the eighty years.

"Well," she said thoughtfully, "there was So-and-So; he had an Affinity, and they lived in a tree in front of the house. Will that do?"

CHAPTER II

ANCESTRAL

THE Plymouth Land Grant. The Kennebec Purchase.

I make my most respectful bow to these two venerable measures, and give them as wide a berth as is consistent with a brief account of my husband's family.

Sylvester Gardiner was born in South Kingston, Rhode Island, in 1707, being the fourth son of William, the son of Benoni, the son of William, who emigrated from England. Sylvester was educated by his brother-in-law, Rev. Dr. McSparran, for the medical profession; studied eight years in England and France, and returned to settle in Boston, where he soon made a name for himself as an accomplished physician. He also "established a depot for the importation of drugs, and soon realized a very large fortune." * He became deeply interested in the Plymouth Grant and the Kennebec Purchase; bought, and "received" (an ambiguous term

* Hanson, *History of Gardiner and Pittston.*

ANCESTRAL

which Mr. Hanson greatly affects) large tracts of land along the Kennebec, with the understanding that he was to "settle" them. Briefly, he became possessed of practically all the land on which Gardiner and Pittston now stand, and set himself with characteristic energy and ability to the task before him.

With all his wisdom, he had not foreseen the Revolution. It came, and the plans of the good Doctor went "flying all abroad." He was an ardent Episcopalian, an unflinching Loyalist; he served his God and his king with equal ardor; there was no compromise for Sylvester Gardiner. You have but to look at his portrait by Copley to realize this. When the British Army evacuated Boston, Dr. Gardiner went with it, leaving all his possessions behind him "except about four hundred dollars." He did his duty, as it was given to him to see it. To the patriots of Boston, he was a pestilential Tory, a traitor, and every other undesirable thing that could be named. His property in Boston was confiscated and sold at auction. His library contained "upwards of ninety rare folios, eighty quartos, three hundred thirty octavos, and about fifty duodecimos." Alas! the good Doctor had willed these books to the town of Gardiner. Small comfort to us now to know that they were

STEPPING WESTWARD

"scattered among many purchasers, as may be seen by the State Archives in Boston, where the names of the books, the prices and purchasers' names are all recorded."

On the same day was sold the library of "Mrs. Rebecca [Hannah?] Hallowell, an absentee"; here again were twenty-two folios, twenty-two quartos, eighty-four octavos, and about twenty-eight duodecimos. She was Dr. Gardiner's daughter.

Dr. Gardiner's Kennebec estate was also confiscated; proceedings were instituted, but fortunately they hung fire, and before anything definite was concluded, the war was over, peace was declared, and in due time the Gardiner heirs took quiet possession of their property.

Dr. Gardiner never saw Kennebec again. The war weighed heavily on his heart. In 1783 he wrote to Mr. (James?) Bowdoin:

"There is now an entire change in our ministry, which you will hear of before this reaches you, and with them most likely a change of political measures. God grant us all grace to put an end to this devouring war, so contrary to our most holy religion; and unite us all once more in that bond of peace and brotherly union, so necessary to the happiness of both countries, which God grant may soon take place, and give

ANCESTRAL

us all an opportunity once more to greet one another as friends."

When peace was finally established, he returned to this country, but avoided Boston, where he and his possessions had been so roughly handled. He sought the state of his birth; settled in Newport, Rhode Island, and resumed the practice of medicine and surgery. On his death (August 8, 1786), "his funeral was attended by most of the citizens, and his body was interred under Trinity Church. The shipping displayed its colors at half-mast, and much respect was shown by all the people."

Thus the Newport *Mercury*, then a young sprig of journalism, now a venerable and still vigorous tree.

In Christ Church, Gardiner, a black marble tablet bears a Latin inscription of which the following is a translation:

Sacred to the memory of SYLVESTER GARDINER, who, born in Rhode Island of family not obscure, studied in Paris, and practised medicine successfully, a long time, in Boston. Having obtained a competency, he directed his attention to the civilization and improvement of the Eastern country, then uncultivated. Here he leveled extensive tracts of forest, built various kinds of mills, ornamented the country with numerous cottages, erected a church, and by the inhabitants of these parts has richly deserved to be

STEPPING WESTWARD

called the father of the land. Distinguished for his abilities, a learned physician, a faithful husband, a good father, of incorruptible integrity, in transacting of business, indefatigable, sagacious and vigilant, of upright life, deeply read in the Sacred Scriptures, a firm believer in the Christian Faith, and wholly devoted to the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England, he died in Rhode Island, in the year of our Lord, 1786, aged 79. That he might commend to posterity the memory of a man who deserved so well of the Church and the Republic, and that a monument might exist of his own gratitude towards his venerable grandfather, ROBERT HALLOWELL GARDINER, his grandson and heir, has erected this honorary marble.

Dr. Gardiner was thrice married: first to Anne Gibbons, mother of his six children; secondly to the widow Eppes (whose first name was "Love"); thirdly to Catherine Goldthwaite, who survived him. The children were: John, William, Anne, wife of C. L. Brown, second son of the Earl of Altamont; Hannah, wife of Robert Hallowell; Rebecca, wife of Philip Dumaresq; and Abigail, wife of Oliver Whipple.

Dr. Gardiner's will was fraught with momentous consequences to his descendants. Too long to reproduce here, I give briefly its principal provisions:

John Gardiner, Dr. Gardiner's eldest son, re-

ANCESTRAL

ceived under his father's will "the sum of one guinea out of my estate, and it's my will and order he shall have no more." In a later and more lenient mood, he added a codicil, indeed four of them, and left to "Counsellor John," as he was called, the sum of one thousand dollars, and, in the fourth codicil, the house and lot of land in Boston, which had belonged to his late father-in-law, Dr. John Gibbons, and another house and lot in Pownalboro:

What had John Gardiner done?

In the first place, he was as ardent a Whig as Dr. Sylvester was a Tory; in the second place, he was "an Arian," says Grandfather Gardiner, kindly. To-day we should say a Unitarian.

I have always had a very warm feeling toward Counsellor John; not only because I also am of the Unitarian fold—shall I say rather open pasture?—but because my own people were patriots, and while his father was, in fiery loyalty to Church and King, turning his back on America and cutting his eldest son off with that momentous guinea, one of my great-grandfathers, Edward Howe, was throwing tea into Boston Harbor, and another, Richard Gridley, was fortifying Bunker Hill and Washington Heights in the spring of 1776, while still another, Samuel Ward,

STEPPING WESTWARD

was now a lieutenant colonel in Washington's army.

The Counsellor was a man of parts, with a strong sense of humor. He was sent at an early age to Great Britain for his education; studied in Scotland, traveled in England, commenced law practice in the Welsh Circuit. He married a Miss Harris, a near connection of Sir Watkins William Wynn, whose sounding name I cannot resist, though I may not take time or space to tell the lady's highly interesting story. Coming to London, John Gardiner soon gained the notice and favor of Lord Mansfield; the highest honors of the law seemed within his reach. Unfortunately (from a legal, worldly point of view), he "adopted ultra-Whig principles and associated with Wilkes, Churchill and persons of that character." He was junior counsel for Wilkes in the famous trial, and was presented with a handsome piece of plate bearing a long inscription "complimenting him on his successful exertions in proving the illegality of a Secretary of State's warrant, this canker of English liberty."

Naturally, he lost Lord Mansfield's favor, and was sent to Saint Kitts, in "honorable banishment" as attorney-general.

At the close of the Revolution, he came to this

ANCESTRAL

country, where he was most cordially received by all the leading patriots, while General Washington, in consequence of a letter from the French Ministry, “overwhelmed him with civility” during the four days he stayed with him.

He opened an office in Boston and resumed the practice of the law. King’s Chapel was by this time “commencing Unitarian,” and Counsellor John took an active part in revising the liturgy, and wrote the preface. The majority of the pewholders were Loyalists, and had gone to England. Those who remained chose Mr. James Freeman for their pastor. He was refused Episcopalian ordination, whereupon two of his wardens undertook to ordain him by the imposition of hands. As one was a tobacconist and the other a physician, the word went about that Mr. Freeman had been ordained by snuff and diachylon.

The Counsellor’s elder son, John Sylvester John, grew up, reentered the Mother Church, was ordained therein, and in due time became Rector of Trinity Church, Boston. Now and then the Counsellor would say, “I must go and hear Jack preach!”—would take his King’s Chapel liturgy under his arm, and march off to Trinity; where, when the congregation made their responses from the Book of Common

STEPPING WESTWARD

Prayer, he made those of King's Chapel in sonorous tones. (Kings being at that time out of date in Boston, the church became *Stone Chapel*, and so remained for many years. In my youth it was still so called.)

On the death of his wife in 1786, John Gardiner moved with his children to the house in Pownalboro (now Dresden), which his father had left him, and which is still standing. His nephew, who remembered him well, describes his person: "short and stout, his hair tied up in a silk bag," and his "quick, loud and commanding voice." He adds:

"I recollect his coming into our house one day and after sitting in the parlor for a moment, complaining of the excessive heat, and making my mother go down into the cellar to talk with him, as being the only cool place he could find."

It is hard to part with Counsellor John. He seems to have been a thoroughly good citizen. His speech on "that monster called the Bar Call, or Bar Meeting," might even now thrill any lawyer who should read it. His address on the theatre was "probably the most masterly defense of theatrical representations ever made in America." It was not delivered; he was told that it would be above the heads of his audience (the Legislature of Massachusetts); printed, it

ANCESTRAL

makes an octavo volume of one hundred and sixty pages.

In the autumn of 1793, John Gardiner embarked from Pownalboro in a schooner bound for Boston. She carried a heavy deckload; at the mouth of the river she was met by a violent squall, and went down carrying with her crew and passengers.

The same stern conscientiousness—or prejudice, or both—which caused Dr. Gardiner to disinherit his eldest son, caused him to limit strictly the inheritance of his second son, William, a bachelor of somewhat erratic disposition, and to leave the bulk of his Gardiner property to Robert Hallowell, Jr., the son of his daughter Hannah, on the condition of his adding the name of Gardiner to his own.

Hallowells of Hallowell! none of them are now living in this country (so far as I know) under their own name, and this from a singular cause. Not Robert only, but two of his cousins changed their surname, in one case for family, in the other for romantic reasons. A brief digression may here be pardoned.

Benjamin Hallowell was a large owner in the Kennebec Purchase, his estates marching with those of Sylvester Gardiner, and comprising practically the whole of the present town of

STEPPING WESTWARD

Hallowell; he owned also an estate in Boston, with a water front extending from Liberty Square to Fort Hill.

Dying in 1773, he left his property in equal shares to his two sons. The elder, Benjamin, sold his share to his brother Robert, who thus became possessor of the whole.

Benjamin's eldest son was named Ward for his maternal grandfather; but on being left the heir of his uncle, Nicholas Boylston, he changed his name, and became Ward Nicholas Boylston.

Nicholas Boylston was a famous miser. An ardent Loyalist, he went to England on the outbreak of the Revolution, like the rest; unlike most of them, he managed to make his large Boston estate secure from confiscation, and also took with him the tidy sum of one hundred thousand dollars. Arrived in London, he made inquiry as to the best way of investing his money, and was advised to put it into the Public Funds. He shook his head; the rate of interest was too low. His adviser pointed out that as he was a bachelor of seventy, with no one dependent on him, and with habits (to put it mildly) of extreme frugality, the interest of the Funds would be all he could require.

“Sir,” said Nicholas Boylston, “if I had a pile

ANCESTRAL

of gold that reached from earth to heaven, and I could by any exertion add a guinea to the heap, I should be unhappy till I had accomplished it."

Here was the true miser spirit, worthy of Dancer, of Elwes (which of them was it who sat on his dinner to warm it?), of "Blewberry Jones."

It is gratifying to know that in trying to add the final guinea Mr. Boylston overset the whole heap, became bankrupt, and went to jail, where a cruel jailer forbade him the solace and profit of peddling coals among his fellow-prisoners. He was, however, allowed to collect and send out their washing, and for this service he received such pittance as they could pay.

Time passed; the fortune was partially recovered; and the day came when Nicholas Boylston lay dying. As it deepened into dusk, some one, nurse or servant, lighted candles in the room; the sick man made an imperative gesture.

"Put them out!" he whispered.

The attendant bent over him, protesting; it would soon be quite dark!

"No need of light to die by!" said Nicholas Boylston.

The story of Ward Nicholas Boylston belongs to Massachusetts and Harvard College. I salute

STEPPING WESTWARD

in memory his portrait, superb in pink satin, keeping silent watch over Harvard Hall.

The third change of name was a matter largely of romance. Benjamin Hallowell, the Admiral, had been deeply in love with a cousin who returned his passion. He was a poor lieutenant then, she wholly dependent on her mother, a widow with slender means. No engagement was thought possible, and the mother persuaded her daughter to marry a rich man old enough to be her father, and rejoicing in the singular name of Gee. This gentleman's elder brother, who had taken the family name of Carew (I make no pretence of understanding this complication) dying, left his large property to his brother, he in turn to his wife. The lady also died, in time, and left the property to her early lover, Benjamin Hallowell, on condition of his taking the name of Carew.

"It is a little remarkable," says R. H. Gardiner 1st, in his "Journal" (which is not a journal, but a chronicle), "that the only three grandsons of my grandfather, Benjamin Hallowell, who left descendants changed their names respectively to Boylston, Carew, and Gardiner, so that there is no descendant of his that now bears his name."

One more brief anecdote before I leave the

ANCESTRAL

Hallowells,* with whom my actual concern is as small as my interest in them is great.

When Robert Hallowell, Sr., returned to this country in 1792, he found his Kennebec estates in a deplorable condition, as was the case with most Loyalist estates. His son writes:

"I was once walking with my Father after his return to this country, when he met a person who had presented, and been allowed, a claim upon his estate. He asked the man how he could present such a claim, when he knew that he did not owe him anything. The man replied, 'I would not, Mr. Hallowell, wrong you for the world. The account I presented to the Commissioners was correct. I only omitted to say that you had paid it. I knew the presentation could do you no harm, every one was doing the same thing, and I was much in want of money.'"

Yet one more story, that of James Dumaresq, son of Dr. Sylvester's daughter Rebecca. Born and reared in England, he entered the British Navy as a midshipman, and was wont to boast of having been fellow midshipman of the third son of King George III, later King William IV. His naval career was brief. While at Bermuda, he went on furlough to visit his uncle, John

* This branch of the family pronounces the name "Hollowell," as does the town named for them.

STEPPING WESTWARD

Gardiner (presumably at Saint Kitts); over-stayed his leave and lost his position. Counsellor John, who may have thought that such a likely lad would be better off in this country than in England, found a place for him in Hallowell, in the store of one Sheppard, the agent of Mr. C. Vaughan. Grandfather Gardiner says:

“As characteristic of him, it was said that he would regulate the price of the goods according to the pretty looks of his female customers. When I asked if this was true, he would reply, ‘Oh, no, it would not be right to sell goods to the pretty girls below their value, but I did love to tuck it on to the ugly ones.’ ”

He became engaged to “a handsome daughter of Squire Farwell.” The match was discouraged; James had little property, no industrious habits, and wanted stability of character; it was not thought he would make a good head of a family—“but the young people were not disposed to listen to lessons of prudence.” They married, and took up an outlying bit of family property, a farm on Swan Island, where James Dumaresq proposed to depend upon his stalwart arm to provide from it a living for his family. Let Grandfather Gardiner tell the rest of the story.

ANCESTRAL

The soil of this farm was fortunately good, his wants were small, and there he lived contented. His spirits were exuberant, and as he never thought of the morrow he was never depressed.

He was a keen sportsman, and the passage of a flock of ducks would cause the oxen to be left in the furrow, and when he saw a wild animal pass he would in his eagerness thrust his gun through the window though it might have to remain unrepaired for weeks.

We visited in the summer by water, and in the winter on the ice. When Emma * was only eight months old, I took your mother there in an open sleigh with only a rug to cover us, for furs had not then come into use, and when we got back we found the Thermometer was 30° below zero, and yet neither your mother nor the baby suffered from the cold. The only inconvenience that I felt was the difficulty of keeping my eyes open, from the freezing of the eyelashes. At this time scarcely more than half the clothing was worn that is now deemed necessary. The houses were very open, furnaces and double windows unknown, and yet people did not seem to suffer from the cold more than they do now.

When Dumaresq visited us, he always came for several days, and in the season always brought a fine bunch of wild fowl.

As my children became old enough they welcomed his visits with great pleasure, and he kept them in a little back room, perfectly delighted with the kites

* His eldest child.

STEPPING WESTWARD

or toys he made, or stories he told, and no holiday was so agreeable to them as a few days at Swan Island. His large kitchen chimney was sufficiently capacious for square logs as seats beside the fire, on which Hallowell * and his son Philip would sit in the cool evenings of autumn, listening eagerly to his stories of Naval experience, or sporting adventures, at times varied by his violin.

There was something original in their life, from the Master down to the cat and dog who ate out of the same platter, each lifting up a paw to ward off encroachments, and the tame grey squirrels who would spring from the shoulders of their friends on to the back of their supposed natural enemy, darting away when the intrusion would seem to be resented.

Without apprehension for the morrow, or regard for the past, he was always cheerful, and with unbounded generosity of feeling, he had a delicate sense of the honor of a gentleman. He always spent his Christmas with us, but never left home till the large Yule log had been put on the kitchen fire. It was selected in the summer from the finest White Oak tree irrespective of the price it would bring in the market for timber. One season late in the winter, he took his wife and children in a sleigh to her Father's in Vassalboro, and as he had no one to take care of his cattle during his absence, he turned them into his barn yard, with as much hay as he thought they would want while he was gone, and with snow for their drink. A violent rain and thaw coming on, de-

* R. H. Gardiner 2nd.

ANCESTRAL

tained him beyond the time fixed for his return, and fearing for his cattle, he determined to return on skates, notwithstanding the urgent remonstrances of his friends, who told him that the ice had become wholly unsafe. Their remonstrances were of no avail, and he reached the Island, though word was taken to his wife that he was lost, by persons who declared that they had seen him break through the ice and disappear.

In the autumn of 1826, he had been spending some days with us, and the fourth day, after dinner, he said that he was going home. As it was blowing very heavily N.West with squalls, I begged him to remain till the next day, but the more I urged him to stay, the more determined he seemed to go, and would answer my arguments by saying "that a man that is born to be hung will never be drowned." I went to the landing to see him off. On account of the high wind, he had put an extra quantity of ballast into his boat, and as he left the shore, called out "you will hear from me at Swan Island, or at the bottom of the River." Mrs. Tudor was sitting in the south chamber, watching the boat; her eyes were turned away for a minute, and when she looked out again, the boat was no longer visible.

This was the second of the seven lives claimed by the River.

CHAPTER III

THE COVE

ROBERT HALLOWELL GARDINER . . . was born in England during the absence of his parents and grandfather, about 1781-2."

This astonishing statement is rightly considered the brightest jewel (from a literary point of view) in Mr. Hanson's crown. He goes on to say:

"At the time Mr. Gardiner came into possession, there were about 650 people within the limits of Gardiner, of whom some sixty were squatters. By a variety of measures these latter were persuaded to sell their improvements or to purchase a legal title. The proprietor firmly but liberally compromised all differences with those who were on his lands when he came of age in 1803, so that those painful scenes of bloodshed elsewhere witnessed when settling land difficulties were never known here. The area of Gardiner was from this time rapidly peopled."

As a matter of fact, Grandfather Gardiner

THE COVE

was born February 10, 1782; being then, and for some years remaining, Robert Hallowell, the son of Robert, the son of Benjamin, as already stated.

I wish I could write a chapter about this angel gentleman, whom I never saw. He was as lovely, gentle, heavenly-minded a person as ever lived; of so much his so-called "Journal" would assure me, even without the testimony of all who ever knew him; even without the epitaph, brief and eloquent, which I love to study when I sit in the old stone church which his grandfather founded, which he helped to build, and in which he found the chief joy of his saintly life.

This memorial stone,
erected by the parish of Christ Church,
attests their grateful reverence for
Robert Hallowell Gardiner,
from youth to age
their leader, benefactor, and godly example.

These words speak not for the parish alone, but for the town of Gardiner.

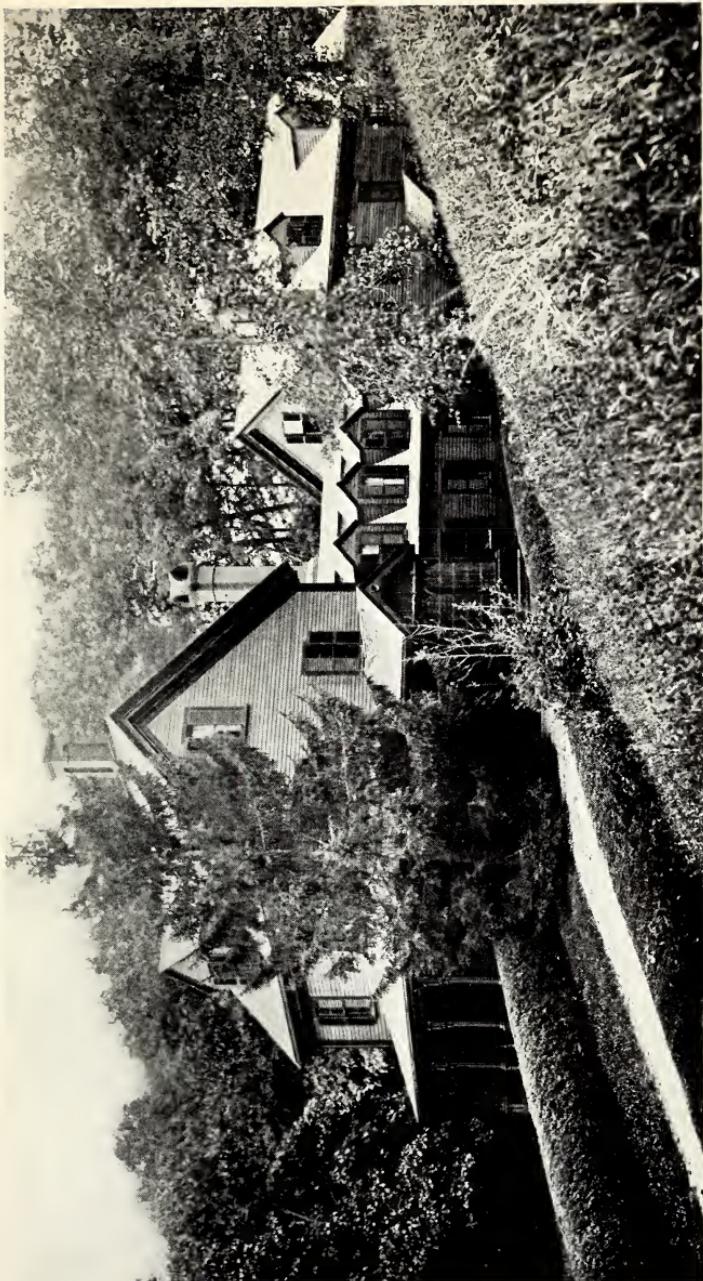
Coming into his complex and difficult inheritance at twenty-one, Robert Hallowell Gardiner developed at once the qualities which made him so remarkable. The settling and adjusting of land problems was a small (though impor-

STEPPING WESTWARD

tant) part of it. He harnessed the turbulent Cobbossee Stream, building the six dams which brought to Gardiner its first prosperity, and which still do good and necessary service; built also grist-mill and saw-mill. He gave the town its Common, the pleasure ground of successive generations, which grows more beautiful with every year. He built and partly endowed the present Christ Church, whose gray stone walls stand firm and reverend to-day. He built and for some years largely supported the Gardiner Lyceum, the first technical school in the country (to the best of Gardiner's knowledge and belief).

With all this, he kept open house at Oaklands. Guests of distinction coming into Maine were directed and entertained there, as at Colonel Howard's in Augusta and Mr. Vaughan's in Hallowell. Louis Philippe came there, and Talleyrand (but it was into the Vaughans' brook that the latter fell and got a good wetting!).

He married, in early manhood, the beautiful and gentle Emma Tudor of Boston; married, too (not in her person), the dramatic complications which in that generation so beset that high-descended family, and straightened out many of them. Finally, he brought up nine children in the love (*not* the fear) of God, in which they lived and died, with never a stain on their shields.



THE COVE

THE COVE

What immediately concerns me and mine in the life of Grandfather Gardiner is that when his daughter Anne married Francis Richards (*vide supra*), and the young people came to live in Gardiner, he cut a cantle out of his estate of Oaklands and gave it to them. One hundred and fifty acres of pasture and woodland, fronting on the river, where a deep indentation made a cove or small harbor. "The Cove" it had always been called, and it so remains, though house and acres have—alas!—passed out of the family.

In this house, in 1848, my husband was born, the youngest of six children, and was named Henry, for his father's twin brother.

The house (now much altered) was a rambling structure; two parlors faced the river, with bedrooms and nurseries over them; a long waist, lower-studded, containing dining-room and gun-room, connected this with a second block where were the great kitchen and the servants' quarters; a couple of gables, a queer little tower perking an inquisitive nose; such was the Cove as I first saw it in the autumn of 1869.

But I have not come to 1869 yet; I am back in 1848, welcoming a black-browed baby of large size and notable lung power. I have only two anecdotes of my husband's babyhood, but they

STEPPING WESTWARD

are telling ones. His nurse was a Maine woman, devoted to her charge, and firm in her views. One winter morning, Mrs. Richards met her carrying the baby through the long entry, in his cotton nightgown, and nothing more, and the mercury anywhere below zero!

"Oh, Fenny!" exclaimed the mother, "the child should have something more over him!"

"No, Mrs. Richards!" said Fenny. "The child must be hardened!"

To-day, on a February morning like this on which I write, the mercury showing twenty degrees below zero, Gardiner people, drawing their furs round them, greet with wonder—not surprise, for they are used to the sight—a stalwart figure strolling easily along with no addition to his indoor dress, except a fur cap and mittens. They shrug their shoulders; it is "Harry's way." And Fenny is justified of her nursling.

The second anecdote is not unlike this. Coming out of her parlor one day, Mrs. Richards saw Harry, then perhaps eighteen months old, half-way up the long, steep, winding front stairs. She went quietly back into the room, and shut the door. The child must learn his lesson. To-day, at eighty-odd, this child can do anything, go anywhere, climb up or climb down,

THE COVE

without fear or favor. Young mothers take notice!

Harry was a tempestuous child, I understand (or rather, I *don't* understand, he having been "more than usual ca'm" during the sixty-odd years of our acquaintance); subject to violent fits of rage. During one of these, Mrs. Busby, his early governess, would say, "I pity Mrs. Harry!"

N. B. By one of the curious coincidences which linked our all-unconscious little lives together, Mrs. Busby was my governess also, and taught my brother Harry and me what she could. I remember her well, an ample, dark-eyed lady whom we called Bubby, and loved.

Harry seldom shed tears; I have heard of but one such occasion. A pair of new boots, noble Wellingtons, with a scarlet patch at top, was the pride of his five-year-old heart; their resounding squeak thrilled him like the sound of a trumpet. It thrilled his mother too, in a different way; oil was applied, and there was no more squeak. Then Harry lifted up his voice and wept, and would not be comforted.

Too deep and too bitter for tears were his feelings on the dreadful occasion when mother and aunt thought it would be pretty, for the Christmas party at Oaklands, to dress him and

STEPPING WESTWARD

his cousin Emma alike, like two pretty dolls. If they had put Emma into trousers—but no! Harry was put into petticoats, a little full dress, low neck and short sleeves, as the mode then was for small girls. He has never forgotten that kindly outrage, nor—I verily believe—ceased to resent it.

In the pre-England years—that is, between his fifth and ninth years—he and Bob went to school in the little yellow schoolhouse at the head of the dell or dingle called Cuttyhunk. They walked to and from the Cove, a mile and a half, in all weathers, winter and summer, and the season between, which some call spring but whose real name is Mud. They had no “arctics”; not even “india-rubbers.” Their feet must often have been wet all day long, as were in turn the feet of my own boys. They were constantly on and in the water, like young ducks. The river was at once playroom and playfellow. They came to know it intimately in every mood.

Perhaps this is the place for me to give some account of the other children. Frank, the eldest, must always have been a quiet, thoughtful boy. He became, after his father’s death, his mother’s mainstay and comfort; her chief help in bringing up the younger boys. He was in India when his father died; he threw up his prospects there,

THE COVE

and returned at once to this country, to take up the family burden, to be son, brother, guide and counselor to his mother. He was many years older than my husband; the latter has always felt that, after his mother, he owed most to Frank. Frank took over the management of the Richards paper mill, and continued in this charge through the greater part of his life.

George, the second son, was brought up largely in England (there was constant to-ing and fro-ing across the Atlantic for all the family, the grandmother in Hampshire being a strong magnet, and her need of her daughter-in-law growing ever stronger). He was an extremely beautiful child. His mother told me that once when he was about seven years old she took him to an English watering place, possibly to recover from some childish ailment. She noticed a lady in mourning, who observed the child very closely, following his movements with a grave and sorrowful look. One day this lady approached Mrs. Richards, and with an apology for introducing herself, begged her most earnestly not to build hopes on the foundation of this child's life.

"He will not live," she said; "he is too beautiful. You cannot keep him; I see in his face the look of those who are chosen in childhood for Heaven."

STEPPING WESTWARD

Dear Brother George, stalwart and vigorous at eighty-three, may sometimes have remembered this with an inward smile.

“The gallant George Richards”; Rugby, Cambridge! What traditions cluster about his name! He became one of the *great* oarsmen of Cambridge University, won many races—three in one day, once—received innumerable medals, which my son now treasures. Once, when the Henley races came on, he had a boil in the palm of his hand. He was stroke of First Trinity. He rowed the race, won it, and at the end fainted dead away.

Returning to this country after his college days, he took up the practice of law, which he continued through life. His leisure (!) hours were devoted to good works—I could fill a page with the Institutions of which he was trustee, treasurer, general and devoted caretaker—and to sport. He was a first-rate shot, a keen fisherman, an expert sailor, throughout his long life.

With his friend General Charles Paine he sailed in many of the early races for the *America's* cup. At the various sporting clubs to which he belonged, his skill with rod and gun have become legendary. People like to tell how they “watched him walking down a willow-bordered path between the trout-pools, keeping,

THE COVE

by an almost imperceptible circular motion, a thirty-foot line upright above his head."

(L. E. R.: "No one will believe this!"

R. R.: "I saw it with my eyes!")

On his last salmon-fishing trip to Grand River, he being then eighty-one years old, and seriously crippled by arthritis, he was summoned back to an important meeting in Boston. There was a long drive, and a ferry to cross, on the way to the train. He arrived to find the ferryman and his wife ill and the boat laid up. Lame as he was, he hunted up and down the bank till he found an ancient canoe, paddled himself across the wide river with a piece of board, hired a cart for the second part of the long drive, and caught his train.

Honored, trusted, beloved, faithful to every cause he espoused, a strong staff to lean on, a steady light to follow—my children will be glad to have me pay this brief tribute to one they so deeply loved.

John, the third son, grew up also a very handsome youth; fought with great gallantry through the Civil War; was also a keen sportsman, with a lifelong love of military matters. He was Adjutant General of the State in the Spanish War, and trained and equipped Maine's admirable companies. After being for some years a part-

STEPPING WESTWARD

ner in the paper mill, he was made Governor, first of the United States Home for Disabled Veterans at Johnson City, Tennessee, during its construction, then of that at Togus, Maine, which latter post he held for many years, until his health failed.

He and his handsome wife were so intimate a part of our life for many years that I shall not speak further of him now; nor shall I say much of Robert, my husband's elder by four years. He is still with us, and at eighty-six is the youngest of all the family. Distinguished mining engineer and metallurgist (also glass-blower, photographer, archer, and many other things), he founded the Department of Metallurgy of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (of whose first class he is the sole survivor), and was for over fifty years its head. His book on the *Metallurgy of Copper*, like Brother Harry's on that of steel, is standard.

His life, like that of his admirable wife, Ellen H. (Swallow) Richards, was for over half a century devoted to "Tech." His delightful accomplishment of glass-blowing was acquired in the early struggling days of the Institute, for the purpose of supplying it with test tubes, beakers, etc.

I must add that, though he has a list of scien-

THE COVE

tific titles as long as my arm, the one that best fits him is "Uncle Bob."

Midway between George and John came Sarah, the one beloved daughter.

There is no portrait of Sarah Richards that can do her anything approaching justice; every one who knew her spoke of her beauty, of the splendor of her dark, brilliant eyes, the grace and charm, the unusual and remarkable loveliness that distinguished her. The tragedy of her early death shadowed her mother's life, shortened that of her father, and made a deep impression upon the whole family.

There was great intimacy between the Richards and Gardiner families and those of their cousins, the Perkinses and Dumaresqs of Boston, who made their summer home on Swan Island. These families were warm and intimate friends for three generations. I have often heard stories like the following:

Mr. and Mrs. Dumaresq, coming in one evening from a drive or walk, found a bonnet and shawl and a hat and overcoat in the hall. "Who is here?" they asked the servant, and were told that Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner had come. "Where are they?" "Oh, they were tired and went to bed." Next morning, coming down to breakfast, the garments were gone. Where were Mr.

STEPPING WESTWARD

and Mrs. Gardiner? Oh, they had to start early. They were sorry that they could not wait. Occurrences of this sort were frequent and gave no surprise.

Sarah Richards was a favorite playmate of the two Dumaresq girls, Fanny and Florence (Mrs. Richard Wheatland). One lovely day in the summer of 1856, she went down to make them a visit, and as a matter of course a swim formed part of the day's pleasure. The tide runs swiftly between Little Swan Island and the shore of the larger island. Fanny was suddenly seized with a cramp and called to Sarah, who was a strong swimmer and went at once to her aid. Soon both were struggling in the swift stream. Fanny's mother heard their cries and ran to their assistance, though she could not swim. The Dumaresqs had always feared some accident, and a coil of rope and an oar were always kept on the wharf. The poor mother never thought of these, ran past them, jumped into the water, clutched the girls, and all three were drowned within sight, almost within touch of the wharf.

An hour later, Mrs. Richards, entering the Gardiner post office, was accosted abruptly by a stranger, a rough-looking countryman.

"Your daughter's drowned?" he said.

She never could remember how she got home

THE COVE

to the Cove. She and Mr. Richards drove together down the ten endless miles to Swan Island, and drove back with the young death between them.

My dear mother-in-law told me this story very quietly, her low voice never faltering. It broke her life in two. Gentle, sweet, serene, radiant even, she was as I knew her, but the spring of *joy* was broken.

A year later, her husband also met his death by drowning in the Kennebec River.

Many women, after these things, would have kept, or tried to keep, their children away from the fatal river. Not so Anne Richards. The river was her lifelong friend. As a girl she had crossed it in March when the ice was going out; her horrified family, looking from the Oaklands windows, saw her springing from cake to cake all across the three hundred yards of rushing freshet water. "Running tiddledies," it was called. Moreover, knowledge of the water in every phase, familiarity, fearlessness, were the surest safeguards against what might well-nigh seem the family fate.

My husband will never forget going with his brothers to the rescue of the *Mystic*, the Cove sailboat, in the great September gale of 1868. Finding that they could not stand against the

STEPPING WESTWARD

wind, they *crawled* out along the wharf, dropped into a rowboat, and so off in the smothering tumult. They found the *Mystic*, and brought her back. Their mother waited at home.

At seven, Harry could manage a boat; at fourteen he was knocking about Boston Harbor alone in a sailboat. At twenty-three he was taking me out in Newport Harbor in weather at which the old boat-owner shook his head with muttered protest and warning.

After Sarah's death, the Richards family went to England, and remained there for seven years. It was during a business visit to this country that Mr. Richards died. Mrs. Richards felt that her place was with his mother, who clung to her, and could hardly let her out of her sight. She has told me that when the anguish seemed unbearable, she would go out into the garden and sit there, listening to the birds and watching the lovely pomp of tree and flower. It never failed to bring her peace, she said, and she would go back with new strength to soothe and cheer the stricken old woman.

The boys were at school, as I have said before; first at the Temple School at Brighton, where on half-holidays the pupils were "walked out" in pairs, and not allowed to break ranks until they were well out of the town; and where

THE COVE

their only playground was a paved yard with an eight-foot wall, which yet might be occasionally scaled for purposes not unconnected with porkpies and saveloys. After breakfast and prayers, when the boys were assembled in the schoolroom, every boy at his desk, the matron entered, a black-a-vised and forbidding dame, with a large tray holding medicines and glasses. Doubtless following some method of her own, but to the boys apparently at random, she administered doses, mostly nauseating, with a liberal hand. "Richards Minor" remembers well the fateful occasion on which he sneezed, and was instantly given a large black draught. He thinks he never sneezed again at this school.

Then came Wellington College, the school of his heart, where he and Bob had, he thinks, as good a time as ever schoolboys had, and withal excellent instruction. They detested the headmaster, but that was a detail. Wellington was a great and glorious school, he assures me.

"Why don't you write me a chapter about it?" I ask.

He smiles, and goes on reading Plotinus.

It was at Wellington that they were wont to gratify the passion for hot bread which exists in every schoolboy. Their supper of bread and

STEPPING WESTWARD

cheese and beer was eaten more or less hap-hazard at the long table in the dining-room. Under the table, running parallel with it, was a long grated register. When the bread became stale, the boys would shove it in chunks down the register, and then raise a piteous cry—("The little children cry for bread!")—and so they got the fresh loaves, which should have been for the next morning's breakfast.

No more of this; yet I must allow myself a brief glance at Mr. Dakyns, a beloved tutor, whose family motto was "Up, Dakyns, the devil's in the bush!" and who taught his pupils—among other things—how to meet a charging bull, or herd of angry cattle. Put your head between your legs and run at them backwards; they will flee in terror!

To judge from photographs, it was a highly sophisticated young person of fourteen who, returning to this country, was sent to Boston Latin School, to Dr. Humphreys, and "Dixwell's," in due sequence; who wrote Latin Sapphics which, highly praised at Wellington College, made little impression on Master Francis Gardner of the Latin School, who jeered at the boy's English-Latin accent, and made his life miserable. (Odious old tyrant! splendid old patriarch! both allegations were correct; nowa-

THE COVE

days the first is forgotten, and that is best, after all.)

Harry went to Papanti's when he must, and to Long Wharf and the Harbor when he could; spent his winters in Boylston Place (*q. v.*, *supra*), and his summers at the Cove.

My first visit to the Cove was in the early autumn of 1869, while H. R. was, in the quaint Scotch phrase, "seekin'." My brother went with me, and Emma Gardiner, H. R.'s cousin, was a fellow visitor; so we were four young people together. Two of us had a wonderful, a miraculous time; the other two, I have since been given to understand, "moderated their transports," like Rosamond in *The Parents' Assistant*.

Though Mrs. Richards was all that was kind and hospitable, it was not till after our marriage that I came really to know her. We spent two summers with her and Frank at the Cove; in the little house at Green Peace she was one of the few who did not find that place infinitely remote from the central city. We became close and tender friends; I could never begin to tell what I owe to her. The summers I spent with her were among the happiest of my life, and after her death, early in 1876, the Cove was never the same to me again, though we were to spend two

STEPPING WESTWARD

more summers there with Brother Frank, kindest of hosts and housemates, and one, after his death, by ourselves.

In those years, when the seven children were coming to bless and brighten our lives, there were a good many sofa-days for me. An intermittently sofa-bound Mamma is not at all a bad thing for young children. They know where to find her. When they come in shouting, with a new caterpillar, or roaring, with a cut finger, Mamma is there, prepared to rejoice or sympathize, as the case may demand. If they are good and affectionate children, Mamma can have them playing beside or near her sofa, an eminently desirable thing.

Dramatic interlude. Scene, the Cove parlor; Mamma on sofa in front parlor; in back, the box of blocks (there should *always* be a box of blocks, brick-shaped; they should be put away, every one, when the play hour is over), and two Little Girls.

First Little Girl: "Now we will make ze grave!"

Second Little Girl, eagerly: "Yes!"

First Little Girl: "Now we will put dear Mamma *in* ze grave!"

Second Little Girl, with rapture: "Yes!"

Sensation on the part of dear Mamma.

THE COVE

It must be confessed that, despite the many advantages of the sofa-bound condition, it has also its drawbacks. It is astonishing how swiftly, with young children, tradition establishes itself. The mother is on the sofa, and all is well. But there comes a day when the mother gets up! The child's world rocks beneath its feet. It may hurtle in with its nose bleeding, its shin barked, or its tender heart wounded; hurtle in open-mouthed, expecting to find the usual supine, receptive being who does her best to comfort and console, even if she cannot run for the iodine, actual or spiritual. What is to be done? What can be depended upon? What, in short, is to become of a child if its mother is not on the sofa?

This was brought vividly home to us one summer when the Two Little Girls were the only ones out of the nursery. I had got up; I walked about; finally, I went to drive. This last, the actual withdrawal of the mother from the visible world, was more than could be borne. Wails, floods of tears, and, as I have said, the world tottering around them. This continuing every time I was taken to drive, Papa took the Little Girls in hand, explained how good it was, how altogether desirable, that Mamma should get well and be able to go to drive; how incumbent it was

STEPPING WESTWARD

on loving Little Girls to rejoice in Mamma's return to health, and sing, rather than howl, when they heard the sound of wheels, and saw the fatal buggy at the door. The Little Girls, being conscientious and loving to the highest degree, assented to all this, and the next time—I can see it all now, the two little figures standing in the doorway, the tears rolling down their cheeks, the elder silent, enduring as best she might, the younger faltering between her sobs,

“Good-by, Mamma, I am—so—so—*glad* you are going!”

I used to sing a great deal to my children. I had learned from my mother many, though not all, of “all-the-songs-in-the-world.” From my repertory I selected the gayest and most cheerful songs I knew, little lilting, laughing Italian ditties, liquid as water, with gay refrains of “*Perro, perroli*” and the like, all about “*Mamma mia*,” and “*amore*” and “*cuore*”; and these, thinking to be very astute, I would sing as the hour of the drive approached. I thought to cheer the little darling things. On the contrary, these songs became, to the younger of the Two at least, utterances of doom. She could not bear them, and what is more, she has never to this day heard them willingly. To her they still are “those ter-

THE COVE

rible songs," and even if I still could sing, I should not be permitted to sing them.

It was a wonderful place for children, the Cove. Small marvel that my babes loved it, and still hold it the most desirable place in the world.

The house itself was full of marvels. There was the great mangle in the upper back entry, on which a child could sit, and range from side to side, with mystic rumblings of great stones inside it. Mounting a narrow stair from this entry, you found yourself in the attic, the very home of marvel. Long and low, with at one end the little latticed "tower room" which was the heart of it. Ranged round the walls, snowshoes, decoy ducks, guns of ancient make, scarlet cans of powder, canvas bags of shot, nets great and small, targets, bows and arrows, etc., etc. Down the middle a smooth open space, where an open chest on wheels could be agreeably trundled, serving as pirate ship, prairie schooner, or what not. This was specially wonderful because Papa and the Uncles had played in it when time was. Downstairs was the great kitchen, painted a warm gray, with cupboards which in retrospect seem always to have been full of pies. (Yes, and when the tame raccoon slipped his collar, as he often did, he would open the cupboards and

STEPPING WESTWARD

pat the edge of the pies all round with his pretty little paws, making really decorative marks, though Lucy Tibbetts did not appreciate their beauty!)

The children accepted dining-room and drawing-rooms as matters of course; but in the gun-room again was marvel. Here were the modern guns, rows on rows of them, set neatly on brackets round the walls; here was every possible appliance of sport, ready to hand; here, above all, was apt to be Uncle Frank, sitting in his Windsor armchair, with the leather cushion. He might be writing, and not be disturbed; but again, he might be filling cartridge shells, dipping the shot from the bag in an enchanting little brass measure, or clipping wads with a curious instrument. In any case he had a smile for the children, and a kind glance from his dark blue eyes.

Frank taught me a valuable lesson once.

The first summer we spent with him, he had much business in Boston; and returning from a trip, was apt to bring some gift to the little nieces. On one such occasion, the littler girl raised innocent blue eyes to his, and asked, "*What have you brought us?*"

The next day he took me aside and told me that he should bring no more fairings.

THE COVE

"I want the children to be glad to see *me*," he said; "not to expect gifts."

I never forgot this.

But the house held only a part of the Cove delights. Outside was the lawn, set with great maples at the exact spot most suitable for hammock and swing, and sloping to the boundary hedge which ran along the river road; Norway spruce, fifteen feet high and eight feet thick, so close and firm that Thomas Burnham, the beloved gardener and factotum, sat on its top at trimming time, as on a wall. The hemlock hedges on either side of the lane leading to the house were even more beautiful.

Behind the house the lawn sloped gently to a long flower bed, a gay ribbon laid between the vivid green of grass and the sombre tints of the woods which seemed always to be pressing forward to cross it. It was as if the birches were saying, "Let us come and play, too!" They almost tumbled down the steep little hill in their eagerness.

Dug into the flanks of the hill were mysterious little doors; the smokehouse; the ice-cavern; the winter vegetable store-cupboard.

To the west of the house, the carriage drive ran between hanging wood and garden out to the stables, and the broad gravel sweep before

STEPPING WESTWARD

them, where there was always (it seems) sunshine, and the stamping and neighing of horses, and the clean smell of oats and corn, with whiffs of leather and brass polish from the harness room. The horses— No, some one else must tell about the horses, *Duchess* and *Donna*, *Centurion* and *Stella*, *Pilot* and *Gipsy*; and about *Hernaldo* and *Alphonso*, their kindly slaves and tenders. They were *Gardiner* boys; their surname was plain *Libby*, but a romantic mother had her way with their “given” names.

One came back through the garden, slowly, on account of raspberries and black currants and other pleasant things. If one had time, and the attendant *Toddler* pulled in that direction, one mounted two short, very positive little granite stairways, and found oneself on a knoll, under great shadowy pines, looking out over the river.

But if it were *Boat Morning*, one hurried back to one’s hammock on the lawn; for a telegram had come, saying, “*Boat, Henry Richards.*” This would be while he was still wrestling with *Architecture* in Boston, and we others were staying with dear *Mother Richards*. The telegram might have been stereotyped. “*Oh, it’s you!*” said the operator once, looking up to take note of the monosyllabic sender.

THE COVE

The boat is late this day; the joyful suspense prolonged.

“ ‘Tar Eda comin’ day!’” proclaims the Little One. “*The Star of the East* is coming to-day!”

Johanna, the nursemaid, hushes her with the ditty which is her own contribution, words and air alike, to the Folk Songs of Maine.

Down the reever,
 Hup the reever,
Down the reever oh,
Down the reever,
 Hup the reever,
Down the K’neeback reever oh!

(The “Hup” staccatissimo!)

From somewhere far down the river comes a sound, faint but unmistakable.

“She’s whistled from Green’s Ledges!” says somebody.

A few breathless moments; then, from below the bend, close at hand, a long thunderous roar; the beat of paddles; here she comes, the goodly white vessel, a-flutter with home-coming pennons. Captain Jason Collins on the forward deck, brave in gold braid and buttons; leaning over the side, a stalwart figure, a waving hand-kerchief.

STEPPING WESTWARD

"*'Tar Eda come! Papa come!*" and that is a good day at the Cove.

There was plenty of life on the river in those days, beside the Boston Boat, coming and going twice a week. Any day, at any lovely moment, a white sail might flutter round the bend, and a stately schooner make her slow way up, heading for the wharves, where she would take in ice or lumber; or a tug would come snuffing and snorting past, towing a dingy coal barge. Often, at night, we would see the riding-light of thirty schooners in the dark of the reach.

And there were more neighborly things than these. A rowboat might pass, with a young tree or bush stuck up in the bow to catch the breeze. How long since I saw that sight! Sometimes in the stern of the boat sat a trim figure with ample black skirts and snowy apron, holding a parasol aloft; rowed by another figure in shirtsleeves and stovepipe hat; that was Mrs. Wingate, coming up from South Gardiner for a day of sewing at the Cove.

Yet another sight I shall not see again. Now and then, as one watched the broad blue stretch of the river, quiet and peaceful, there would come a troubling of the waters; they boiled and bubbled up; a huge creature, bent like a bow, sprang into the air, and fell with a tremendous splash,

THE COVE

scattering spray in every direction. Even then the leap of a sturgeon was something to remember. Up to then, I had known it only in the *Culprit Fay*. Probably few people read the *Culprit Fay* nowadays, but still fewer see the sturgeon leap in the Kennebec.

I never saw the Indian encampment of H. R.'s boyhood, across the river. Friendly people, they came in summer to make their baskets, and would begin by begging an ash tree or two from the Cove woods. These obtained, cut down and ferried across the river, they set to work, pounding the trunk with mallets, turning and twisting it, for several days: thus separating and loosening the layers of fibre, which they then peeled off and wove into their excellent baskets. The Indian boys would shoot with bow and arrow at a big copper penny set up at a good distance or tossed in the air, for a cent a hit.

At the close of the first part of this record, speaking of our moving to Maine, I said, "A door closed behind us."

Yes! and a door opened before us. The world beyond this door, so familiar to my husband, was full strange to me. With all my love of the country, with all my passion for Green Peace and the Valley, and the sea, I was still a city child. I had—in some ways—"the prying

STEPPING WESTWARD

mind,” but not “the waking eye”; *e.g.*, I knew that “the woodspurge hath a cup of three,” because Rossetti told me so, not because I had ever recognized it. My daughter finds a four-leaved clover whenever she looks down; I have never found one, and never shall. I saw a butterfly; saw it brilliant, lovely, a marvel for poets to sing and painters to paint; I did not know the number of spots on those shining wings, nor the kind of chrysalis it came out of, nor the time and season of its hibernation. I saw a bird, and rejoiced in its swift grace and beauty; it sang, and my heart was lifted up. But I did not know the shape and position and color of every feather, from crest to tail; or the number or color of its eggs; no, nor the precise range and quality of its notes.

“Is that a song sparrow, dear?” I still ask, humbly yet hopefully. I am *so* pleased if the answer is “Yes!” but it may just as well be, “No, dear! it is a robin!”

Here I was come among people—my husband and his brothers—who had the whole Book of Nature thumbed and mellowed into easy familiarity. Not a curve of the river, not a twist of the current round ledge or sunken rock but they knew like their hand; no tree, bush, grass or flower but was theirs by right of eminent

THE COVE

domain; no shift of wind or trail of cloud but they caught it, read it like a book, and turned its message to their use. In man-made things it was the same. Every line of boat or wagon, every tool, every weapon from arrow to rifle, was theirs; every machine, if not known, could be understood and mastered without apparent effort.

It is true that in such matters as the rotation of shirts and the mysteries of the weekly wash they were as other men, and so have remained.

Naturally, with all this, the Richards men were ardent hunters. I was too late to see the spring expeditions when Frank and John, with white frocks over their shooting-jackets, would push down to Merrymeeting Bay in the ducking-float, piled with snow above the edges. It sounds like a chapter of *Arundel*. But in October, when "the year draws in the day," there would be subdued excitement through the house; the general atmosphere was one of cartridges and powderhorns. The talk would be of "coverts"; they were all named, and their names delighted me: "Aspinwall and Vesta"; "Swan Chopping"; "Wilderness"; "Eastern River"; "Punchbowl."

These would be shot to-day, those to-morrow. When evening came, a neat row of plump little

STEPPING WESTWARD

brown bodies lay on the shelf (the “slab,” it was always called; it holds our letters now) in the front entry; woodcock, partridge, upland plover. Thinking of them now, I feel a retrospective pang; I do not remember feeling any at the time. A “good bag” was a glorious thing, fruit of a day of silent delight, of patient waiting, of lynx-eyed watching, of stealthy creeping, such as men love; and the little, pretty, harmless things were delicious eating; and as Widow Bedott says, “We’re all poor creetur’s!”

The talk in the evening, round the glowing fire, would match the day; talk of birds, dogs, game. There would not be too much of it; these were silent men. I learned the value of silence; learned too that it need never be awkward, if properly understood. Uncle John Richards had left this legacy at least to his nephews.

A long, still interval; a setter gets up, shakes himself, turns round three times and settles again to his nap. A log crumbles, and the brands are carefully lifted and laid together. Smoke ascends in blue rings and spirals; to me on the sofa, it is all very soothing, very peaceful. At length a deep, calm voice speaks: “I knew a dog once—”

I remember one day being alone in the Cove parlor with Brother George, and—not yet

THE COVE

silence-broken—feeling constrained to entertain him. I told my best anecdote; it was really a funny story, and I embroidered it as best I might. Ending breathless and triumphant—“H’m!” said Brother George. I never tried again to amuse him. Instead, I tried to learn something of his ways, which were ways of pleasantness, even if all his paths were not peace. He was a bonny fighter, when need was. With him and with Brother John, the love of sport lasted as long as he could sit in a boat and hold a gun. With my husband, and I think with Robert, it did not survive early middle life. Forty years, I should say, have passed since he felt either desire or willingness to kill any living thing.

CHAPTER IV

OAKLANDS

BETWEEN two summers at the Cove came for us a winter, that of 1877-78, spent at Oaklands, the Gardiner homestead, with my husband's uncle, Robert Hallowell Gardiner, 2nd. (Yes, I know it sounds like a dynasty; I cannot help it; I didn't name them!)

The Oaklands estate comprises several hundred acres of the land first cleared by Dr. Sylvester Gardiner. The present house is the second one. The first, an ample wooden structure with classic porch and pillars, was built in 1810, and burned in 1834. The fire was one of those that one aches to read of.

The second of November 1834 [writes R. H. Gardiner, 2nd, the "Uncle Hal" of our generation] snow was falling and Father proposed to me after breakfast to burn the chimnies. The kitchen chimney was very foul and the soot burned vehemently, and no doubt the burning soot fell down the adjoining flue, and as there was no hearth in the garret fire place it might have set fire to the flooring or as suggested to boxes.

OAKLANDS

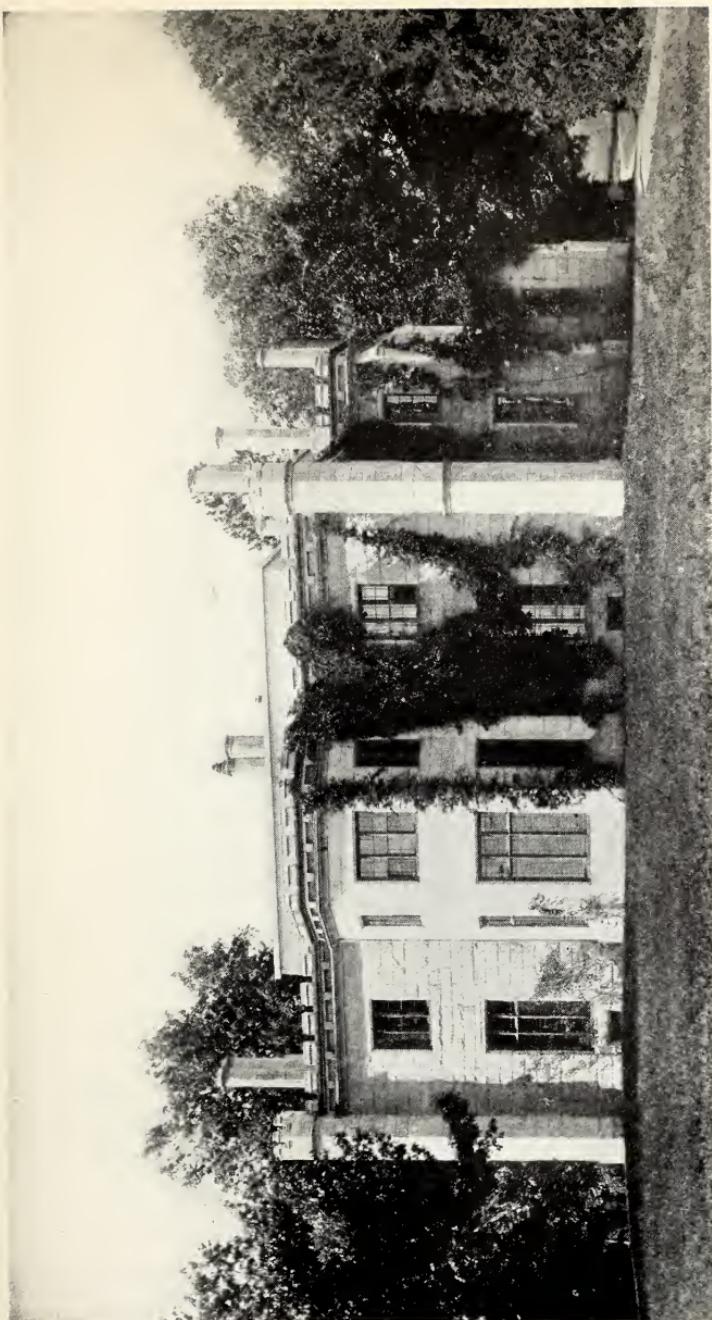
After burning the chimnies Father and I went to the village, returning in time for dinner. He was then upon crutches from a sprained knee. He went to his room to dress for dinner, and being informed the house was on fire immediately went to the garret without giving an alarm. Seeing it was impossible to extinguish it with the means at hand he returned quietly to his room to save his papers. In the meantime Emma who was in her room dressing for dinner rushed down to me in the parlour. "Don't be alarmed, the house is on fire, the smoke is coming to my room, help me save the family pictures." Thus every one went to work calmly. Jimmy Horn rushed first to the stable and turned all the horses loose, and then came running to me saying, "Oh Mr. Halowell, your nice new English saddle is in the garret." People came from over the river, saying they had seen the smoke for an hour, but supposed it was only some new invention for warming the house. Crowds came from the village. Every one thought of objects in his own line. Wharf the stone mason proposed to me to save the underpinning, which was done. Haseltine who had erected the additions to the house said "Those large columns in front cost a great deal of money, if you say so we can save them." They were saved. I remember seeing Sager at a chamber window with a large mirror in his hands, and he called to those underneath to catch it on a featherbed, or he would throw it back into the fire. It was saved whole. Nudd the cabinet maker insisted upon saving all the doors which were mostly

STEPPING WESTWARD

of hard wood. Even many of the architraves and windows were saved. The only person who lost their presence of mind was Lucy who rushed to her room in the end of the house, and being stifled with smoke William Tarbox who in those days was very energetic at fires, crawled in upon the floor and rescued her. The house having been newly painted burned slowly; it being four hours before the walls fell in. The dinner, which had just been dished, was all saved and served up at Mr. Evans house and eaten heartily at 6 o'clock. Even pans of milk were brought out undisturbed. When nothing else was to be done, Mr. Evans came to me and said "show us where the wine cellar is." I refused, saying, "Better let everything burn than a scene of drunkenness." He then said he would guarantee order, and I took him to the parlour over the wine cellar. A hole was cut in the floor, and every bottle of wine, and cider, and even empty bottles and oil flasks were safely deposited in the stable. I urged that the men who had been working so hard should have some cider, but by a mistake, perhaps of mine, some of the Eclipse wine was taken."

The last line is characteristic of the writer. The "Eclipse" port was extremely valuable. It seems wholly unlikely that the mistake was his, but he was unwilling to put the blame on any other shoulders. No less characteristic of the family in general is the saving and serving of the family dinner, at Mr. Evans' house near by,

OAKLANDS



OAKLANDS

after the walls of Oaklands had fallen in. It was "eaten heartily," and we may be sure quietly and decorously, after an earnest "blessing" for the rescued food.

Everything in the attic was burned; summer clothes just put away, winter clothes not yet brought down; the letters and relics of three generations, etc., etc. The thing that excited the keenest regret was "the famous broad cradle in which three generations had been rocked, and which the children had so often used in their plays on a rainy day. When settling with the Insurance Commissioner, he was told that he must put as high a value on this as possible, and the proceeds were invested by unanimous assent in a silver cup for Frank, the only Grandson, with the date of the fire upon it."

The plans for the new house were made by Mr. Gardiner, Sr., and modified by the whole family. A stone house; no more fires for the Gardiners! "The beautiful hall and stairs were entirely planned by Mother," says Uncle Hal, "and I think the arrangement of the parlors opening into each other with folding doors."

Mr. Gardiner, going to Boston for treatment of a lame knee, took models and plans with him, and inquired for an architect. He was told of one Upjohn, "an Englishman, who was poor and

STEPPING WESTWARD

supporting himself by carpenter work; the only job he had received as an architect was the fence round the Common. The plans and model were given to Upjohn, and he was directed to give it an architectural appearance without any change of the general plan. He put in the turrets, battlements and buttresses, the hammered stone increasing the cost very much, and what certainly was a large and useless expense, arranged every course of the rough stone to be of a certain width and length."

So was built the present house of Oaklands; so it stands to-day, a stately, hospitable house, the home of successive generations of Gardiners.

I have seen lately an account of Gardiner and Oaklands which amused me.

"Standing on the broad, blue Kennebec, the little town nestles proudly beside that strange anomaly in an American city—the Manor House."

Now, whatever Gardiner Town does, it does not "nestle"; it could not conceivably nestle beside anything; its neck is too stiff and its back too straight. Besides, Oaklands is a mile off.

A few lines further on, I read, "there have been Gardiners of Gardiner ever since the first fox-hunting squire transferred himself and his dogs to the New World."

OAKLANDS

I think of Dr. Sylvester! I recall his portrait by Copley, as he sits facing me, astride of his three-cornered chair; accomplished physician, far-sighted planner and investor, zealous Loyalist, all these, but fox-hunter? Never! As for Grandfather Gardiner and Uncle Hal, the bare idea brings a smile, half amused, half tender. Neither of these dear gentlemen would have hunted a fox; they would have fed him (though it was a pity about the chickens!) and let him go. Besides—in Maine we hunt the fox on snow-shoes, and shoot him with a gun.

And as to dogs! shade of “Muff,” good little pious Skye terrier, who would be taken to church on a wet Sunday to swell the congregation; did you ever see a fox? I doubt it!

I hasten to add that the present generation of Gardiners (1930) are keen sportsmen; and Governor Gardiner’s black and white setters are known far and wide.

So, in the autumn of 1877, the five of us came to Oaklands, to visit my husband’s uncle. Mr. Hallowell Gardiner, as he was usually called, was long widowed, and childless. The ample fortune of his inheritance had been reduced, through the Civil War and complications arising therefrom, to a slender income. He had for several years been in the habit of spending the winter at the

STEPPING WESTWARD

Evans House, the comfortable hotel in the “village,” as Oaklands still called Gardiner Town. Oaklands was not closed at these times; has never, in these sixty years of my acquaintance with it, been closed but once, and that in a recent year; it was simply left to its two guardian spirits, Frederick Goodwin and Ellen his wife, who kept it trim and tidy, ready for Mr. Gardiner when the spring fret came over him, and the call of the garden prevailed over that of the neighborly gatherings and the evening rubber of whist.

It was good of him to vary his usual programme for us; to take in two young people, three little children, nursery maid and house-maid. It was good of Ellen, too, to accept us with the grim friendliness (or friendly grimness) which was all her own. We did not trouble Frederick particularly, his domain being chiefly garden and stable; but we must, I fear, often have been trying to Ellen.

Mr. Gardiner was then sixty-odd in the flesh; in the spirit he was, and remained through life, a youth. He was very handsome, with chiseled aquiline features, brilliant blue eyes, and the only really “hyacinthine” hair I have ever seen. The hyacinth was silver, which made it all the more beautiful. If he had a little touching vanity

OAKLANDS

about this, it was his only one. "Harry," he would say, "your hair is getting quite thin on the top, isn't it?" The fine shade of condescension, of complacence, in his kind voice was a thing to remember.

I seem to see this most lovable of men chiefly in his library, the room where we commonly sat, a delightful room then as now. There was less furniture then, yet the very bareness carried out the note of delicate austerity which seemed a part of the house. The leather of armchairs and sofa was mellow with long use. Everything was worn, speaking of long years of comfortable, sober inhabiting; nothing was shabby; nothing was mean. The great portraits, Copleys and Stuarts, looked down approvingly on surroundings that harmonized with their grave, dignified dress and demeanor. To be sure, in the drawing-room one note of frivolity was struck by the high-nosed lady in white satin, Mrs. Brown, who came so near being Countess of Altamont; but it was the only one. If there must be frivolity, the drawing-room is surely the place for it; nor can I think that hers was of anything but the most decorous and high-nosed variety.

Mr. Gardiner, in his comfortably worn house-jacket, fitted into the library as one of his folios into its shelf. I see him now, bending over the

STEPPING WESTWARD

wood fire, tongs in hand, lifting a coal of fire to light his cigar. He seldom used a match; they were still newfangled things to him. There were tinder boxes lying about the house, but the live coal was the simple and obvious means to his end. If he now and then dropped a spark, or the coal itself, on his jacket, it was no matter; Ellen would mend it. I had already been taught how to lay a wood fire, but it was Uncle Hal who impressed upon me the three conditions necessary for it, "convexity, concavity, and contiguity!"

This might be evening, drawing toward nine o'clock. The shutters were closed (no frippery of curtains at Oaklands!), the astral lamp on the table shed its soft glow on the silver head, as it bent over the fire; farther off, candles accentuated the dimness of the book-lined walls. As the hour struck, the door would open and Ellen would enter with a tray bearing the "nine o'clock supper." A dish of baked sweet apples, another of biscuits, a wedge of cheese, a jug of milk, or in the fall it might be new cider. This was traditional. I like to think that Dr. Sylvester had just such a supper; perhaps with Counsellor John, before the quarrel. Certainly the beloved "Squire" had it. Mr. Gardiner's irreverent nephews used to say that his practice of economy

OAKLANDS

and self-denial led him always to choose for himself the apple with a “pitted speck,” and the driest bit of cheese. I do not know. I fancy Muff got most of the biscuits, however, if he wanted them.

The talk, which had ranged far and wide, perhaps from the days of Round Hill School (where my Uncle Sam Ward was one of Mr. Gardiner’s schoolmates) down to the last Diocesan Convention, would now concentrate itself on the weather. For many years a National Weather Record had been kept at Oaklands. Three times a day, summer and winter, the owner visited the rain gauge on the lawn, the barometer in the dining-room, the row of thermometers in their cubby-house on the outer wall; made precise record of temperature, moisture, and all the rest of it; filed the statistics for return to Washington.

Ah! There came a day of doom when my husband was in Boston, and Uncle Hal was called away on some important business, and I was left alone with the Weather Record. My mother used to say that her mathematics were limited to “four quarts make a gallon.” Mine were of much the same description. I could read a Fahrenheit thermometer with any one; but when it came to wet thermometers and dry, to maximum and minimum, it was another mat-

STEPPING WESTWARD

ter. As to the barometer, it was, and remains, a wholly strange creature to me, like a furnace, or a machine!!

Alone with the Weather Record! It sounds like the journal of an Arctic explorer. Uncle Hal instructed me most kindly, most carefully; I wrote down everything that could be written; I trotted from rain gauge to cubby-house; I faced even the barometer with a front of quivering brass and a heart of—say wet tissue paper. The astonishing thing was that no catastrophe occurred. The stars in their courses did not budge; the face of nature was not changed; nothing, in short, took the smallest notice of me or my agonies. But like the sufferer in the Bab Ballads, I “feel the place in frosty weather still.”

Mr. Gardiner, in the years when I knew him, had two vital interests, his church and his farm. He gave little heed to the house itself, I think; it was like his second skin; why should he think about it? But the farm, the garden, the orchard, were his constant care and occupation. He and Stephen Merrill, his farmer through many years, fought and bled over every acre of all the three hundred and ten. Echoes of these battles come back to me across the years; I still feel the solid earth shake over the question of felling the

OAKLANDS

great oak in a certain field. Economy, the future of the Crop, demanded its removal; sentiment forbade.

“Stephen Merrill is the most obstinate, pig-headed man that ever lived!”

Stephen’s remarks have not been preserved. The oak remains, to the permanent delight of all who pass that way.

The orchard—give me another ten years of life and I will write the Epic of the Orchard! Now I must hurry on.

Mr. Gardiner’s spiritual life was simply and wholly devoted to the Protestant Episcopal Church. In its ministrations he found his greatest comfort, in serving it his chief delight. In him, as in his father, the militant piety which had led Dr. Sylvester to disinherit his eldest son was softened into a sweetness, a heavenly simplicity of character and disposition, which made him beloved by all who knew him. I, like Counsellor John, was an “Arian”; never by word or glance was I reminded of the fact.

We became great cronies. He felt me (I like to think) of his own generation, as did my mother. In her later years I was as often “Annie” (her younger sister) as “Laura”; so Uncle Hal and I would gossip about old Boston by the half hour together. “You remember,” he

STEPPING WESTWARD

would say, "Harriet (who had been very gay, I understood, and Flirted on Horseback!) married So-and-So"; and I would nod, and say, "So she did!"

One day, while we were thus deep in talk of days before Laura Howe was born, my husband came into the room to consult his uncle on some matter of immediate moment.

"Yes! yes!" said Uncle Hal, "I'll come presently; I'm talking with your mother."

No compliment ever gave me more pleasure.

To return to the Church. First, Christ Church, Gardiner; second, the Diocese of Maine; third, the Mission Field, Domestic and Foreign; if there were any "first and last" in Mr. Gardiner's devotion, it might be said to take this order.

I am unable to speak intelligently of these matters; I can only bear testimony to the beauty of the devotion rendered to them by this faithful son of the Church. He went to church as Youth goes to a ball, for the joy of it. He never missed a service that it was possible for him to attend; he never refused a call to which it was possible for him to respond. He, like his father before him, had suffered severe financial losses, and in the years when we knew him his means were slender. All the more, in his view, was he

OAKLANDS

bound to devote a large proportion of those means to the Church and its ministry. The agent of the Gardiner Estate, my friend and neighbor, Mr. J. S. Maxcy, tells me with humorous pathos of his repeated efforts to make Mr. Gardiner keep *some* money for himself. He invariably ends with a gesture of despair, tempered with affectionate admiration.

“The missionaries got it all! The missionaries got it all!”

No, not all; some went to persons less worthy, and—possibly—even more needy. This same gentleman once tried to evict some tenants of Mr. Gardiner’s; wholly undesirable people who steadfastly refused either to pay rent or to move. He represented the case strongly and clearly. Mr. Gardiner listened, and seemed to assent; he would “see about it.” But the next day he came into the office, his face aglow with sympathy and compassion.

“Josiah, I have seen those people; they *cannot* pay the rent; *they told me so!*”

That winter we spent at Oaklands was fifty years ago. The house stands, as it has always stood, for all that is hospitable, friendly, clear and right-minded. At this writing, Oaklands overflows periodically with youth and gayety. All summer long the joyous tide is full; every

STEPPING WESTWARD

holiday throughout the year brings it back, flowing in and out; the stone walls blossom with bright faces, ring with laughter and merry voices. In the times between, the old house rests, drawing round it its mantle of memories. It is at such times that we Two, borrowing a fold of that mantle, slip quietly down, and in at the front door, and into the library, to have nine o'clock supper with Uncle Hal.

CHAPTER V

THE YELLOW HOUSE

IT was clear that a young and growing family could not continue indefinitely to "visit round" (we call it "bange" in Maine) among relations however delightful. We must find a nest of our own. This was not so easy; our requirements were many, and did not always "con-jingle," to use another Maine word which explains itself. We must be "on the river"; we must have plenty of space, indoors and out; we must have this and that and the other. In short, we were like most other young people, demanding the moon, and the stars to boot. At long last we found this house in which I write—and lucky we were to do so—a square "Colonial" house, with ell and barn, large chimneys, an open fireplace in every room, and even more important, an acre of lawn and garden for our delight.

It is not "on" the river, but within sight of it. It fronts on one street, which pitches straight down to the river; it is on the corner of two

STEPPING WESTWARD

others. This is desirable in many ways, but has a drawback in the propensity of motor cars and trucks to smash our fence. (We have a fence; nothing shall ever disperse us from it.) The house was brown when we first visited it; fittingly so, being inhabited by a little brown fairy of a lady, who welcomed us sweetly, and told us about the Peace Celebration after the War of 1812. "You don't remember that?" she said timidly, yet not unhopefully. She was Miss Mary Byram; you could spell her name forward or backward with the same effect.

We bought the house; and painted it yellow. After the first painting, I was stepping along the bordering street one day, casting side glances of pleasurable pride at the warm, friendly pumpkin-color which brightened the Corner.

"Look at the color they've put on that house!" said one of two men walking in front of me. "Ain't that disgustin'!" And I learned about colors from him.

In those early years of the Yellow House, I hardly made more than a beginning, and that a feeble one, of knowing anything about the town itself. This was owing chiefly to the advent, and thereafter the care of the children. My husband was busy all day long at the Paper Mill, a mile away, making paper; my babies were

THE YELLOW HOUSE

coming and growing; life became with every year more wonderful and entrancing.

Moreover, the hurdy gurdy turned ever faster and faster, each new baby requiring a new output of jingles. I began to write stories, too; first for children, later for girls, later still for grown people.

It happens now and then that some new acquaintance, looking down on me from his middle-aged height, with a friendly twinkle, says, "I was a Toto boy!" That is a great pleasure, recalling the days when I was writing *The Joyous Story of Toto* and *Toto's Merry Winter*, and enjoying it as much as the children did, perhaps more.

This is perhaps as good a place as any to note that my children were very remarkable; quite as remarkable, dear Sir or Madam, as yours; as remarkable even as your grandchildren, though this you will not credit. I do not see my way clear to say very much about them. Two milestones warn me off this course. One is Mr. Woodhouse (*vide Emma*, by Jane Austen).

"They are all remarkably clever; and they have so many pretty ways. They will come and stand by my chair and say, 'Grandpapa, can you give me a bit of string?'"

The other is a never-forgotten stranger at the

STEPPING WESTWARD

hotel in Athens, who exclaimed one day with tremendous vehemence, "*Nobody likes other people's children!*"

On me, then rapturously expectant of my first child, this utterance made a deep impression. It is not true; many people like many people's children, else where should we be? Yet there is a grain of truth in it, and I do not, I repeat, see my way clear to dilate upon the year-by-year-long miracle of my children's birth and growth.

I hung upon every new word, of course; when the words came in rhyming groups, as was often the case with the two elder children, I thrilled responsive. These marvels were duly recorded, as thus

I heard her sing to-day,

"My lovely chimpanzee,
Go and get ready for tea,
My lovely chimpanzinner,
Go and get ready for dinner,
My lovely chimpanzec,
Go and get ready for break?"

This song was addressed to her father.

"Last Sunday I was telling her the oft-repeated story of Noah and the Deluge, and, rather drowsily, was going through the long list of animals taken into the Ark: 'lions and tigers



THE YELLOW HOUSE

THE YELLOW HOUSE

and giraffes and elephants, cats and dogs and horses, birds, beetles, fishes—when I was brought up with a round turn. ‘Fishes can swim, you know, Mamma; they wouldn’t be drowned.’”

I sang to my children; I told them stories; I read to them, and later planned their own reading.

Story-telling; reading. At the words, my hobby paws and whinnies at the door; I must up and ride. (The worst of it is that it should be a hobby!)

Give the children *the best there is!* Give them the great ballads, the Norse sagas, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, the *Lays of Ancient Rome*. Above all, give them *Shakespeare and the Bible!* I should like to ride a Crusade, with this legend on my banner.

The child who is ready for the Fairy Tales and the Ballads is ready for his Shakespeare. I do not mean Lamb’s Tales, admirable as they are in many ways, and for exceptional cases. I mean the real thing. Begin—I have begun with a six-year-old, and not failed of the answering thrill of enjoyment—by reading *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*, taking first the fairy and clown parts, the rest filled in as the child becomes familiar with it. Then take *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The*

STEPPING WESTWARD

Tempest, *Henry IV* and *V*, and *Julius Cæsar*. I should as a rule leave the four great tragedies for riper years, though a boy of my acquaintance knew all the tragedies before he was ten. He was an exceptional boy; he learned to read, he told me, because his sister refused to read *Robinson Crusoe* to him all day long.

I am convinced that in nine cases out of ten the child ought to have the original. He may not understand it all; what if he does not? He has all his life in which to grow to the understanding of it; and once and for all, let me say with my whole heart that I do not believe in confining children to things they understand. They want, and they need, the thing they do *not* understand. I have no doubt there were plenty of people who advised Columbus to stay in Genoa, because he knew his way about there. The child has all his life, I say, to grow to his Shakespeare, and meanwhile his mind is being peopled with splendid figures, with images of heroism, of majesty, of pathos, with dancing shapes of beauty and grace and fantasy. He is becoming familiar with the great names of history and fiction, with Cæsar and Antony, Harry of Monmouth and Hotspur, Prospero and Miranda, Rosalind and Juliet. He is breathing the great air of genius, and its words are sounding in his ears.

THE YELLOW HOUSE

All this applies with tenfold force to the reading of the Bible. I speak not from the religious, but from the purely literary and educational point of view. No person can be considered well educated who has not some knowledge of the Old and the New Testament. Here it is not a question of vocabulary, though the infinite riches of the English language are nowhere so gloriously displayed as in this treasury of noble words. (I speak of the King James, or Authorized Version.) It is not a question of history, though the development of man may be profitably studied in these chronicles of a powerful and intellectual people. It is a question of knowledge against ignorance. The language, the episodes, the personages of the Bible are so interwoven with our daily speech, with the books we read, with every human utterance throughout Christendom, that our children cannot afford to be ignorant of it.

"But are they so ignorant?" some one may ask. Ask any teacher in any school. Reading once to a class of intelligent boys, I came upon some mention of St. Michael. Who was St. Michael? Only one of them knew that he was an archangel; that one could not tell me what an archangel was, or how many there were of them. I once found in a group of bright girls of fifteen

STEPPING WESTWARD

and sixteen only one who had read even a part of the Story of Ruth, one of the most beautiful stories in the English language; some of them had never heard of it, and to several of them the names of Judith and Esther conveyed no impression whatever.

This ignorance is not confined to school-children. It was a Harvard student who informed his astonished professor that Shibboleth was the wife of Samson. It was a student of Cambridge, England, who, being asked what allusion was made to Susanna in the Gospel of Luke, wrote after long and painful thought, "Susanna in the highest!" It was a Sunday School teacher (a very young one, to be sure, whose schooldays were not yet over) who did not know who Judas Iscariot was. It was a New England man who went to the Congregational House in Boston and demanded a Congregational or a Baptist Bible. He had a Methodist Bible, he said, but that was not the right kind; he wanted one that had the story of Damon and Pythias in it.

These things should not be. I believe I am speaking the literal truth when I say that no Mohammedan, no Israelite child, whose parents pretended to any degree of education, would be permitted to grow up in such ignorance of their

THE YELLOW HOUSE

sacred writings as is often shown by Christian children concerning the Bible. Therefore I say again, read the Bible to the children, until they are old enough to read for themselves; the Bible, in the version dedicated to the High and Mighty Prince, James, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland. The Bible, not nursery versions of it.

There is a Bible in words of one syllable; I am happy to say I have never seen it. Such a monstrosity should be put alongside of the Rhyming Bible, of which, I believe, only one copy is in existence. It is a curious story. A Scottish gentleman wrote it, and offered to leave his fortune to the University of Glasgow on condition of their printing it. The canny Scots accepted the offer; and when the author was safely dead, took the fortune, printed the book, and—destroyed every copy but one. This kind of thing is called whipping the Devil round the stump. Here is a sample of the verse:

Said Mrs. Job to Mr. Job,
“Curse God and die!”
Said Mr. Job to Mrs. Job,
“No, no, you jade, not I!”

Of nursery and Sunday School versions of the Bible there is no end. All are arranged, I doubt

STEPPING WESTWARD

not, with earnest and loving care; some are better and some are worse; to my mind one and all are a mistake. Here we have, in the Book itself, the very flower of the golden age of English letters; English so pure, so splendid, so majestic, that the dullest ear must thrill to hear it, the most careless eye brighten at the very sight of the words. "For love of lovely words," as Stevenson says, let the children know our language at its best and purest. If the child reads the Bible and Shakespeare, one need not be anxious about his vocabulary.

Drop the seed, of heroic thought, of golden word: who knows into what strong tree it may grow?

Give the child good books, then **LET IT ALONE!** Don't plough and harrow its brain, or stretch it on Procrustes-beds of standardization, simplification, and what not! never let it hear the word psychology!

These remarkable children of ours grew in the remarkable way that children do; they learned to read; they became aware of the world of books. They learned as I did, by means of the alphabet, an institution which a few years ago seemed in danger of extinction. I recall a story of the late Barrett Wendell, which was told me as fact. He employed two Harvard under-

THE YELLOW HOUSE

graduates to help him in some work of cataloguing or indexing. Coming into the room where they were at work, he saw that one was going on steadily, while the other seemed confused and at fault.

"What is the matter?" asked Professor Wendell.

"Why," said the youth, "I got on all right as far as *d*, but I never can remember how the letters go after that."

He had never learned his alphabet. He had been taught that his heart was God's little garden, and that little blue birds laid little blue eggs, but he had not been taught to spell.

I should like now to write several pages of virulent condemnation of the thing called Simplified Spelling, but I forbear.

In my chapter on books I spoke briefly of *Mother Goose*, which was after all, together with my mother's singing and the ballads, the foundation of such knowledge of letters as I have. The nursery rhyme is, and I trust will remain, the child's first opening door into the world of letters. It is here that the mother will sow the seed of her child's taste in literature. My mother's exquisite taste was her guide in this, and she was mine. Perhaps all people do not consider the immense difference that there is

STEPPING WESTWARD

among so-called Juvenile Rhymes. When my husband was a little child, the following used to be dinned into his ears, probably by Fenny:

Here, dear little son,
Go slow, do not run,
Near here is a well,
Poor Moore in it fell.

That is poor food for the growing mind. Except for the lesson, it seems to have nothing to commend itself. Compare it with:

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked into a pie.
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing;
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

The true Mother Goose rhyme is full of poetry and fancy, of picturesque imagery and good strong nervous English.

When good King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks of barley meal
To make a bag-pudding.

THE YELLOW HOUSE

A bag-pudding the queen did make,
And stuffed it well with plums,
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.
The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside,
And what they could not eat that day,
The queen next morning fried.

The moral here is dubious, but the English is undeniable, and the splendor of the episode, the fine Saxon flavor of that pudding, goes with the child-reader through life.

So my children had *Mother Goose* and *Aunt Effie's Rhymes*, as I had; they had also Walter Crane's *Baby Opera* and *Baby's Bouquet* and all the other delightful Walter Crane-ities, which enriched the imagination, the vocabulary, and the power of enjoyment of their generation. My grandchildren have them too; may they live and flourish through many generations.

I read poetry to them endlessly, of course; read it as my mother read to me, giving the rhythm and melody as well as I could. It may not be necessary to-day to speak of this matter, but when I was a child of perhaps twelve years old, I heard some one read poetry as if it were prose. It was some one in high position, whose taste I supposed should be superfine. Accord-

STEPPING WESTWARD

ingly the next time I read poetry aloud to my mother, I tried this method, running the lines into one another, and making no pause to indicate the metre. My mother checked me at once.

"This will never do," she said. "You can no more neglect the melody of your verse than you can the sense."

Greatly rejoicing, I returned to the natural way of reading verse, and have found pleasure in it ever since. The child whose ear for rhythm or melody is not developed and cultivated is deprived, it seems to me, of a part of its birthright. If the poet had not felt rhythm and melody to be necessary, he would have written in prose.

"Best is the song with music interwoven." I sang to my children as soon as they had ears to hear. Not Mother Goose only, but my mother's songs, French, German, Italian, Scotch and English. They caught the air, caught the words; we sang together, and danced as we sang. When the time came for them to study languages, they found, as I in my childhood, the foundation ready laid, the speech already familiar.

There were no prodigies in the Yellow House; just normal children of good intelligence and cheerful disposition. We tried not to have too many rules. "Make as few points as possible," said Mother Richards, "but when you have made

THE YELLOW HOUSE

one, keep to it!" In a general way there were but two, truthfulness and obedience. These we expected, and these we received.

"No whying, boy, but do as you're bid!" and again,

Come when you're called,
Do as you're bid,
Shut the door after you,
And you'll never be chid!

The first of our two requirements will not be questioned; the second—in these days of "least resistance" and all the rest of it—may be. We hear much about the free development of the child's mind and will, of its being allowed and encouraged to do what it wishes to do. But how if the child wishes to grasp the red-hot poker because it is bright? What right has the parent, who has been living twenty or thirty or forty years, to put the burden of choice upon the child, who has lived one or two or five or ten? What right have we to shift the responsibility on to those little shoulders, which must bear the burden of the penalty? The child grasps the poker, and is scarred for life. If it had learned early that pokers were for adult use only, all would have been well.

Exaggerated? Not a bit of it! If it is not the

STEPPING WESTWARD

poker, it is something else. How often do I hear—"I wouldn't do that, darling!" "Mamma doesn't believe that's good for her pet to play with—" and the like.

The child cocks an ear, its eye still fixed on the poker.

"Don't touch it!" Three short words, cheerfully but firmly spoken, and—with the normal child—the thing is done, and done with.

Sometimes actions speak more clearly than words. My elder son, at the mature age of four, developed a taste for fire and matches. I shall not forget the moment when I met him in his white cotton suit (kilts in those days!) brandishing the blazing hearth brush like a torch! Next morning I taught him how to lay and light the nursery fire. He was enchanted; did it for three mornings, joyfully. After that, he thought he was rather tired; Maggie could light the fire? No, Maggie could not. It was his job. He continued to lay the fire long enough to quench all his Promethean desires.

A little way off, across the street called, for obvious reasons, "Pleasant," was "The Other House," also yellow, also standing on a corner, its grounds somewhat ampler than ours. Here lived my husband's brother John, Major Rich-

THE YELLOW HOUSE

ards, with his handsome dark-eyed wife and their pretty daughters, who were near my own in age. Playmates from babyhood, it was arranged that they should learn their lessons together; we had the good fortune to find Miss Myra Sawyer, who for many years was good angel and good fairy combined in our household. "Mitawler," the children called her. They loved her dearly, and she them. She was young, gay, charming, with a genuine love of letters, as of botany and outdoor matters, and a gift of teaching; the children were fortunate indeed. It is of the older ones that I am now speaking, in the early years of our life in the Yellow House, and of the girls in particular. The boys went to school, first to Mrs. Mary Morrell, the kind and wise teacher of several generations of Gardiner children, then to the public school. The elder girls, our Alice and Rosalind, and their cousins Amy and Madeleine, were the happy four who studied and played with Myra Sawyer. She was a stimulating companion; their lively spirits leaped to meet hers; there was no end to the good times they had together. It was she who brought about the production—at uncertain intervals—of the *Sextant*, a periodical composed wholly by her pupils, and edited by her. It lies before me now; I turn the pages with a smile and a sigh.

STEPPING WESTWARD

“The Marriage of Clovis”; “The Grey Cavern”; “The Harpy’s Deathbed.” Dear funny children! I may smile, but it was thrilling earnest to them.

The children took to their Scott and Dickens like ducks to water; they were also ardent devotees of *The Scottish Chiefs* and *The Days of Bruce*.

Looking round the corner of a year, I seem to see two small figures standing by the butternut tree; one with the hunched shoulders, folded arms and beetling scowl of the Villain Apparent, the other with regal port and a general effect of *Mens conscientia recti*.

“So, Earl of Buchan, we meet again!” says the hero in scathing accents.

Sometimes the Earl would not know quite what to say to this, and would mutter, “Yes, we do!” in a ferocious but ineffectacious manner; sometimes he would reply in good set terms, and soon the wooden claymores would be clashing, and one or the other would meet a hero’s or a caitiff’s death, “’cordin’ to,” as we say in Maine.

Our children had yet another instructor. When Sunday afternoon came, Papa would say, “Come, children!” and they went, all who had passed the toddling stage.

THE YELLOW HOUSE

Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through brier . . .

They came home in time for supper (more or less), laden with treasures: ferns, mosses, such wild flowers as might be picked without sin, an eagle feather, a crab or clam shell dropped by a traveling crow, a last year's bird's nest. I am sure their little legs ached, but they did not speak of this. Their eager tale was all of wonders seen; a Regal Fritillary, a *Saturnia Io*, a redwing's nest, a cardinal flower. They had been studying hard all the afternoon, with a past master who used no textbook. They came to know their countryside like their hand.

Sometimes, some happy times, a "team" was hired, and I went with them. "Mountain Sunday" came in mid-May, and we drove down river, to where the Mountain (it had no other name, and was not a mountain by the book) threw its shaggy bulk along beside the Marston Road. One of these trips holds place with the Wonders of the World for me. We tied the horse to a roadside tree, and entered the enchanted woods. Oh, miracle! Oh, Broceliande and Arden! The wood was full of magic. Not only the lady-slippers nodding at our feet, but overhead, through the branches, everywhere, a great cloud

STEPPING WESTWARD

of Lunar Moths. One Lunar is a thing to marvel and sing over; there is nothing more exquisite in creation. Here was a flight of them, just new-escaped from their chrysalids, fluttering, resting, waving their exquisite pale-green wings, chrysoprase, beryl, moonstone, "a sight to dream of, not to tell!"

That is what Mountain Sunday means to me; I still possess it, though I go to the woods no more.

All these things happened on Sunday afternoon; in the morning we went to church.

"No church!" my mother notes in her journal.
"A dry Sunday!"

Well, sometimes church is dry too, especially when spring has come and Regal Fritillaries are about, but I think my children liked the Sunday morning in the old stone church; those of them who have children keep up the custom, and I am glad.

Why am I writing all this? It is the children who should be telling the story. They were living it; I saw only the outside, and noted what I could, little enough, perhaps. Where I saw one thing on the Mountain, they saw a hundred. I'll to the woods no more, but keep to house and yard, a setting still all too wide for my comprehension.



Alice Maud Richards



Rosalind Richards



Henry Howe Richards



Julia Ward Richards



John Richards



Laura Elizabeth Richards II

THE CHILDREN OF HENRY AND LAURA E. RICHARDS

THE YELLOW HOUSE

Take the barn, for example, a large and lofty building where no horse was, neither cow, nor even the carriages of various kinds which had been one of the delights of Green Peace. (The big double carryall was swathed in white—not samite, but mystic, wonderful, all the same; it made a grand playhouse; I should know the faintly musty smell of its cushions if I met them in Spitzbergen—or Cape Town!)

I went into the barn, and I saw the “peggy pole” and the “slidy pole,” reaching from loft to floor, standing side by side. I saw a child of any size, or “no size at all,” climb up the former by means of the pegs inserted at intervals by paternal skill; saw it, on attaining a height more or less dizzy, reach across to the slidy pole, clutch it, clasp it, and slide like lightning down its polished surface. This was a joy that never palled. I did not try to grasp it; I held my breath, and—remembering the banisters of my own morning—my peace.

Not so when one day I saw a neighbor’s very small boy sitting astride the ridgepole of the barn, which really is a dizzy height—for five years old.

“Come down, Harry!” I said; and when he came, I added, “Don’t go up there again!”

Harry nursed his silent wrath till he reached

STEPPING WESTWARD

home, and then exploded, telling his mother what had happened.

"I wouldn't have hurt her old roof!" he said.

I saw these things in (and on) the barn, and many more; I did not see the magic that made each climb on the peggy pole an Alpine ascent, each flash down the slidy pole a breathless plunge into I know not what mystic depths.

Enough of the barn, perhaps? The children could write a whole book about it.

The yard, then; come and sit on the steps a moment. There was no piazza in those days, only the broad steps outside the kitchen door, and the wide gravel sweep; the trellis, hop-covered and rustling, that masked the clothes-reel; the lawn, and the long flower border. We sat on the steps a great deal, shelling peas, "stringing" beans, mending the stockings; the baby of the period in its carriage, or creeping and tumbling about, as might be.

I never shell peas but I recall a morning hour when I sat there, and dear Mr. Dwight, now playmate of the second generation, read Plato to me.

The peas thudded softly into the pan; the bees hummed in the great linden tree whose fragrance filled the air; the kind, gentle voice went on and on, question and answer, protest and parry.

THE YELLOW HOUSE

“But tell me, O Critias—”

At the end: “More!” cried the child Rosalind, aged three, “read more!”

I suppose it was the quick to and fro of the repartee that caught the baby ear somehow. I don’t know how much Plato she has read since, but—

“*Grandpapa, can you give me a bit of string?*”

Come into the house, then! yet with a backward glance, for old Jedediah Thomas is just driving into the yard with his old horse and older hogshead, to fill the cistern, and that is always a thrilling thing to watch. Good old Jedediah, with his kind eyes and his patriarchal beard; it was a shock, many years after, to find him in Temple Place, Boston, selling shoe laces.

Going into the house (if we go by the back door), the first person we meet is Maggie. Maggie is always in the kitchen when anything happens; when ink is spilled, or milk, or anything that spoils one’s nice clean frock, the cry is, “Run to Maggie,” and there is always hot water and a scrub and a friendly adjuration not to do it again. It is over forty years now since Maggie came, a little pretty woman, with clear honest eyes which looked deep into mine.

“I am sober!” said Maggie. It was her one self-commendation. Maggie works no longer,

STEPPING WESTWARD

but for thirty years she ruled the kitchen with a rod of—not iron, but whatever wood is supple and friendly and firm. Other maids came and went; Maggie remained.

It was a big kitchen in those days; we had wonderful parties there, with Maggie safe in bed, and we owners of the whole house. The neighbor children came in; I sat on the dresser and played the comb, my only instrument; they danced “high and disposededly,” like Queen Elizabeth before the Spanish Ambassador. Sometimes they came in fancy dress. I remember one White Rabbit who was sewed into his suit, and was uncomfortable, the evening being warm.

Going through the house, we come upon some of the pictures of my childhood. Here is the “*Chien de l'Hospice*”; here again, “*Napoleon et son Fils*”; and “*Milton Dictating Paradise Lost*” to those unwilling daughters; and many others. Here is furniture of every possible description, with every possible association. This sofa was built at Green Peace by the good South Boston carpenter, James Deblois. That one came from Great-uncle John Ward’s house at Number 8 Bond Street. This comb-back rocking-chair we bought of the little old brownie lady.

Here, upstairs, is the old cradle in which five generations of Wards were rocked before it came

THE YELLOW HOUSE

to Great-uncle John. The cradle was much in use in the days of which I speak; all six children could get into it, and they rocked and sang, "We sail the ocean blue." And speaking of singing, here is the marble-topped cabinet, on which concerts were apt to be given, four or five children sitting along its top, and singing according to programme. These were elaborate affairs, and Mamma was invited to attend. I recall from one programme, "Duet by John Richards."

Apropos of this child, let me show you the Mouse Cupboard in the back entry. This receptacle was fastened against the wall, and the Mouse Club, consisting of the two youngest, was wont to hold its meetings there. How they ever got in, and once in, how they ever got out again, is more than I can remember. When the sessions were private, they closed the doors. I have the rules of the Mouse Club now; they were few and simple.

The Mouse Cupboard is in the kitchen now; it holds spices and the like. The Teacher of English and the Mother of a Family greet it with a friendly smile when they come home.

I must not forget the collections of minerals, of moths, of butterflies, of birds' nests. No nest was ever robbed; every propriety and decency of egg-collecting was rigidly observed. Yes, and

STEPPING WESTWARD

they killed their insects in the proper way, with dreadful little jars of deadly poison, which were a constant terror to me.

Shall we go up into the attic? You have an attic of your own, and that will do? But your attic is not like this, with a small flight of stairs halfway up in the wall of the bathroom, so that when one fell down, one fell into the bathtub, which was painful, as I can bear witness.

The house is changed since those years. The head thereof accuses us of "Statlerizing" it. It is true that there are more bathrooms, but the general aspect is the same, and no one is surprised at the date of its building, 1814, over the south parlor fireplace.

CHAPTER VI

LARGELY SOCIAL

THEY were gay years, those latter ones of the nineteenth century. Gardiner was full of young people, married and single, who worked and played, mingling the two as only small-town dwellers can mingle them.

My sister-in-law, "Mrs. John," (I was "Mrs. Harry," and have happily remained so), was mistress of the revels in those days. Handsome, hospitable, past mistress of all domestic arts and accomplishments, she and her courtly, soldierly husband were a vivid and striking pair. Their horses, their dogs, their picnics, their parties, all were of superlative quality. "The Dame" and I were friends from the first, and to the last; yet we were quaint "running mates."

"What a pretty bonnet, Cora!" I would say, admiringly.

"Yes, my dear!" might be the reply. "I thought it was about time for you to notice it. I have been wearing it a year!"

On the other hand, it might be:

STEPPING WESTWARD

"You are so fortunate, Laura! You can make ten dollars whenever you like, with a scratch of the pen!"

She had admirable taste in dress; her advice was invaluable, not about children's frocks only, but about my own "things." We wore breakfast caps in those days, pretty little affairs of white lace; I think she always made mine for me. I know she told me when I was too old to wear pink! That was a milestone, if you like!

We played—oh, so many things! There was an Archery Club, at which our husbands shot well, and we—as we could. H. R. made our own arrows, and fine ones they were! There were endless picnics, on river and stream, Kennebec and Cobbossee; these in the *Circe*, Brother Frank's steam launch, those in a barge, drawn by a little snorting tug called *The Iron Mind*. We drove up to the New Mills, where paper was made, and to the Cobbossee Stream glittering between its willows, and there embarked. Perhaps we went as far as the Rips, perhaps we landed at Hazard's. The latter spot was named after a Negro who once lived there, a former slave of Dr. Sylvester Gardiner, and a thoroughly bad fellow. He tried once, in Boston, to poison the Doctor and his family, putting death into the coffee pot; but his mistress had been kind

LARGELY SOCIAL

to him, and he whispered a warning in her ear, not to drink the coffee. It does not seem to have occurred to him that she might not share his views about the rest of the family. For all punishment, Dr. Gardiner banished Hazard to Kennebec, giving him tools and stock to start a farm. He established himself about this spot where we picnicked, and was drowned in the Cobbossee, I know not when. Dr. Sylvester could cast off his firstborn son, for being an Arian; for such a slight matter as poisoning (in intent) himself and his children, a comfortable exile, with farm and tools provided, was punishment enough. The latter part of the story is so like his son and his grandson! Not so the first part. In them, the bed rock of piety was transformed into such kind and fruitful soil, one feels that even a Mohammedan or a Buddhist son would have been affectionately, though sadly, borne with.

Wherever we landed, Mrs. John would make one of her famous chowders. She could do anything with those capable hands of hers; toss up a salad, make a cake, trim a bonnet, cut a dress. The "scratch of a pen," however, and its connotations, were not her world.

Brother Frank was married, too, by this time, and he and his wife (formerly Anne Ashburner,

STEPPING WESTWARD

daughter of Samuel Ashburner of England) spent a good part of the year at the Cove. Here was another sister-in-law to join our pleasant doings. She, too, was a delightful hostess; she, too, capable in practical matters. Here also came a new generation to join for a time the happy band at Yellow House and "Other House." These were contemporaries and playmates of our younger children.

Some of our playing was done in Augusta, which like Gardiner, was full of hospitable houses and gay, cheerful people. Chief, in those days, was the house of James G. Blaine, for many years Maine's United States Senator—and statesman—a man whose brilliant talents and cordial charm made him equally admired and beloved. Their children were delightful too; keen, lively, brilliant young people.

It was always a good evening when we went to sup with the Blaines. Mrs. Blaine was a wonderful hostess, the Senator an admirable *raconteur*. I can never forget a story told me by him, on his return from attending the funeral of President Garfield. He told, in his own inimitable way, how, standing at the foot of the coffin, he found himself close beside William M. Evarts. The family pastor delivered the funeral eulogy.

LARGELY SOCIAL

I can almost recall the exact words which Mr. Blaine quoted.

"He left us in full strength and vigor, a man in the prime of life, weighing one hundred and eighty pounds." (I cannot swear to the exactness of the pounds.) "He returns to us in death, almost a skeleton, weighing (say, one hundred and twenty pounds), *mostly bone*."

"That's all right!" whispered Evarts to Blaine.
"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum!*"

I wonder if this story has ever been printed. I wish you could have heard Mr. Blaine tell it.

To return to Gardiner. The Seventies and Eighties were the years of *tableaux vivants*; first in our Oaklands winter, with Sister Maud as Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and again as Marguerite at the spinning wheel, Brother John Richards beside her, a handsome and dignified Faust.

These pictures were for pleasure; later, there were others, in hall and theatre, for one good cause and another. H. R.'s skill came into full play in lighting the "canvasses," in posing and arranging the figures. We searched every face we met to find its possibilities. Wonderful! the good paper-hanger, with his splendid red beard, was a perfect Titian. A black velvet cloak

STEPPING WESTWARD

and cap, a side light cunningly arranged—behold! And while we were Titianizing, look at lovely Ethel A., with her glorious hair! Pile the oval dish with fruit, lift her arms, turn her head—so—and “Titian’s Daughter” lived before us.

From the tableaux it is but a step to the operettas, over which we worked—*how* we worked!—under the kindly guidance of Miss Augusta Gardiner, a little lady compact of fire and steel, who taught music to a whole generation, our children among them. “Pinafore,” “The Little Duke,” “Olivette.” We ourselves were not in the cast, but we seem, looking back, to have been everywhere else. Mrs. John was mistress of the robes, of course; H. R. was stage manager, property man, etc., etc. He it was who, starting for an out-of-town performance, tucked the snow shovel in at the back of the sleigh, and dug out the Company from the snowdrifts that engulfed it, halfway to Togus. He it was who dealt with the tenor who had “stimulated” in preparation for the performance; dressed him down, set him up, ducked him for aught I know; got him through somehow, anyhow.

I seem to have been a mixture of prompter and dramatic coach. I see myself personally conducting, in rehearsal, a love scene, supposedly

LARGELY SOCIAL

ultra-passionate. The pair (they were *very* young) stood like ornamental posts, and recited their lines correctly without a change of expression or inflection.

"Try to realize," I cried to the hero, "that you are *in love* with this girl! take her hand; kiss it!"

He stared, round-eyed.

"Well, she's got to have it where I can get at it. I can't reach down and grab her hand!!"

Vastly different from this was "The Sleeping Car"; with Alice as Aunt Mary and Rosalind as Mrs. Roberts; or "The Elevator," or many another admirable performance.

What else? The Dances! It would be a poor chronicle that should leave those out. First at Oaklands, at the Christmas parties, later in Library Hall and elsewhere. "The long, long dances!" To me they were not only a delight, but a marvel, the opening of a new door into a new world. Waltz, galop, polka, lancers—all these I had learned at Papanti's; the Virginia Reel, too, was an old friend; but Lorenzo the Livornese knew nothing—it is to be presumed—of the Lady of the Lake, The Chorus Jig, The Tempest, or Pop Goes the Weasel.

The latter was familiar to me as a song; snatches of it come back to me to-day.

STEPPING WESTWARD

All around the cobbler's shop,
The monkey chased the weasel;
That's the way the money goes,
Pop! goes the weasel.

and again,

Queen Victoria's very sick,
Prince Albert's got the measles,
Napoleon's got the whooping cough,
Pop! goes the weasel.

Any one of my generation who reads this will, I hope, prick up his ears and hum or whistle the familiar air: he must come to Maine to see the dance. The fiddle says "*Pop!*" as plainly as the doggerel rhymes. At the word, two of the three who have been swinging round together lift their arms, the third goes "*pop!*" under and rises to confront the next couple. More tiptoe swaying, balancing to this one, chassez-ing ("sachy" we call it in Maine!) to that; then three hands round and "*pop!*" goes the weasel again; and so on down the whole room, in the merriest dance of all. I was going to say the *prettiest* dance of all; I was forgetting "*The Tempest!*" "*Pretty*," however, is no word for that glorious dance, which originated, one would suppose, in some Greek dale or glen, where nymphs and fauns footed it feately to Pan's playing. The long,

LARGELY SOCIAL

rhythmic swing of the coupled lines, the bold dash down the middle and back—Greek, beyond a doubt! And when Mr. C. W., a tall and dignified person, forgot his years and cut a pigeon-wing, one involuntarily looked at his irreproachable pumps, thinking to see them a-flutter with wings.

A famous feature of those years was the Horse Trot. Brother Frank and Brother John were noted horsemen—using the word in its widest sense. The Cove horses were beautiful, and swift, and all that horses should or could be. The Pilot colts and their famous sire belonged to the “Other House”; so did gray Phil, who could untie any knot with his teeth; who could bolt at sound of a train, and when some portion of his harness gave way, could stop, stand like a rock till it was secure, and then—bolt again, for sheer joy of it.

The Trotting Park Road still exists; the Park itself has long been reclaimed by the woods. In the days I am now recalling, it was the scene of many notable gatherings. It had been carved out of the Rolling Dam woods, a wide circular space, with a track and a grand stand, correct and sportsmanlike. Here, at certain seasons, the countryside would gather, Gardiner, Hallowell, Augusta, Pittston, and adjacent districts. Here

STEPPING WESTWARD

you might see every variety of equipage, from the trotting sulky to the barouche-landau. Queer old gigs and chaises, Concord wagons, "Democrats," dogcarts—the present generation does not know the names of half of them.

"Look at that!" I heard a smart Augustan say once, waving his whip toward the entrance. "It's only your genuine old Aristocracy that can do that kind of thing!"

"That" was dear Uncle Hal, sitting sideways in his old buggy, his old buffalo robe round his feet (he never pulled it up short of zero!), Muff on the seat beside him, an old straw hat thrown anyhow on his silver curls, slapping the reins over Sancho Panza, and adjuring him to "Come up!" which Sancho would do when he was "good and ready," not before.

And then we of the grand stand would watch the shifting and juggling of wheels; the massing of dogcarts, Democrats and the rest round the magic circle. All clear! Out come the trotters, their drivers sitting on things that look for all the world like the water spiders I used to watch on the Valley brook, magnified a thousand times! A bell, a flag, a flash! They are off.

In winter the Kennebec was our race track, and the motley throng of wheeled vehicles was replaced by sleighs of every shape and variety.

LARGELY SOCIAL

There was a gay scene, indeed! The long silver ribbon of ice, the tassels, the furs, the flash and jingle of sleigh bells, the shouts and the laughter, the cracking of whips, and now and then, under foot, the cracking of the ice, a sharp report followed by long sighs and crackling whispers, disconcerting to the unaccustomed.

The river was not only our track, but our favorite highway, all winter long. A mile stretch was kept clear by the town; if the snow was not deep, you could drive as much farther as you pleased, up river or down.

It was not all play on the river, in winter time; up and down its length were scattered the ice houses, one of them directly opposite our house as we looked down the hill. These huge bulks of building, ungainly, white-painted, were blots on the landscape, that could not be denied; but when one came nearer, and watched the process of ice-gathering, here again seemed a world wonder. First the ice field was railed off, then grooved, a stout horse drawing a plough, with a sharp blade that cut through the whole depth of the ice; two feet, three feet, what do I know? I remember at an Oaklands party a cube of ice two feet square, so clear that one could read a newspaper through it. It made a beautiful centrepiece.

STEPPING WESTWARD

The cakes, then, some three feet long and two feet wide, were pulled along through the narrow canal made by the cutting to the shore, grappled by great hooks, drawn up in an endless gleaming chain, to disappear into the dim, sawdust-packed interior of the ice house. It was a fascinating thing to watch. I wave a respectful greeting to my husband's great-uncle, Frederick Tudor, who instituted the "Ice Business."

Not a word have I said about the Tudors, and my husband's own grandmother the sister of this enterprising gentleman! I must pause for a moment to salute the head of the house, Judge Tudor, whose handsome portrait by Stuart hangs at Oaklands, and who was Washington's private secretary and later Judge Advocate of the American Army; he who, Grandfather Gardiner tells us, "while stationed at Cambridge was in the habit of spending his evenings at Noddle's Island with your grandmother, to whom he was then engaged; swimming across the Charles River with his clothes on his head, and returning in the same way." Twentieth-century Leanders take notice!

N. B. A daughter of this worthy married Commodore Stuart; and being of highly romantic disposition, smuggled with the best intentions a prisoner of war aboard her husband's ship, without his knowledge. Commodore Stuart was

LARGELY SOCIAL

court-martialled in consequence, and thereafter in our Navy no wife was allowed to sail on her husband's ship. This lady's daughter, Delia, became the mother of Charles Parnell.

I turn a page of Grandfather Gardiner Reminiscences, and find that when Mr. Tudor first embarked upon the ice business, "the idea was considered so absolutely absurd as to be (thought) the vagary of a disordered brain, and few men would have been willing to stand the scoffs and sneers from those whose assistance it was necessary to obtain to aid him in the enterprise."

In my early years in Gardiner, the Hudson River crop was a matter of vital interest. If the season was a severe one and the Hudson crop was good, that was bad for the Kennebec. If, on the other hand, an open winter brought the failure of the Hudson crop, this meant a golden season for our own ice men. Fortunes were made, not great ones like the Tudor fortune, but moderate and sufficing ones, until the thing we call Progress brought artificial ice and all its consequents. After a certain time, the Kennebec ice business lapsed; the ice houses stood vacant for years, and then fell down, and their poor bones were dragged away for firewood; and so ended a chapter in the Story of Industry.

But the smelt-fishers still draw their harvest

STEPPING WESTWARD

from the Kennebec in winter. You may see their huts on the ice from December to March; and the beautiful, delicious little silver creatures, fresh from river to frying pan, are our chief winter treat.

CHAPTER VII

“SPIN, SPIN, CLOTHO, SPIN!”

THE years passed; the children grew up. Alice went to Smith College, the two boys to Groton School, then to Harvard. The nineteenth century drew toward its close. To outward view, it was a troublous close for the Yellow House.

For some years H. R. had been managing the paper mill single-handed. In those years paper-making went through the greatest of its many revolutions. The day of wood pulp was dawning; the day of rags was drawing to a close; and with it—or so it seemed—the romance of the ancient trade.

Linen clippings, “domestics,” “Blue Egyptians.” The old names bring back the old memories. I see the long, dim stretches of the mill, the huge vats in which miracle was wrought all day long, when that which was flowing liquid became under one’s very eyes solid, and paper. One thought of Fourdrinier starving in his garret, after giving his great machine to a world

STEPPING WESTWARD

which would none of it till he was dead and cold.

Moving among the machines, "tending" them in every conceivable sense, are men whose bright eyes and keen, thoughtful faces suit oddly with their shabby, chemical-stained dress and hands. A machine-tender must have not knowledge and skill only, but quickness of mind and eye and hand. Almost anything may happen in a paper mill. Witness the day when a workman of another trade, coming in thirsty to the cool, dim shed, saw a jug standing beside one of the great machines. To him, a jug connoted water; he raised it, and drank—oil of vitriol. Joe Mitchell, tending his machine, saw, and sprang; poured down "black oil" after the vitriol, and that life, a good and useful one, was saved.

Joe went back to his tending, crooning to himself the Paper Mill Song:

Gene, Gene,
Made a machine;
Joe, Joe,
Made it go;
Frank, Frank,
Turned the crank;
His mother came out
And gave him a spank,
And knocked him over
The grassy bank.

“SPIN, SPIN, CLOTHO, SPIN!”

There again is folk song for you!

I see those other rooms, where the ragpickers toiled over their multicolored heaps, in an air thick with dust and lint. I smile to recall how H. R., solicitous for their well-being, installed a system of ventilation which should keep the air fresh and moving; and how thereupon rose almost a mutiny, till the “things” were taken out again. The workers did not want fresh air; they wanted the good, thick, warm atmosphere to which they were accustomed. Sit in a draught? Not they!

“Blue Egyptians” were what their name implies—indigo cotton rags, dirty and odoriferous, yet with an aroma of romance all their own. There was no knowing what you might find in them; now a cabalistic seal; now a coin, mostly copper and silver, but sometimes gold; and once at least a diamond brooch, sewn into the skirt of a ragged coat.

“Finding’s having” is paper-mill law. The finder was a crippled girl, toiling to support her feeble mother. Happy day in the little cottage when Brother Frank handed her the price of the brooch, which he had sold for her in Boston—several hundred dollars.

Sometimes other things happened. Once a bale was received containing clothing of such fine

STEPPING WESTWARD

quality and so little worn that suspicion was instantly roused, and the bale set carefully aside till inquiry should be made. Not so carefully, though, but that a few "hands" peeped, handled, and appropriated some of the "good" clothes. The smallpox epidemic that followed is not yet forgotten.

It is hard to leave the old paper mill, so thick the memories and legends come flocking.

"Have you told about the eels?" asks H. R.
"Or the anchor ice?"

I had clean forgotten the eels. "Take the pencil and write!"

So he writes, and I quote:

Eels and anchor-ice have little enough in common, but both are anathema to the mill-man who depends on a north country river for his power. Some fine night in September, with the river in flood and thick with silt, his mill may come up all standing, and when he runs to find out what has happened, it is more than likely that the foreman will meet him with "it's them blankety blank eels." For eels choose dark nights during September freshets for their run to the sea and their breeding grounds off the Azores, and eels are tough (they used their skins to bind flails in the old days). So when a run of eels is drawn into a water-wheel they form a perfect brake, and the job of clearing the wheels after the eels have become "high" leaves much to be desired.

“SPIN, SPIN, CLOTHO, SPIN!”

Here rises the shade of old Thad Spear, and says, “Tell about me, too!”

Thad was a master mechanic, with a turn for invention. He took to making torpedoes, the Fourth of July kind; blew himself up one day, losing both hands and nearly destroying his eyesight. Nothing daunted, he took counsel with his friends the mill-owners, “John and Harry,” who procured for him an “easement” whereby he was allowed to put screens across the stream at certain times, and catch the eels above described. He packed them in barrels, “all alive, oh!” peppered them with soda to remove the slime; then, one by one, and in three successive motions of the stump which had been his clever right hand, clamped their heads down, administered a lethal tap, and stripped off the skin.

It was perfectly simple, H. R. says. The eels were next chopped in pieces, repacked in barrels, and shipped to the New York market, where they sold in such quantities as to support Thad and his family through many years. My greetings to you, valiant soul! and may the telling of your story help some crippled or despondent brother to take courage and find a way.

Now for the anchor ice, a phenomenon of intense interest. H. R. shall describe this, too:

STEPPING WESTWARD

The mill may come up all standing on some fine winter morning when the thermometer is 20° to 40° below zero, and the word is “anchor-ice.” The water in the river, exposed to such low temperature at some rapid where it cannot freeze over because of the swift current, is chilled to the freezing point and below it, until the whole body of water is full of ice-crystals, ready to build up a mass of icy sludge on every stick and stone they meet. They turn the dark water of the river to the color of *café au lait*, and sometimes block its flow altogether. Racks and water-wheels are choked, and the mill stops; but with a few hours of bright sunlight the river runs clear.

So there is a connection between eels and anchor ice after all, a connection which Aristotle did not know, though he knew a good deal about eels, and almost everything else.

By 1884 it became evident that if the Richards Paper Company were to live, its nature and its habitat must be changed. A pulp mill was built on the Kennebec at South Gardiner, about four miles from Gardiner proper, and here the new industry—new in this country; our mill being the first to introduce it—was vigorously carried on. Sulphite pulp took the place of rags; instead of the long, echoing sheds, and the vats and “rolls,” came “digesters,” huge iron containers in which the spruce logs, carefully selected, were “cooked” to pulp.

“SPIN, SPIN, CLOTHO, SPIN!”

Little romance here, perhaps? Nay, plenty of it. A spruce forest and a volcano; what more romantic would you have? Spruce logs, out on the upper Kennebec waters, rafted down river, “boomed,” run into the mill on a log haul, sawed to two-foot lengths, barked, chipped, and tossed into the digesters; is there no romance here?

Again, sulphur from Sicily, brought straight from Mount *Ætna* to New York, swift as steam could bring it. “Romance brings up the 9:15!” It was transferred to schooners, which in due time came winging up the Kennebec to the waiting pier. The task of discharging a sulphur-laden schooner was one which men attacked with mingled feelings. Sulphur dust was bad for the eyes, causing pain and inflammation; on the other hand, let Sicily—or New York—explain how it came about that in among the stinking yellow lumps were oranges, lemons, filberts, and blocks of brierwood for pipes. However it was, I am told that a sulphur schooner was unloaded “in record time.”

For some years the pulp mill kept on its stolid-romantic, efficient way, devouring, transforming, producing; then came tragedy.

In 1893, on a winter’s night, the pulp mill burned to the ground.

STEPPING WESTWARD

The years roll back. I hear the terror by night,
the shout beneath our window.

“Mist’ Richards! Harry! the mill’s afire!”

Man and horse, alike panting and sweating,
wait five minutes—or was it only three?—then
the three flash off into the night.

The hours passed. If I lived a hundred lives,
I could never forget my husband’s silent gesture
when he returned in the gray morning. All
down; all gone!

When the children were little, and their block-
towers fell in ruins about them, there always rose
a gleeful shout:

“Tummy down! Bee (build) up again!”

So now: the building hand never faltered; the
new mill rose again on the ashes of the old. Seven
years more, of toil and pain not here to be de-
scribed; and all the while the paper-making
world changing around him like the shifts of a
kaleidoscope, the great combination companies
relentlessly strangling the small ones. Finally,
in 1900, the Richards mill closed permanently.

It is not always—perhaps not often—given to
mortals to see the eternal distaff in motion; in
this case, looking back, the long, complicated
skein seems to unroll and disentangle itself.
Here were two people of normal intelligence,
one of them with all practical matters at his

"SPIN, SPIN, CLOTHO, SPIN!"

fingers' ends. Here were six children, also of normal intelligence: two boys educated at Groton School and Harvard College; the elder, two years before this, returning after college to Groton to take up his life work of teaching; the eldest daughter recently graduated from Smith College, taking up a similar work in our Gardiner High School; the second daughter opening a small private school in our own town, in which the youngest was a pupil. Here are three threads of the skein; the love of and capacity for practical matters, the love of books, and the love of teaching. To these add what I have already dwelt on, the passion for Nature and the works thereof, inherent and indwelling in all the Six.

This passion had been fostered, as they grew out of babyhood, by the annual summer month spent in a camp on Lake Cobosseecontee, of which H. R. was part owner. Here, even more than on the river, the children learned to row, paddle, swim, fish, and all the rest of it. Here, usually, for that happy month, "Uncle Bob" Richards was at the helm, while H. R. was at the mill, coming out for the week-ends; from him they learned more things, and yet more: things biological, chemical, metallurgical.

So here were the threads gathered together, laid ready for the distaff.

STEPPING WESTWARD

We wondered what we should do. We built cottages and castles in every manner of cloud. One of them was in North Carolina, and was concerned with pulp. Should we *in span und trek* once more, with those of the Six who had not already chosen their path? Settle among the great forests of Southern pine, and build another mill? But here was our Yellow House; here was the soil where our roots had struck deep; here—to H. R. and the children—was their own countryside, as native and dear as mountain to the hillman, as sea to the sailor. Would the roots strike elsewhere? It was a grave question.

Then, one day, came a thought. These things being so, how if, instead of going out among strangers, we were to bring strangers to us, to see, perhaps to love, the things that we loved? How if—since there was room enough in the Yellow House—we took in some boys, six or eight, or even ten, to teach them what we could?

We took this idea to our friend and our children's friend, the Reverend Endicott Peabody of Groton School. Was there anything in it, we asked: might there be some excuse for its being?

The Rector pondered, in his kind, wise way;

“SPIN, SPIN, CLOTHO, SPIN!”

then spoke. Words of fate, such as Emerson says we should always speak.

“Why not a camp for boys?”

Clotho twirled her distaff, and the spinning began; Lachesis laid her yard measure where she could put her hand on it; Atropos sheathed her scissors and went to sleep.

There were already two or three boys' camps: Mr. Balch's, Dr. Talbot's, perhaps others; there was none in Maine. The movement was in its infancy, but it was a promising infant, and its appeal to us was instant.

Years before, on a fishing trip, H. R. had come upon a spot that greatly took his fancy: a strip of forest bordering on Belgrade Great Pond, one of a chain of lakes dropped down like a Titan's necklace among the foothills of the Appalachian Range. He never forgot one of his “places”; they became his spiritual property: indeed, he is in this wise one of the largest landed proprietors in the country, Plymouth Grant and Kennebec Purchase being alike largely his own, with no taxes to pay. If there were to be a Camp, here was the place for it.

He went up river to see. All was as he remembered it: the long glacial ridge above the hanging wood of tall red pines and shadowy

STEPPING WESTWARD

hemlocks, the rocky beach facing the sunset, and the great hills all around. It was his place!

The actual owner was Llewellyn Stevens, locally known as Old Man Stevens. A superb figure of a man, partly Indian in descent, homely, upright, friendly. He was loth to part with any of the land his fathers had loved, over which they had hunted moose and caribou; but times were hard, and his strength not what it was. He and H. R. were friends at once; an hour's talk, and the bargain was struck, and the place ours. The first photograph we have of it shows the staking out of our claim, the giant figure of the old man bending over a stake, the new owner drawing a line. That was the beginning.

Next came the choice of a name; this was easy enough. During the last ten or a dozen years I had been writing stories for girls, two series of them, the "Hildegarde" and the "Margaret" books. In several of them there had been mention of a family of the name of Merryweather, whose summers were spent at a Camp somewhat resembling ours at Cobbossee. The closing volume, in which the various characters of the two series were brought together, paired off, and duly married, was named, "The Merryweathers."

I have often been asked: was the book named

"SPIN, SPIN, CLOTHO, SPIN!"

for the Camp? No! The Camp was named for the book.

On June 30th, 1900, Camp Merryweather opened.

CHAPTER VIII

MERRYWEATHER

Now all you bold Campers,
Come list to the song,
I'll warble to you
As we paddle along.

The first Merryweathers
To North Belgrade came,
With their gallant commander,
The Skipper by name.

MY husband's Camp title of "Skipper" dates far back of Merryweather; back to Green Peace days. One of my early books was dedicated to "The Skipper and the Crew." I have always claimed the title of First Mate, as my mother did before me. "There can be only one Captain in a ship!" she would say.

A long, low building, with two wings enclosing an ample porch; tents and cabins stretching away to right and left among the trees, pine and oak and birch; lake water lapping at its foot, and across the lake hills and mountains and sunset; this is Merryweather.

MERRYWEATHER

Come inside! Here is a long room, with a great fireplace occupying much of one side. Trophies on the walls: the Service Flag, with its hundred and fifty blue, its eleven gold stars; the Scouting Cup; the prize winners of the toy-boat races; the photographs of our soldiers in the World War; the piano, with its inscription to a beloved memory; precious drawings and cartoons by Gregory Wiggins, our Artist; for the rest, books, and again and everywhere, books. Along the walls, under the bookshelves, cushioned benches, where boys stretch themselves and read.

Except for various extensions and amplifications, there has been little material change since 1900. It is the same place; any first-year boy would recognize it; and—we hope and believe—the same spirit pervades it; the spirit of *team play*, of brotherhood.

Rules were laid down—not too many, we hoped. A camp, like a nursery, must be an Absolute Despotism.

“No whying, boy, but do as you are bid!”

These words might well be posted on the Camp door, beside the Camp and Water Rules, and the Horn Signals, with the words that follow them.

STEPPING WESTWARD

Two Toots Meals
Three Toots Swim
Four Toots Reading
One long Toot All In!
Hop when the horn blows!

The “Channey” describes succinctly the beginnings at Merryweather.

Now first there was one boy,
Sam Bennett was he,
And next came John Simons,
As brisk as could be.

And then there were ten boys,
And then there were twenty,
And ever since then
They’ve been coming in plenty.

For many years we kept strictly to the Twenty; witness the Camp Song:

Twenty boys together
Camping beside the lake,
Hearts light as feather,
Glad songs that wake.

Hurrah for the Merryweathers!
When midsummer days are long;
Hurrah for the Merryweathers!
And this be our opening song!

MERRYWEATHER

The first Faculty consisted of our eight selves, with one assistant: Skipper and Mate; our elder son, Henry Howe (Hal—Dick—Harvard '98), then in his second year of teaching at Groton School; John (Harvard '07), a Groton schoolboy in the fourth form (with no foreknowledge of St. Paul's School where he has now taught for twenty years); Alice, Rosalind, Julia and Betty. Seven of the eight were strong swimmers, good "watermen," skilful with oar and paddle. The Skipper had seen to that, with what untiring skill and patience!

Indoors, the daughters and I divided and shared the household tasks. Alice was chief musician, editor of the *Camp Log*, bow-paddler, baseball scorer—what else? Rosalind—the shorter list would be of the things she did *not* do. Julia was housekeeper; Betty (largely occupied in growing up!) filled a dozen necessary little places.

When Julia and Betty married,* Rosalind took over the housekeeping, and a succession of young girls came to fill the vacant places. Dear girls! how much we owe to you all! Your names, like those in the "Blessed Damosel" would be "sweet symphonies" indeed.

To return to the first summer. Our one assist-

* Julia to Carleton Anderson Shaw; Betty to Charles Wiggins.

STEPPING WESTWARD

ant was our “medical man,” Lawrence Henderson, then a second-year student in the Harvard Medical School; like the Only Son mentioned in an earlier chapter, “he was a lion.” A classmate of Mr. Dick (to give Hal the so-long-familiar name), he quickly became the friend and beloved companion of us all. We realized the promise which has been so brilliantly fulfilled, and counted ourselves highly fortunate in his comradeship. To-day, I look with something approaching awe upon the famous man of science, whose name shines with such lustre on the rolls of scientific achievement. I study the title of his latest book.

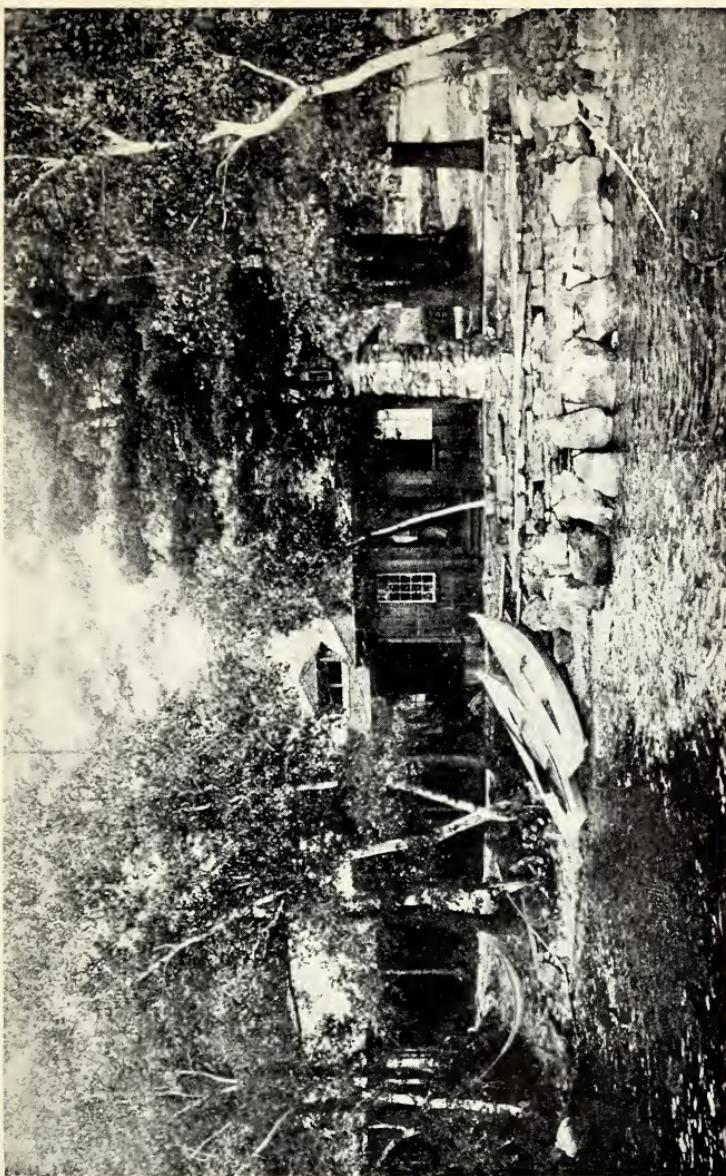
“Could I read it, do you think, Lawrence?” I ask meekly.

“No!” says the kind voice, “I am afraid you couldn’t!”

We exchange twinkles; I bow before a judgment which I should never think of questioning, and take up—say *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*.

“Come tell me how you live,” I cried,
“And what it is you do!”

The Merryweather Day has changed wonderfully little since 1900. At 6:30 A.M. the Skipper



CAMP MERRYWEATHER

MERRYWEATHER

wakes his Camp, a long, clear call from the slip by the boathouse. A moment, and out they come, boys, prefects, masters, tumbling from tent and dormitory, rubbing sleepy eyes. Into the boathouse—down the slip—splash! into the water all. This is the morning dip; not prolonged to a “swim,” for at 6:55 the warning bell rings, and at seven come the two long toots on the horn, and the “hop” for breakfast. This disposed of, each boy makes his bed and tidies his cubicle, perhaps with thought of inspection, of record on the door, of dormitory prize—perhaps not!

At 8:45 the horn again; all in; snatch a pillow from the bench; stretch out on the floor; dispose yourself to listen! A half-hour talk, mostly by Skipper; then reading aloud till 9:30. Then, strained attention while the Squad Master reads out the order of the morning:

Lamp Squad: Brown, Jones and Robinson.

Knife Squad: Smith and Green.

(Lively expressions of joy on the part of these gentlemen; their squads, though dirtier, are shorter than the others.)

Forestry Squad; Yard Squad. The work—though it is for the most part very well done—could easily be managed by older and more skilled hands; but it has been one of the Camp’s

STEPPING WESTWARD

principles to have the boys—so soon to be men—do their daily stint, their “bit” of the world’s work. Our graduates, out in the world, feel that Squad Work, done in small groups, boys and masters working together side by side, is one of the best things of Camp.

Boat and Canoe Practice—Ah, here is the real thrill! The boys selected fling themselves into their bathing suits (probably wet), and troop down the slip again for the hour and a half of work that is better than play.

In our efforts to make “Good Campers” (our highest praise!) of our boys, after the general principles of team play—and truth, and courage, and kindness—watermanship occupies the highest rank. We are here on a lake surrounded by hills and mountains: the winds are sudden, swift, treacherous; in two minutes a mirror may change to a tossing sea of spray. The boys must learn all we can teach them.

First, the swimming test, which must be passed before a boy may go alone in a boat, or may enter a canoe under any circumstances. Then, practice, and yet again, practice, under the eye of a skilled and experienced waterman. To handle a boat, to manage a canoe, in all seas and all weathers; this is the boy’s aim, in a general way. It is a thrilling moment for him

MERRYWEATHER

when he is promoted to “shell practice” in the delicate racing shells, gift of two Merryweather graduates; Harvard Varsity crew men who fore-saw possibilities for their University as well as their Camp.

But in the boy’s secret heart, what he wants, what he dreams of passionately, is to pass the Canoe Test. For this you must have a “two-reef breeze”; nothing less will answer. You paddle standing up (in H. R.’s youth the Maine Indians always carried two sets of paddles, one for sitting, one for standing), out into the teeth of the wind, on either side of you a boat manned by two strong oarsmen, ready to pick you and the canoe up if you capsize; round one buoy, then another; then you turn homeward toward the float, where an eager group in oilskins is watching and waiting. Halfway back a signal is given; you jump overboard *on the leeward side*; climb back into your canoe; stand up once more, and paddle in to the float greeted by a roar of delight which you have no breath to echo.

This test passed, you are a “canoe-man,” and may take charge of a canoe.

To return to our Day.

Eleven is the great hour of the morning. “Three toots: Swim!” A brief setting-up exercise, then into the water, all. Who needs descrip-

STEPPING WESTWARD

tion of a swim in summer water under a New England sky?

Dinner (with Macbeth's requisites); then reading again, the boys stretched under the trees in the Pine Parlor, I erect against a tree. First the poem, with the old favorites always in demand. "The Cataract of Lodore," "The Old Navy"—I wonder how many times I have read these! Then Scott or Dickens, for a peaceful hour; the Faculty meantime studying wind and sky, planning the afternoon cunningly and well.

Baseball once a week, in pretty much any weather: on rainy days Soccer, or "Prometheanism"—fire-building in small groups, followed by potato-cooking, the different little fires glowing and sparkling (or merely smoking—an axe and ten matches is all the aid allowed the boys' five wits) here and there among the dripping woods.

But the Camp's main activities are on the water, among the cluster of lakes set under the wall of the Rome hills, connected, or with carries just long enough to add zest to the trip. (N. B. The carry of the *Ouananiche's* 600-odd pounds, out, over, and in again, in trip-hammer time and speed, is one of our proud accomplishments.) Long Pond, Little Pond, North and East Ponds, McGraw Pond, Ellis, the smaller Swamp Emeralds, Beaver, Hamilton, and tinier jewels with-

MERRYWEATHER

out name: Bog Brook, the lovely little six-mile forest river known as Meadow Brook, the blue hills beyond, Rocky Mountain, Muskrat Mountain, Beaver, Phillip, and the longer triumph of distant York Hill, with the Sandy River Valley spread at its feet, and the Rangeley and Dead River Mountains towering up in the jewel-clear air; the trips culminating in the twenty-seven-mile conquest of river and lakes that we call Round the Horn—every paddle stroke, every step of every climb, alive and tingling with adventure.

(Morning: the boats out and off: in twos and threes, or with the Fleet's full complement: flash of oars and paddles, flags lessening over the water.)

But when the northwest wind blows fresh and steady, and the pines are tossing along the shore, and the ripples murmuring on the stones, a feeling of unrest creeps into the Camp. Boys whisper in groups, making lists, comparing notes. Masters look grave, and watch the sky more intently than ever. At afternoon reading the restlessness grows; it is hard for the youngsters to listen even to *Pickwick* or *Woodstock*. And when at 2:15, no second more or less, the Skipper comes, silent, and holds up a list written in his own careful, beautiful hand, a shout rises

STEPPING WESTWARD

which no Wizard that ever wrote could still.
Scouting!

This game, first played in 1904, this mimic war, so long waged on the Scouting Ridge, has proved of such enduring and precious qualities that I must be forgiven for lingering over it; not to describe the modifications brought by time and trial, but because of the things that have come from it.

In 1917, the Harvard R. O. T. C., gathered in camp at Cambridge, was subjected to rigid and searching discipline and inquiry. Among these young men, a certain number stood out so markedly in all scouting and kindred activities that some high official was interested enough to look into the cases of these men, and see what special training they had received. One and all proved to be Merryweather graduates. The official had never heard of Camp Merryweather, but I have understood that he was impressed.

These young men went with their fellows overseas, and on the battlefields of France met the fortune that was to be theirs. One scene is bitten into my memory, almost as if I had seen it.

When the company in which our John was a lieutenant was checked by severe machine-gun fire, he took a squad of men with the idea of flanking one of the German guns. While they

MERRYWEATHER

were crossing a road, another machine gun opened up, firing straight down the road. He ordered his men to fall flat in the ditch, nose to ground. The German gunner evidently saw them, and lowered his aim. As a result, the bursts came so close to them that the one man who dropped with his head on his arms instead of nose to ground, was killed by a shot through the forehead. They lay thus for some minutes (or so it seemed), then rolled across the road to shelter. As another man in the squad had been wounded, and as their company had retired, they followed suit. But "nose to ground" and rolling are both tactics of the Scouting Game.

My son felt that the Game had saved his life, beyond question. Augustus Aspinwall, perhaps the keenest Scout we ever had, who some months later was to give up his bright young life leading a charge in France, said the same thing; nor were these the only ones.

Another corollary of the Scouting Game is interesting in a different way. One summer we were so fortunate as to have for Camp Tutor Remsen G. Ogilby. The future President of Trinity College, Hartford, was an excellent Scout, and deeply interested in the game. When, several years later, he founded the Baguio School for officers' sons in the Philip-

STEPPING WESTWARD

pines, he introduced the game there, finding that it suited the hills and valleys of Luzon as well as the rocks and ridges of Maine. It proved a great success; a few years later it was spoken of (not, it is needless to say, by "Herr Ogilby" himself), and perhaps introduced in some places, as a new and wonderful Philippine game.

I cannot condense into the limits of one chapter—or one volume—the story of thirty happy summers. No! but I can recall one or two scenes, repeated—in substance—year by year, and become an integral part of our life at Merryweather.

A Scouting Game, then, as a bird—or an aviator—might see it. The gathering of the two parties, Algonquins and Iroquois, at the two bounds, half a mile apart, with hill and field, wood and shore between; the khaki-clad figures, tense, alert, waiting the signal. On the Scouting Ridge, the Skipper seated, watch in one hand, towel in the other. He mounts the Scouting Rock, from whose height he is visible to both parties, hidden from each other; and a whisper passes through the waiting ranks like a wind through grass, "Skipper's up!"

A moment which might hold hours of ordinary waiting, then—the towel waves!

They are off; the Guards each to his station,

MERRYWEATHER

beside a rock, in the branches of a tree, in a raspberry bush; the Scouts rushing like flame up the two sides of the steep hill, along its flanks, crawling like lithe brown snakes amid the sweet fern, reconnoitring from behind rock or tree. Dead silence for a time; then, at intervals, a "shot," the name of a combatant shouted aloud by one of the opposite party, who has seen and recognized him.

"Smith!"

Smith rises promptly; turns his khaki cap inside out, the white lining showing that he is a corpse, and makes his way sadly to the top of the hill to report, "Killed." Perhaps also, he can say proudly, "Shot one" or "two."

Here and there the ripple of the sweet fern shows where a Scout is making his way toward the opposite bound, using every inch of cover, moving serpent-wise, swift and silent; he reaches the opening, still crouching, runs to the bound, touches it, and back to the safety of the sweet fern again. If he does this without the deadly shot ringing in his ears, he has made a run, and so reports proudly at headquarters.

And then, in the evening, if it is Sing-song evening, they all sing the Scouting Song, to the tune of "The Warwickshire Hunt."

STEPPING WESTWARD

“What ho,” says the Skipper, “the wind is due west,
And the white-caps are tossing so free,
The breezes are shaking the pines on the crest,
And what better day can there be?
Algonquin and Iroquois, hey!
Come summon your warlike array!
For the cup is to win, and the game’s to begin,
And we’ll all go a-scouting to-day!”

CHORUS:

We’ll all go a-scouting to-day!
The braves are a-thirst for the fray!
So we’ll sharpen our darts,
And we’ll strengthen our hearts,
And we’ll all go a-scouting to-day.

Happy the noncombatants who see the game;
visitors, unless they are graduates, are not allowed on the Scouting Ridge.

I cannot leave the game of games without a word of the great Scouting Cup, of hammered copper, ringed with arrow-heads bound on with silver, given in 1907 in memory of Moulton Bartlett, by his parents. The bracket at one end of the big room belongs to the Algonquins, that at the other to the Iroquois: if the season be a tie, the Cup remains for the year in the middle of the mantelpiece (and nobody is pleased except me!).

MERRYWEATHER

At supper, on the last evening, after the presentation of the Cups—the three dormitory cups, for the three best kept cubicles; the Track and Field cups, the Single Shell cups, and, most prized, the Canoe Cup—the two Scouting Captains rise from their places. The Captain of the losing side lifts the Cup down from its place, and gives it to the winning Captain, the right word is said on each side, and it is filled and passed round for the Toasts: ending in the silent toast, all standing, to the memory of those who have gone before.

Another picture! The Beacon, the stone tower raised by Merryweather graduates in memory of their comrades who fell in the World War. A bronze tablet bears the eleven names; when day is gone, the Merryweather Light seems to throw something of their brightness over the quiet water.

Sit with me on the broad stone seat at the foot of the tower. The sun is setting behind Mount Royal, and it is time for the All-Day Expedition to return. Already the Skipper is glancing at his watch, and then out over the pond, all rose and gold in the evening glory. Far off, against the black of the hills, a spark flashes, disappears, flashes again.

“They are coming!”

STEPPING WESTWARD

In the broad patch of gold some tiny specks are seen; presently they are black spots, all a-row, the middle one larger than the rest; nearer they come, and yet nearer. Now we can distinguish the stately *Ouananiche*, the war canoe, our pride and delight, with the canoes and the "Rangeleys" on either side.

"Keep the line!" We cannot yet hear the order, though we know it is given, as the Merryweather Fleet comes sweeping over the water toward us. But presently, from the bow of the *Ouananiche* a clear powerful voice lifts up the "Skye Boat Song," and we know that Alice, after the long day of climbing and paddling, is still leading easily.

"Speed, bonny boat, like a bird on the wing!"

Is the voice silent now, or is it merely we who do not hear?

Still another voice speaks to me, that of a Greek poet of long ago.

Dead, my first-born? No! to a better country departed,
Living in happy islands that know no maid so light-hearted,
There thou goest rejoicing along the Elysian pasture;
Winter nor chills thee, nor summer burns, nor sickness makes sorry.

MERRYWEATHER

Yet one more picture! The last Sunday picnic of the season, at Hemlock Point. The great hemlocks tower and bend over a grassy space near the end of the rocky Point; the sun has gone down, and though the west still glows with ruby and amethyst, the chill is creeping into the air, and the campers gather eagerly round the fire that blazes between its blackened stones. Bread, cheese, marshmallows, have been toasted on forked sticks and devoured, soot and all; the sandwiches, the doughnuts, the chocolate, are gone; the "Brothers" draw long breaths of happy repletion.

"All round for singing!"

The circle arranges itself; the boys sit up; Alice in the centre, erect, ardent, leads off; it may be in the old carol that Cornish fishermen have sung for generations at Christmas time; boat answering to boat across the bay:

"I have a song to sing you!"
"What will you sing me?"
"I will sing you one, oh!"
"What is your one, oh?"
"One of them is all alone,
And ever will remain so."

The rounds follow, and "John Brown's Body," and I know not what else; the chiefs begin to

STEPPING WESTWARD

consult watches and look at the baskets. Now comes the last song; this in my own slender pipe, the strong, fresh young voices answering in chorus. Here are the closing verses:

Oh! Brothers dear, the world is wide,
And storm and shade must fall;
From wind and wave we may not save
The dearest of you all.

But yet—but yet—ah, ne'er forget,
In tempest or in night,
That clear and true still shines for you
The Merryweather Light!

Dear Boys: you whose Canoe Test is still before you, who have still something to learn about Scouting; and you who come back from year to year, as prefects, masters, tutors—or as fathers!—my loving greeting to you all! Some of you come laurel-crowned; the good physician, the learned professor, the teacher—many teachers, thank God! some of them Heads of Schools, no less!—the keen man of business, the architect, the poet. . . .

One and all, you are Merryweather Boys; for one and all still shines the Merryweather Light.

CHAPTER IX

AUTHORSHIP

ALL this time I had been writing books. My first book was published in 1880, *Five Little Mice in a Mouse Trap*, a book which I am glad to find children still reading. The children in it were for the most part as imaginary as the Man in the Moon, who in his own fantastic way (I was nothing if not fantastic in those days) tells the story; yet there may be traces here and there of my own children's words and ways, possibly of those of myself and Brother Harry, twenty-odd years before.

This was followed in 1881 by *Sketches and Scraps*, the only one in which H. R. and I worked together, he illustrating the rhymes as I wrote them. In a moment of folly, now hardly credible to me, I consented, some years later, to the destruction of the plates of this book, and have regretted it ever since. The pictures were in bright colors, and had a quality of their own which endeared them to children.

Next came, in 1885, the editing and largely

STEPPING WESTWARD

the writing, of *Four Feet, Two Feet, and No Feet*, a venture into the realm of natural history, where I did not really belong. In the same year I wrote *The Joyous Story of Toto*; and the year after, *Toto's Merry Winter*. These books, which I count among the best I have written, have a special little sad interest for me.

Not long before that, my baby died, my little Maud, a creature so bright and sweet that her sudden departure—less than two days from rosy health to the last breath drawn in my arms—left a blank that at first nothing could fill. H.R., my tower of strength, did not fail me; the other children were dearer than ever; sweet Myra Sawyer helped them and me through the first days and weeks. All would not do; I must have work. So I wrote—I hardly know how—these two little merry tales. It was a great relief and a great help.

It was in 1889 that I began upon the series of so-called “girls’ books,” which were to occupy a good deal of my time for the next fifteen years. The “Hildegarde” books, the “Margaret” books; I do not know that I have anything special to say about these. The later ones are better written than the earlier ones; if I were twenty years younger, I would write *Queen Hildegarde* over again.

AUTHORSHIP

Meanwhile the “Hurdy Gurdy” was usually ready at my call, and poured forth any quantity of nursery rhymes. When rhyming is in the blood, anything may bring on the fit. Witness a day when I sat cowering over the fire, shivering through the first stage of Influenza. In sheer misery I rocked to and fro in my seat; and so rocking, began to croon, words and tune coming together.

A poor unfortunate Hottentot,
He was not content with his Lottentot;
Quoth he, “for my dinner,
As I am a sinner,
There’s nothing to put in the Pottentot!”

The actions and the fate of my Hottentot unrolled before me. I finished with a moral:

This poor unfortunate Hottentot,
Had better have borne with his Lottentot:
A simple banana
Had staved off Nirvana,
But what had become of my plottentot?

and felt better for the exercise.

In 1890, these rhymes, together with the early ones from *St. Nicholas* and those contained in *Sketches and Scraps*, were collected and published under the title of *In My Nursery*. This

STEPPING WESTWARD

book, dedicated to my dear mother, has always been one of my favorites.

1890 was to see yet another book, in speaking of which I must pause a little.

When we came to Maine, H. R. did not entirely give up architecture, the profession of his heart. He built a number of houses in the first ten years of our life in Maine, among them one for Mrs. Charles H. Dorr, at Bar Harbor. Mrs. Dorr was an old and intimate friend of my mother's, having been engaged in early life to my mother's brother. She was always a kind friend to us both. When the house was finished, she asked me to make her a visit. I well remember how one day during this visit, sitting on the rocks below the house, and looking out to sea, I saw a distant lighthouse, and began dreaming and wondering as to what life might be in such a place.

So, up out of the sea, as it were, came to me the little story called *Captain January*. I wrote it quickly, and was rather pleased with it, but when I took it to my publishers, they would have nothing to say to it. It was too short for a long story, too long for a short story; very sorry, but not in their line. I think this story went to every reputable publisher, or to all that I knew about, in this country, and to several in England. No



Laura E. Richards and Henry Richards in later life



AUTHORSHIP

one would have it. Instructed, and rather sorrowful, I put the little manuscript away in a drawer, still feeling that it had some elements of possible success. A year or two later, I chanced to meet Mr. Dana Estes, Sr., with whom I had a pleasant personal acquaintance. He asked me what I had been writing.

"Nothing," I said, "except the little story that you refused."

And then, perhaps seeing some interest or sympathy in his kind face, I said,

"Mr. Estes, would you be willing to read that little story yourself, and give me your personal opinion of it?"

It was much to ask of a publisher, but he kindly consented. That was forty years ago, and *Captain January* still heads my list of sales.

I tell this for the encouragement of young writers whose manuscripts come fluttering home to them, unwelcome fledglings, not wanted in the nest.

Not long ago I went to see the film version of *Captain January*. I was displeased at the interpolations and adaptations, but the child actress, Baby Peggy, won my heart. At one point, sitting alone in the friendly darkness, I laughed aloud. It was where, after a truly beautiful representation of the storm, the lighthouse, the

STEPPING WESTWARD

old seaman with the rescued child in his arms, the scene suddenly changed, and showed the lighthouse in broad sunlight, the sea at its feet calm and sparkling and covered with—pelicans! The scene, which in tempest might perfectly well have been the coast of Maine, had had its fair weather rehearsals, at least, in Florida.

I wrote not only jingles, but short stories, for *St. Nicholas* and for my good friend of many years, the *Youth's Companion*. In 1891, these little stories, together with all the rhymes written after the publication of *In My Nursery*, were published under the title of *Five Minute Stories*; this to be followed in due course of years by *More Five Minute Stories*, and *Three Minute Stories*. These, like the jingles, were all for little children.

My next venture, in 1893, was *Melody*, a highly sentimental little tale; and that same year, *When I Was Your Age*, a book of reminiscences of my childhood and that of my brothers and sisters. Stories of the *Captain January* length having seemed to justify themselves, I wrote a number of others, *Marie*, *Nutilus*, etc., all of which appeared sometime in the Nineties.

Before I leave this period, I must relate a little episode that always amused me greatly.

AUTHORSHIP

A friend of my daughter Betty's, living in a neighboring town, came by invitation to spend the week-end with us. A sweet, well-mannered child, she seemed to enjoy her brief visit, and left us with smiles and cheerful words; but when her mother asked her how she enjoyed the days at the Yellow House, her face fell.

"I had a nice time," she said, "but, oh, Mother, Mrs. Richards didn't have *one grand moment* while I was there."

I have often wondered what this dear child expected me to do; whether she expected me, like Miss Havisham in Pip's vivid imagination, to sit in a black velvet coach, and wave a flag out of a window.

All this time, while the songs and stories were coming faster than I could write them, I was engaged on a work of far different nature, and one of deep importance to me; the work of editing the letters and journals of my father. I began to prepare for this work the year after his death, in 1876. The first volume appeared in 1906; the second in 1909, when I gave it to my mother on her ninetieth birthday. This long delay seems now hardly explicable, even to me. It was not only the child-bearing, nursing, rearing; nor yet the story and rhyme writing, which, be it understood, was an important factor in the

STEPPING WESTWARD

family budget. It was partly my dear father's grabbed handwriting, which would often disable my eyes for weeks or months at a time. There were long days of deciphering letters and reports in the archives of the Perkins Institution; in the upper room at the State House, already alluded to, where the letters and papers of the Civil War were preserved; and in reading his diaries and letters of the Greek War of Independence, 1826-30. However it was, so it was. The most important literary work of my life was thus scattered over twenty years, and by the time it appeared, a generation had arisen that knew not S. G. H. or his works.

During later years, I have written several little novels. When I first "commenced author," I thought I could not possibly do anything of this sort; I could write for children or for girls, but the tender passion was beyond me. Well, I have accomplished even that after a fashion. I hardly know how it came about; partly, no doubt, because life was growing always fuller and richer. I overflowed my banks!

For another thing, I was learning *to see*. The rhymes and jingles, the nursery tales, even the girls' books, were cobwebs spun more or less out of my own brain. But here, all around me, were people living and moving and having their

AUTHORSHIP

being; New England people, strong and humorous and kind, all living lives of intense interest, all with stories to tell. Here was a speech so vigorous and racy, so full of quaint and delightful idiom, that every linguistic fibre in me cried out to preserve it, to write down the words that sounded all day in my delighted ears.

I could not walk along the street, but incident and anecdote jostled me.

A farmer, in town for the day, standing beside his horse, who shakes a disapproving head over his nose bag.

“Wal!” says the man, “I can’t wag your jaws for ye!”

The neighbor—long dead—who told of a stranger wooing and winning his daughter Ida.

“What gits me,” he said, “is what he see in Idy!”

That went straight into *Mrs. Tree*, the second of the little novels above mentioned. The first was *Geoffrey Strong*, the story of a young physician in a New England village. In the course of it I described a village tea party, and among the guests an old lady with twinkling eyes and a cap suggesting the Corinthian Order. This was Mrs. Marcia Tree. She appeared suddenly, unexpectedly; I see her as clearly as I see the friend I met yesterday. *Geoffrey Strong* dis-

STEPPING WESTWARD

posed of, she intimated that she too had a story to tell; there must be another book, about her.

I wrote *Mrs. Tree* mostly at Camp, sitting about under trees, with the Boys running all about me. Nothing mattered; it was really she who wrote the story; I merely held and guided the pen.

I had never known any one in the least like Mrs. Tree; but no sooner did she appear in print than I began to receive letters asking how and when I had known the writers' grandmothers or great-aunts. One lady, after kindly praising my life-like portrait of her husband's great-aunt, Mme. Du Chêne, commented on my skilful adaptation of her name: "Chêne—Oak—Tree!"

Again, driving through Hankerson's Woods (they went into a story too, be sure!) my friend the Neighborhood Nurse—not to be confounded with District or Hospital Nurse—pointed out to me the farmhouse where she had nursed one of twin brothers, who, living under one roof, were not on speaking terms with each other. I never saw these gentlemen, but they took instant shape for me in Samuel and Simeon Sill, and I had great fun in combining their story with that of Calvin Parks, master mariner and candy-peddler.

AUTHORSHIP

Then, I took to writing fables, two volumes of them, *The Golden Windows* and *The Silver Crown*. These, like *Mrs. Tree* and *Pippin* and *The Squire* and all the rest, must speak for themselves. I count them my best work. Later still, at the request of a friendly publisher, I began to write short biographies of famous women. There are five of these, beginning with *Florence Nightingale* and ending with *Laura Bridgman*.

In the years following my mother's death in 1910, her *Life and Letters*, written in collaboration with my sister, Maud Howe Elliott, occupied much of my time; a labor of love, if ever there was one. I did not know how to stop!

All of which leads up to an anecdote which I tell with unfeigned pleasure.

The head of the Maine State Library, Mr. Henry E. Dunnack, had the pleasant thought, some little time ago, of forming a State collection of the works of Maine writers, the books to be inscribed by the authors, and kept in a special repository. I responded cheerfully to a request for sixty-odd inscriptions (I must briefly say, by way of apology, that many of the books are very small indeed, and would to-day be naturally treated as short stories); the books were collected and inscribed, and then sent to the State Library. The box was a good-sized one,

STEPPING WESTWARD

and a State House workman was deputed to open it. As volume after volume appeared, the good man asked,

“What *are* all these books, anyway?”

He was told that they were all the works of one woman.

“Gosh!” he said, “see what a woman can do if she stops talking!”

CHAPTER X

GARDINER TOWN

I SHOWED in the beginning—or tried to show—that Gardiner was in old days an Interesting Place. Not merely a pretty river town, to be viewed with approval by the motorist; not merely a thriving community with churches, schools, factories, and whatever else thrift connotes; but a place of character and quality all its own.

The early settlers of Gardiner were a stiff-necked people. Dr. Sylvester had many a tussle with them; his gentle and long-suffering grandson had even more. All that is long forgotten; and yet—these early acrimonies may be partly responsible for a certain toughness of fibre, a certain unwillingness to bend, characteristic of the place to-day. Gardiner will not be *put upon*, in our telling New England phrase. She will have her way; and generally speaking it is a good way.

Years ago, after some civic or social cataclysm, I was talking with the late Henry John-

STEPPING WESTWARD

son, the beloved Professor of French and Romance languages at Bowdoin College. He was a Gardiner boy, a graduate of our High School, and a faithful lover of his native town. Telling him of the recent crisis, I said thoughtfully,

“I wonder why it is that we are so often in hot water here; that so often a *tussle* of some kind seems to be necessary to the life of the place.”

Professor Johnson laughed his kind, pleasant laugh.

“Why, Mrs. Richards,” he said, “don’t you know that Gardiner is a *fighting town*? It has always been so; it was so in my father’s time, and in mine.”

He went on to say that this quality had its value.

“Now Blankton,” he said, alluding to another community, “never quarrels. She isn’t awake or alive enough.”

In the light of this dictum, and of many memories of my own, I cannot doubt that Gardiner is pugnacious, but this very pugnacity is part of her strength. Not only can she resist that which she disapproves, but she can further and accomplish that which commends itself to her. I have always said, “Gardiner can do any-

GARDINER TOWN

thing she wants to do, if she only wants it enough"; in these fifty years I have seen this proved over and over again.

I remember how, perhaps twenty years ago, a wealthy and generous son of Gardiner wished to give the city a house of his, to be used for a hospital. It was an ample and substantial building, facing the river, on high land; no situation could have been better. He would give house and land if the city would do the rest. He asked me to see what could be done in the matter, and I talked with a number of people. One excellent and representative man said, "If So-and-So wants to save taxes on that property, he can do it; I don't feel called upon to help him."

The general feeling was that, in the first place, there was no need for a hospital; in the second place, if So-and-So wanted to give a hospital he was fully able to do it. I was obliged, with much chagrin, to report to the gentleman that the project seemed impracticable at the moment.

It was not time! You cannot hasten the wave of progress; neither can you keep it back. When Gardiner was ready for her hospital, she had it, and now people cannot imagine how we ever lived without it.

The fight for the Library! The fight for the

STEPPING WESTWARD

High School! The fight for the District Nurse! Strenuous combats all, waged with fiery ardor. We won them all, and every one was glad; for—is this unusual, or merely human?—the opponents were just as good people, just as loyal citizens, as the proponents, only not quite ready for the oncoming Wave.

The Library contest brings back the beloved figure of Leverett Bradley, for five years Rector of Christ Church, Gardiner; a strong leader and worker in all that was helpful and progressive. He had married my friend and cousin, Susan Hinckley; the two brought a fresh flame of spirit and enthusiasm into parish and town; without “Parson Bradley” we might have waited some years longer for our Library, though we should have got it in the end.

We all worked, of course, as hard as we knew how. H. R. contributed the plans, and all that is included in the office of “clerk of the works.” There were the usual balls, fairs, tableaux, entertainments of every description.

The money was raised; the building followed. To-day, when by a single gesture a public-spirited modern Aladdin brings into being the long-desired Children’s Annex, we elders, with all our delight and gratitude, cannot resist a backward glance at the days when—brick by

GARDINER TOWN

brick, it almost seems—the main Library was raised.

Two pictures of Parson Bradley come to my mind; one, standing on the platform of the Lecture Room (now the Parish House), leading the singing, clapping two hymnals together to mark the time, power and good will radiating from every line of his slender, martial figure.

The other picture also shows him standing, this time at the foot of his own staircase, watch in hand, one foot on the lowest step, his face aflame with—I *fear* it was anger, and I the object of it. I had urged Susan *not to take up the baby when it cried!*

"I'll wait five minutes more," says Parson Bradley (*parens ferox!*) "and then—"

Happily for me, before the five minutes were over the baby was asleep.

Leverett Bradley ran away at fifteen to enlist in the Civil War. His thirteen-year-old brother * followed him as a drummer boy; the two brothers were near together whenever it was possible, and the elder has told me of his anguish of suspense, after a battle, till he heard the boyish voice pipe up, "Hallo, Lev!" and drew a long breath of thankfulness, for himself and the mother waiting at home.

* The late Colonel Jeremiah Payson Bradley.

STEPPING WESTWARD

In *Pippin* (published in 1917) I have given as faithful a portrait as I could of Leverett Bradley, under the name of Lawrence Hadley. He died in what should have been the prime of his life and power.

It was by no means all fighting in those years, or all working; there was plenty of play. Who can tell, looking back at the shifting kaleidoscope of the years, just when or how the character of the play changed? By and by, instead of driving six miles to Augusta to play whist, we went to the History Class, just round the corner, men and women together; studied with ardor; wrote our papers with passion and read them with trepidation before a neighborly, friendly audience.

Those were good evenings. In time the History Class became the Current Events Club, and is as lively to-day as it was in the Eighties.

We—H. R. and I—joined the church choir, and sang for years and years. (When I recall the Great Blizzard of 1882, my first memory-picture is that of John Reed, the one-armed milkman, driving us to church in his little red pung, over the top of the fences, the only team out that morning.

“Late?” said the cab-driver to our friend the

GARDINER TOWN

physician. “*Late?* I’ve druv from Hell to Jerusalem to git here now!”)

We sang in the Choral Society, too; that was a great, though a short-lived joy. By the time the Maine Musical Society came into being, we were content to let Alice replace us.

Do people sing nowadays? I hope so; not in Choir and Society only, but at home, in the household, and the neighbor’s house round the corner. Nothing in the world can take the place of singing. Yes! I know that by pressing a button or turning a handle I can call the greatest prima donnas to “oblige”; I would rather see a girl in a white dress, standing by the piano, singing “Eileen Aroon”; far rather see the whole family gathered together, father and mother, boys and girls, and hear their voices ringing out in the songs that generations have loved and approved. I am thankful for radio and victrola; they are a great boon; but they are not the whole of music. Ask the birds!

In 1886 began for me a great pleasure which has lasted almost until to-day. My son Hal being then ten years old, it seemed well to gather some of his school and playmates together and make their acquaintance. I formed a little club, and named it the Howe Club, for my father. The boys—an exceptionally interesting group

STEPPING WESTWARD

—came to the Yellow House on Saturday evenings for an hour and a half. I read to them—first a poem, then Scott or Dickens for half the time; then there were apples—or peanuts—and games in many varieties, all with the pill of Information heavily sugar-coated. To give the boys something that school in its crowded curriculum could not give; to enlarge first their vocabulary and then their horizon; to show them the fair face of poetry; first and last to give them a *good time*; this was my ardent desire. If the boys enjoyed their Saturday evenings half as much as I did, I am content. Nine o'clock came all too soon for me.

There have been many successive Howe Clubs, through many years; it was only a year or two ago that I said good-by to the last group. I could not hear what the dear fellows said, and it really was no use.

When my mother was ninety, she was asked to "express the aim of life." After a moment's thought she said:

"To learn; to teach; to serve; to enjoy!"

This utterance comes more deeply home to me with every year; I realize more and more how these four aspects of life are linked together: how, whenever I have tried to teach, I have been the chief learner; and whenever I have tried to

GARDINER TOWN

serve, the chief pleasure has been mine. My Howe Club boys taught me much that I should never have known without them. So did the Civil War Veterans whom I visited weekly through many years in the hospital of the neighboring National Home. I did not realize at first that I was going to school. I thought merely to take a little brightness, a little cheer, into the dull hospital life. I read to the old men—at first—a merry short story, recited a brief, stirring poem; they listened kindly, responded civilly; but I soon found that what really interested them was to talk themselves. They were full of “tells”; what they wanted was an audience. So they began to teach, and I to learn, many things that I might otherwise never have known.

One lesson of patient endurance I can never forget. I never knew the name of the old man who lay so long waiting for death, paralyzed up to the throat, yet able to speak. One day I bent over him with some word of sympathy, all I could give or he receive.

“Oh!” replied the faint whisper, “*it might be worse!*”

When I came again, I saw the end was near, yet—foolishly, perhaps—I said something about seeing him again next week. Speech was past

STEPPING WESTWARD

for my old friend. The slight movement of head and hand, the solemn, upturned look. . . .

"In heaven!" No words were needed.

Some of the lessons were the reverse of improving; witness Mr. S. D.'s account, given with infinite gusto, of his wife's death.

"She said if I would marry this woman, her friend, she'd give me two thousand dollars. Wanted me to promise!"

"And did you promise?"

"Naw! I warn't goin' to tie myself up again. I'd been married thirty years, and that was enough!"

"Then—what *did* you say, Mr. D.?"

"I said I'd let her know in the mornin'. I knew she'd be dead by then, and she was."

Far from improving, Mr. S. D.!

But again, what heavenly lessons I learned from Berthold Fernow! This Polish scholar and fine gentleman had come overseas in youth, after a family quarrel, in search of adventure; served through the Civil War, was wounded and crippled, and for many years held an honorable position in the State House at Albany, New York, deciphering and copying early Dutch records. Age and infirmity had brought him to this National Home. "One may live well in a palace," says Marcus Aurelius. Berthold Fer-

GARDINER TOWN

now was as much at ease in his tiny room, in his wheel chair, as he would have been in a palace. He had his books, his writing materials; he asked no more. Kind and courteous friend, you taught me much that it was good to know.

For many years it was my happy fortune to be chairman of the Woman's Philanthropic Union of Gardiner, a body which brought together twice a year, for mutual counsel and support, the various benevolent societies of the town. To me there were no pleasanter afternoons in the year than those in which we listened to the reports of the good work done by the Church Societies, the Red Cross Chapter, the King's Daughters, and all the rest. Twenty-six societies were represented, which was doing pretty well for a community of five thousand souls.

I still hear the sweet, quavering voice of one of the Daughters (soon to pass to her reward) reading her report: so much from a food sale and supper, so much from a quilting party, to mend the parsonage roof, so much for flowers for shut-ins, so much towards the minister's salary—"And we have done it all unto the Lord."

Many progressive measures came to the birth in these informal and friendly meetings; among them that of the District Nursing Association. I

STEPPING WESTWARD

well remember that battle. There was, it was stoutly maintained, no need of a District Nurse. No one would employ her; she would interfere with the work of registered and "experienced" nurses; the arguments are familiar to all.

Our first District Nurse was Miss Charlotte Grant, the Little Soldier, as I loved to call her. Sturdy, faithful, indomitable, her image lives before me. Mounted on her bicycle, she sped hither and yon on her beneficent errands; was received at first with hesitating suspicion; then with mute acceptance; then with joyful gratitude. "Pioneers, O Pioneers!"

Miss Grant had been a missionary nurse in Turkey for seven years; Aintab was as familiar to her as South Gardiner to me. She liked the Turks, found them friendly and pleasant to work among. This was a wholly new view to my inherited Philhellenism, which had taken the Turk as "unspeakable," and let him go at that.

"Kurds are real nice, too!" said the Little Soldier meditatively.

I treasure her parting gift to me, a heavy brass inkpot and penholder combined, which a Thibetan lama had once carried in his belt. In a fight, she said, the lama would use this instrument as a weapon; indeed, I think in a strong hand it might crack a skull like an eggshell.

GARDINER TOWN

Following her came Mrs. Emily Bickford, another devoted woman whom Gardiner can never forget.

In the influenza epidemic of 1918, when her only adored child lay dying in another state, Emily Bickford stayed at her post. After a blizzard, wading in snowdrifts up to her waist to carry help to a stricken family in an outlying farmhouse, she overtaxed her great strength, and permanently injured her health, dying not long thereafter in the prime of life.

Beside her rises the pathetic figure of Violet Robinson, the young and lovely Superintendent of our Hospital; her, too, Death found at her post in that dreadful time, and plucked her like a flower.

A dreadful time. The worst moment of it for our household was when Alice volunteered to spend the night with a family of six, all desperately ill of the disease; this, too, on a lonely farm. No nurse could be found; what should Alice do but go? Mercifully she took no harm.

The wave flowed on, and still flows. To-day, District Nurse and School Nurse come and go in their neat car, indefatigable, occupied from morning till night. As officers of the Gardiner Public Health Association, in which the District Nurse Association is merged, they are the min-

STEPPING WESTWARD

istering angels not only of home and school, but of the Health Centre, where clinics are held, and all manner of good and necessary work done.

So Yesterday joins hands with To-day, and both look forward with cheerful resolve to To-morrow.

We know the face of Disaster, here in Gardiner. I recall a night when from our house the whole of "Methodist Hill" seemed going up in flames and smoke; a splendid and terrifying spectacle. How the town rose to it, hill rushing to hill, to fight the fire, to save the household goods, to proffer shelter and clothing to those whose homes were swept in a moment out of existence! I hear the Universalist bell now, ringing out on the still air, not in alarm only, but in cheer and encouragement.

"They are coming! Randolph and the New Mills, Hallowell and Augusta; the engines are coming!"

Disaster! A few years more, and we woke in the dark of an early March morning to listen to the fire alarm. A long blast; two short ones; again a long-drawn note whose desperate appeal brought every man in town to his feet.

FRESHET!

There had been much rain for several weeks. Now it had been raining for three days. The

GARDINER TOWN

day before, people looked anxiously at the river. The ice was three feet thick; surely it could not be in danger? This was only the first of March; it should hold for two or three weeks still; and yet—

Now, the level surface was breaking up into great masses, hurled hither and thither, tossed about like playthings by the frantic water, jostling off down river to pile up at Swan Island into a formidable jam.

There was no time to be lost. Every active man in Gardiner hastened to the "Street," and joined in the work of emptying the cellars. Boxes, bales, barrels, all were piled on ground floors and sidewalks, where safety seemed assured. They worked unremittingly, one eye on the task in hand, one on the water. By the time the cellars and basements were emptied of goods, the water stood in them four or five feet deep.

Then came a lull, and people began to draw breath. If it stopped there. . . .

A few hours later, the river began to rise rapidly, the down-rushing waters forced back by the jam below. The tide came lipping over the banks, slipping over the causeway, creeping into the street, into the stores; by noon Gardiner Town was afloat. In the Street, the water stood

STEPPING WESTWARD

seven feet deep, and boats were ferrying to and fro across Depot Square, at ten cents a trip.

"It was indeed a wicked sight!" says the local paper of the day.

My neighbor George, reading this to-day, shakes his head. "I was standing up on the desk in So-and-So's store," he says. "I stepped off that desk into a canoe, and went off down street."

Yet a few hours, and word came that Brown's Island boom, up Hallowell way, had broken, letting loose its thousands of logs.

"The Bridge?" we said; and in a moment the banks were lined with a dense crowd—every one in Gardiner who could walk—watching—waiting. It came! Round the bend appeared a bristling wall of logs, each log like a living thing, thrusting, driving, sweeping down on the old bridge. While we held our breath, it touched; the frantic logs seemed to leap up against the structure; then all melted together and swept away down river.

At the Cove, Lucy Tibbetts, the caretaker, saw it coming and called to her brother.

"Thomas,' I says, '*Gardiner Bridge is coming!*' He looks, and he says, 'Lucy,' he says, '*'tis so!*'"

GARDINER TOWN

At Swan Island, bridge and logs and all piled up on the ice jam, and there held.

A meeting was held; a committee appointed to break up the jam. My husband was one of the three, and by sunrise next morning was on the spot, climbing over the ice hummocks, over the bristling logs, to find the central knot of the jam. With him was a man who carried a load of harmless-looking yellow sticks; he was a dynamiter by trade.

At first, and for some time, the sticks remained harmless. The dynamiter grew impatient, put them in a pan and lit a fire under them. The sticks "caught" like kindling wood. Soon dynamite and wood were burning merrily, and, strange to say, harmlessly, together. At length my husband found the crux; the remaining sticks of dynamite were pushed down, tucked in, as in a well-laid wood fire. The fuse was laid, the match applied; the two men retired. Another instant, and the explosion came; the stubborn mass yielded, and groaning, creaking, thundering, ice and logs and bridge together "whirled headlong to the sea."

A fighting town? Ah, well! I could never deny that Gardiner was born with a chip on her shoulder. But it is a chip of good honest

STEPPING WESTWARD

white pine, the quickest wood to light and the warmest to burn.

If the flame of combat now and then flashes up, there is another flame that burns steadily in Gardiner Town, the clear, unquenchable flame of kindness. I have warmed my thankful hands at it through half a century, and it seems to grow brighter with every year.

Of course it is partly because Gardiner is that thrice-happy community, a small town. We know our neighbors—so far as we have the right to know them. We hear of their joys and their sorrows, and hasten to make them ours so far as we may. Life in a small town is like a layer cake. One gets the whole of it, frosted top, lemon filling and all. I must think that Gardiner has a flavor all her own, a something piquant, nourishing, delicious.

What of the plums in our cake? What of our neighbors? They are the best in the world, staunch and unfailing, in sorrow and in joy. I have never put them in my books while they were living. Nor—though Gardiner readers may find, here and there, a touch of this or that departed worthy—have I ever made, or wished to make, an exact portrait of any one. One doesn't do that. It would be folly, besides, since what one sees and hears and thinks about a fellow-

GARDINER TOWN

mortal is a small and perhaps unimportant part of his actual being. I am constantly finding out that my mental snapshot has been asquint or out of focus. I see, for example, a person of crabbed aspect, with the wrong kind of wrinkles, and a mouth that I don't like. "A curmudgeon!" I say to myself. Presently I find by accident that he is compact of many virtues, three parts unselfishness and one part shyness. The wrinkles come of pain cheerfully borne, the aspect of his mouth is owing to an ill-fitting set of teeth, and when he smiles on me the homely face is transfigured, and I go home beating my breast and crying, "*Peccavi!*"

"But in an old place like Gardiner there must be many 'characters'; people who are really individual and quaint?"

There are; many of them. I am beginning to realize that at eighty-odd I am one of them.

CHAPTER XI

A POSY OF FRIENDSHIP

IF I were to make a garland of my friendships, keepsake style, there would be no end to it; a posy is all I can attempt.

Four of my good friends were of Uncle Hal's generation and kinship: his sisters Eleanor and Henrietta, his sister-in-law "Aunt Annie Tudor," and his brother-in-law Richard Sullivan.

"Aunt Nelly" was the youngest of Squire Gardiner's children. Without the beauty of Anne or Henrietta—or the lovely Delia, who was tenderly and devotedly starved to death, that being the treatment of the day for tuberculosis; she, poor child, protesting piteously that she felt she would be better if she could have more to eat—without their beauty of feature and countenance she had charm and vivacity, and was, in the old phrase, "a fine figure of a woman," a daring and accomplished horsewoman, graceful in all her movements, with exquisite taste in dress.

A POSY OF FRIENDSHIP

By the time I entered the family all this was changed. She was Sister Eleanor of the Anglican Order of St. Mary, black-robed, white-coifed, dignified and stately; her residence, Trinity Hospital in New York, of which she was for many years Sister Superior. Of her faithful and admirable work there this is not the place to speak. It was here in Gardiner that I knew her, in the summer months she was wont to spend at Oaklands. We became warm friends. Her wit, sometimes trenchant, always gay and sparkling, her cordial, welcoming kindness, made it always a happy day for me when we met. I think of her most often in the garden, among the flowers she loved and tended.

“Aunt Annie,” wife of Colonel Tudor Gardiner, I seem to see in that upper room where she chiefly lived. “Uncle Tudor,” a handsome young officer of the Regular Army, had married her as an equally young widow, Mrs. John West, as charming and gay as she was lovely to see. The early years of their married life were spent at Western frontier posts, where the Indians came and peeped in at the tent flaps to see the White Squaw brushing her long hair.

Hardships and privations of which she rarely spoke did their work. The young Virginia

STEPPING WESTWARD

beauty bore her five children, without help beyond that of the sergeant's wife and the young regimental surgeon: her untrained fingers cut and made their (sometimes very quaint) clothes. When her husband was stricken down by arthritis, the result of exposure and over-exertion, there was no one but her to care for him; no nurses in those days on the frontier posts. She had not only to nurse and tend, but to lift and move the sufferer, helpless to move himself. Under the prolonged strain, her own health gave way, and when I knew her, she was permanently invalided.

Uncle Tudor, as I remember him, was a broken and suffering cripple in a wheel chair, gentle, courteous, patient. He passes soon out of my vision; but I sometimes wonder even now if Aunt Annie can really be dead. That upstairs room was an electric centre, from which radiated energy and gayety. *Laughter* is the chief connotation. The rosy, handsome lady in flowing black, with snowy cap and streamers, was usually in pain, often in acute suffering; that made no difference. If a groan began on her lips, it ended in a laugh. She laughed at everything and everybody! The laugh was often mischievous, often critical, never malicious. There was often very pretty sparring between



Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company

FOUR GENERATIONS

Julia Ward Howe, Laura E. Richards, Julia Ward Shaw, Henry Shaw
From a photograph by C. A. Shaw, 1907

A POSY OF FRIENDSHIP

her and the tall sons whom she adored, but had no idea of spoiling.

The great-nieces stood somewhat in awe of Aunt Annie; she kept a watchful Virginian eye on their manners, their looks, their attitudes.

"Rose!" I hear her say in a sharp whisper, with an admonitory gesture. "You show your shape!"

The child, whose petticoats were perhaps not evenly distributed, gathered herself together hastily. What would Aunt Annie say to-day—or was it yesterday? I salute you, gallant shade of an indomitable woman.

Henrietta Gardiner, who married Richard Sullivan, was the beauty of the family. When I knew her, the golden curls had given place to smooth silver bands, but the Grecian features and the rose-bloom held to the last. Warm-natured, impulsive, artistic, keenly critical (more so than was always to the taste of growing nephews), Aunt Etta was a delightful person to have for a friend. She and Uncle Richard were devotedly kind to me; I visited often at their house in Brimmer Street, Boston. Sometimes a child accompanied me.

My dear little son! can I ever forget the day when you opened the cupboard and found the lay figure from which Aunt Etta had been

STEPPING WESTWARD

painting, life-size, with crimson cheeks and staring eyes, doubled up in a way suggesting Murder? You spoke no word, but closed the door and came to me with a white face of terror. I flew to the cupboard.

"Dear," I cried, "it is only Mrs. Body! She is made of wood; come and look at her!"

So a bad moment passed.

Aunt Etta painted a good deal; published a volume of religious musings; loved music and books. She gave me my first copy of the *Golden Treasury*. She shared my love of the old ballads, and liked to have me sing them to her. This I enjoyed as much as she did, but I shall not forget my discomfiture when one evening she insisted on my singing to a company of artistic and literary friends whom she had gathered about her. My slender pipe did very well for the children or for an intimate friend; it was not suited for "occasions." I still feel the pang of dismay that came over me, as the firm, cheerful voice said,

"Now, Laura dear, you will sing the 'Marsh of Rhuddlan.' "

I did; there was nothing else to do; but the tragedy of the ancient song was intensified for me that time.

The Sullivans had no children. The bond be-

A POSY OF FRIENDSHIP

tween them was that which one often sees in childless couples; they filled all the places to each other, husband and wife, father and mother, brother and sister. When Aunt Etta died, one's first thought was, "Uncle Richard cannot live without her." Uncle Richard did live for many years. I think it was before her death that, stumbling over a root, when woodcock shooting, he shot off his right hand; not long after, his eyesight failed, and he became totally blind. He lived alone in Brimmer Street, save for the two faithful women, aunt and niece, who cared for him. Here it was my pleasure, and that of my children, to visit him from time to time. We always found the same beautiful, serene figure, sitting in its easy-chair, cigar in hand; we always received a welcome as warm as it was dignified and gracious. A week with Uncle Richard was a permanent possession, fragrant as lavender in the memory.

I read aloud to him the poems and stories that we both loved; we played backgammon, and he usually beat me. I gave him the numbers of his throw; his fingers hovered over the pieces, choosing, moving, with unerring care. And we talked; his talk was always interesting and vivid, always cheerful, almost always kindly. Yet he could be severe in his judgments. I hear the

STEPPING WESTWARD

calm voice say, "The trouble with Mr. Thackeray, my dear, was that he was not a gentleman."

It appeared that on Thackeray's first visit to this country, the great man had violated Uncle Richard's code of propriety by waving his long legs out of a cab window, while driving down Beacon Street, to express his delight at the large audience assembled at his first lecture.

This recalls a remark of Aunt Etta's about a lady at that time very influential in Boston society, of arbitrary and high-handed ways "My dear, there are some houses in Boston where she would not be received."

Uncle Richard was not always wholly consistent. Who is? His tastes were conservative. He was strongly opposed to the building of the Embankment and Esplanade, now the joy and refuge of the Back Bay. He could not see it, but it was an innovation, that was enough.

I learned from him many lessons, to be treasured through life. He was full of apt quotations, of wise proverbs and sayings. It was he who taught me:

If you would keep your lips from slips
Of these five things beware,
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

A POSY OF FRIENDSHIP

If you would keep your ears from jeers,
These things keep closely hid,
Both "I" and "me" and "my" and "mine,"
And what "I" said and did.

The greatest lesson that Uncle Richard ever taught me was no acquired or quoted wisdom, but that of his own heavenly mind. I was leaving him one day after a visit of some length. Looking back from the door, I saw the silver head bent in that indescribable patience, the serene look. I went back to his chair, and laid my hand on his shoulder.

"I don't like to leave you alone!" I said.

"My dear," said Uncle Richard in his firm cheerful voice, "you must never allow yourself to have any such thought as that. I am not alone; I have lived a great many years, and my mind is stored with beautiful things. As I sit here I unroll them and enjoy them." And he added, with his lovely smile, "Besides, you must remember that there are many advantages in being blind. My friends never grow old. There are no wrinkles or gray hairs for me. You tell me that your hair is turning gray, but I always see you in your wedding dress."

It was not far from 37 Brimmer Street round the corner to 148 Charles Street, to Mrs. James T. Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett. "The Tem-

STEPPING WESTWARD

ple of Literary Piety," that treasure house has been called. How many people recall with delight the long drawing-room, looking out at one end upon grimy Charles Street, thundering with its trucks, while from the other end one saw the lovely garden with its trees and flowers, and beyond it the blue water crisping in the west wind. With its beautiful stained glass windows, Mrs. Whitman's work, its open fire always burning, its perfectly chosen flowers, mimosas, it might be, or azaleas, lilies, and always roses, it was a wonderful room. Over the fireplace was the life-size portrait of Dickens in his youth, pen in hand, looking full at the fortunate guest, with his luminous, questioning smile. The other pictures were mostly portraits, too; engravings, all autographed, many with delightful and characteristic notes. And the books! Lining the walls from floor to ceiling, not in the drawing-room only, but in every room, every passage, upstairs and down, with often an extra row on the floor against the wall. Priceless books! Full manuscripts of several of the Waverley novels, autographed volumes of Dickens and Thackeray, all morocco bound, all preserved with an intensity of loyal devotion; there seemed no end to them. A treasure, indeed! One aches to think of its

A POSY OF FRIENDSHIP

being scattered abroad, house and garden gone,
only a fragrant memory left.

Mrs. Fields, as I most often saw her in later years, sat in her armchair by the window, her beautiful hair and delicate features framed in black lace, the kindest look of welcome in her dark eyes. She was resting, after long years of faithful and arduous work in many good causes. Boston will not forget that among other things she founded the Associated Charities.

Hoveling near her friend's chair was the other guardian of the Treasure House, the beloved Sarah Orne Jewett. The bond between her and Mrs. Fields was a strong one, indeed, since it would keep her half the year from the home and the sister she so tenderly loved. Much as I loved to find her in Boston, I loved better still to see her at home in Berwick.

But before I leave 148 Charles Street, I must recall one brief memory. Henry James was in this country, at the height of his fame, he whom the younger *literati* addressed as Master, at whose withdrawn shrine they worshiped. He came to dinner with Mrs. Fields one evening, and so did my mother and I. I can see the portly figure now, bending over my mother's

STEPPING WESTWARD

hand with a graceful speech, to the effect that one of the things he had most looked forward to in his visit to this country was the seeing her again.

“Don’t lie, Henry!” said my mother, who had known him from babyhood. The Master was staggered for a moment, I think, but only for a moment, and they went upstairs laughing together, like the good friends they were.

Pleasant though it was to see Sarah Jewett in Boston, it was pleasanter yet to find her in Berwick, the home of her people and of her heart, the village which, in spite of the “South” mistakenly tacked on to it, is the real “Barvick” of old times, history, legend and all.

The Jewett house, built by John Haggins in 1774, is the heart of the village. It stands at the corner of two streets; one of them is the main street, with its shops and markets; the other, on which the house fronts, holds the Post Office and a livery stable, and then carries with it, out toward the country, a pleasant stretch of scattered dwelling-houses. Here it has been my happy fortune for the last twenty years to make occasional visits, every one marked with its own white stone.

I began by going as my mother’s companion.

A POSY OF FRIENDSHIP

She and the "Jewett girls," Sarah and Mary, were great cronies, and a visit to Berwick was always a pleasure to her. They took their stand at once on her side, as opposed to anxious daughters and granddaughters. Mrs. Howe should do what she wanted to do; if she wanted plum cake and mince pie, she should have them; they would like to see the daughter who would prevent.

With Sarah and Mary Jewett she was like a girl again. I was allowed to join in their delightful play. She sat at the piano playing and singing old songs. Sometimes we all joined in, Sarah—I can see her now, standing by the piano, looking like a damask rose in a green velvet sheath—turning the pages with quip and jest. Sometimes she and Mary would sing snatches of Irish songs that old Delia had brought from Ireland.

Now all you pretty fair maids
A warning take by me,
Never to build your nest
In the top of any tree.

For the green leaves will wither,
And the buds they will decay,
And the beauty of a fair maid
Will soon pass away.

STEPPING WESTWARD

She's galliant, she's beautiful,
She's the fairest one I know,
She's the primrose of Ireland,
All for my guinea, O.
And the only one entices me
Is Irish Molly, O.

That is all I know, alas, of "Irish Molly, O," and Mary Jewett herself could recall no more. The wild sweet air seems to come from the very peat bogs of the Green Isle.

When I went alone to Berwick, there was less singing and merrymaking, but, oh, such happy days as I spent there! There were three horses in the stable: Sheila, Sarah's own special pet, Dolly and Molly, the fine little pair who went so beautifully together. There was a little basket phaëton, and in this Sarah would drive me all over the country that her readers know and love so well. She had a story or a memory at every corner. This hilly bit of road was "Witch Trot," along which an unhappy soul had been driven a hundred years before by outraged village dignitaries to meet her fate. Turning the corner by this pine grove—"only last summer as ever was"—she and Mary came suddenly on a Hindu Swami clad in brilliant yellow, twirling a parasol, surrounded by a band of admiring ladies. It may have been Vivekananda himself,

A POSY OF FRIENDSHIP

I do not remember; I only see the picture as Sarah gave it to me. These and many other strays came over from Greenacre, where religio-philosophical conferences were held for many years.

Mr. Francis O. Matthiesen, in his delightful *Sarah Orne Jewett*, has given something of the spirit of the house: the brick walk, box-bordered, leading to the beautiful doorway; the vista through the hall, to the back yard with its horse block and—as I recall it—its strutting white pigeons; the beautiful staircase which one never ascended without a thrill of pleasure in its grace and charm. In the room I have usually occupied, the paper had come over on a French prize. The walls are hung with portraits, many of them signed, of notabilities: George Sand, Ellen Terry, etc. There is nothing obtrusively new in the whole house. Everything is old, in the best sense of the word, brilliantly, gracefully, shinningly old, with the brass and silver gleaming, and the fine old mahogany glowing with rich soft tints.

As to Sarah's books, they would require a chapter by themselves, and she alone could write it. The portrait of my dear friend that I value most shows her standing in the open doorway of the house, reading a letter; erect, graceful,

STEPPING WESTWARD

beautiful, every line showing the inherited "fineness" (this word is to be understood as spoken by my mother, with the delicacy of emphasis which can never be forgotten, but cannot be described). Beside her stands Jim, the little terrier, a dog of character and intelligence, long the beloved companion of the two sisters. Jim was friendly to the right people and the right dogs, but if you mentioned, in ever so casual a tone, the name Jones, which was that of a certain grocer possessed of a certain dog, Jim was up at the window in an instant, barking in a perfect frenzy of rage, even though Jones and his dog were nowhere in sight.

A very tender memory of this little friend comes back to me. Once when I arrived, both sisters were confined to the house, one with a sprained ankle, the other with rheumatism. As I came up the brick walk, the door opened. I did not at once see Katy, the faithful maid, who stood beside it; I saw only little Jim, who, very lame and very stiff with advancing age, hobbled out to meet me, the uplifted nose and wagging tail giving silent welcome. This tiny incident always seemed to me to show something of the spirit of the house. The owners could not greet the guest, but the very dog himself was filled

A POSY OF FRIENDSHIP

with the spirit of hospitality, and must keep up the tradition.

Sarah's reputation was established, and much of her beautiful work accomplished, before the days of our friendship. I was just beginning to emerge from the "juvenile" stage of writing, and her criticism and advice were invaluable to me. I can never forget her kind and faithful criticism of *Queen Hildegarde*, my first stumbling essay in books for girls. One brief sentence of hers has been worth more than gold and silver to me. In those years I was writing a great deal of verse, ballads, lyrics, even essays in French forms, enjoying myself immensely. I knew that my Hurdy Gurdy was not a lyre, but I found it extremely amusing and even inspiring to try for lyric tones on it.

"*Don't scatter your fire!*" said Sarah Jewett. "You are a prose writer: stick to your own tool!"

I laid the words to heart, and have kept to them as well as I could ever since. The Hurdy Gurdy still holds out. Broken once or twice, it has been mended, and still grinds out its little tunes on occasion. But my gratitude to my dear friend has never grown old.

Sarah died in June, 1909, in her own beloved home, where she had hoped to die, "leaving the

STEPPING WESTWARD

lilac bushes still green and growing, and all the chairs in their places."

Since then my visits have been to Mary Jewett, who had become a friend no less dear than her sister. After Sarah's death, Mary, for many years foremost in the affairs of the village, seemed to gather the community into her arms, to become more and more its friend, counsellor, helper, in all its joys and its sorrows. Everybody in and around South Berwick came to her, for everything.

The selectmen consulted her about the naming of streets, the purchase of fire-fighting apparatus, the location of water and sewer pipes. They knew what they were about; she had remarkable business and executive ability, and a keen and clear head for figures.

Her counsel was constantly sought by the Trustees of the old Berwick Academy, who also selected her to plan and manage the Centennial celebration of the school, in 1891. (That almost killed her—but not quite; and it was a great celebration!) For many years she selected all the books for the Fogg Memorial Library of South Berwick; she often catalogued them, and was always the guiding spirit of the institution. She was herself not only a lover of books, but an accomplished linguist; she read French,



SARAH ORNE JEWETT

A POSY OF FRIENDSHIP

German and Italian easily, and only a few years ago re-read the *Aeneid* and *Eclogues*, and the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, in their original tongues.

Early in November, 1918, the report came that the Armistice had been signed. The village of Berwick rose in its joy, lighted its torches, summoned its band, swung through the streets in an impromptu parade of passionate jubilation. Next day the news was contradicted. Who can ever forget that pang of bewildered dismay that shot through the country? It was a brief one. A few days more, and the village telephone exchange called Miss Jewett vehemently.

“Miss Jewett! the report has come in that the Armistice has really been signed—*shall we ring the town bells?*”

The bells were rung.

She was right-hand man not only to the minister of her own church, but to those of other denominations. In sickness or trouble she was sent for as naturally, as inevitably, as physician, nurse, or clergyman. When I drove with her through the lovely countryside, we were apt to stop at this or that door, to see how poor Mrs. So-and-So was, or to leave a plant or a dainty or what-not for the invalid who had few callers. It was much as it had been a generation before,

STEPPING WESTWARD

when little Mary or little Sarah went the "Country Doctor's" rounds with him, carrying comfort and aid wherever they went. Among her inheritances is a large and heavy silver tankard more than two centuries old, and of great beauty; to her it always recalled the aching arms and suffering hands, when as a little girl she used to carry it filled with hot soup to sick friends and patients of her father's in the village.

The drives with Dr. Jewett were among the precious things of life to both sisters. Their nephew, Dr. Theodore Jewett Eastman, writing to me of his Aunt Mary, says:

"How she did love a good horse! She said she was born with reins in her hands, and anybody who ever saw her assurance in handling her nervous and mettlesome jet black 'Dick' might well believe it. And there was scarcely a horse in the village or from the outlying farms that she could not identify by the sound of its hoofs as it passed her house, whether it was the 'clomp—clomp' of some old 'plow plug' or the staccato 'tat-tat-tat' of a fast-stepping driving-horse."

He adds:

"Three or four years ago I was calling on Mr. James Wentworth, the oldest man in Rollins-

A POSY OF FRIENDSHIP

ford—well over ninety—when he said, ‘How’s Mary Jewett?’ After my answer he said, ‘Well, she’s the Queen o’ South Berwick. *Yes!* she’s the *Queen o’ South Berwick!*’ *

Mary Jewett had inherited from her father many of the qualities that belong to the good physician. She always felt that she should have been a boy, and indeed there was a firm virile quality in her power of action and execution. She had an instinctive knowledge and understanding of the human body, its needs, its powers, its dangers. She would have made one of the great physicians.

As the years went by, the old people began to die off. Then it was Mary who had not only to cheer and soothe their last hours, but to make arrangements for their funerals, for the reception and entertainment in her house of home-coming relations, for the comfort and well-being of everything and everybody. I remember one such crisis, when three dear and valued neighbors died in quick succession. Soon after this, I came for a visit, and was talking one day with my good friend, Miss Delia Flaherty. She told me all about it, and added,

* Shortly after writing the above, Theodore Eastman was himself called swiftly out of life, in the fullness of his prime.

STEPPING WESTWARD

"Miss Mary was very tired when she got them all buried!"

How Mary laughed when I told her this!

This multiplicity of good works, though priceless, had to pay its price. It seems but yesterday that Mary Jewett sat in her grandfather's big wing chair, in her silver age, serene and cheerful, resting from her labors. Her garden, her books, her heavenly thoughts, filled her quiet hours. In youth, her countenance, thoughtful, intelligent, comely, had not Sarah's great beauty of contour and coloring. She was not a damask rose; mignonette might come nearer it—one of the sweetest of blossoming things. In age and to the last, her beauty warmed the hearts of all who saw it.

Among the pleasant band of Gardiner cousins, the one of whom we saw most, and with whom we were most intimate, was the late John Hays Gardiner, my husband's first cousin. He was midway in age between H. R. and our elder children; to them he seemed an elder brother, to us a younger one. To all he was the most delightful and beloved of cousins and friends. He resembled the "old Squire" (R. H. Gardiner, 1st) more, my husband says, than did any of his other descendants. There was the same whimsical, yet gentle and sunny disposition, the

A POSY OF FRIENDSHIP

same exquisite courtesy, perhaps also the same merriment, or it may be that his love of laughter came from his mother. How I hear them laughing together! Hays perhaps pretending to gird at his elder brother Robert, whom he would call his mother's "Adonis," she defending her first-born with sprightly and sometimes pointed shafts.

In any large family connection, there is apt to be one to whom all the rest turn instinctively, in joy and in sorrow. Hays was one of these. Everybody wanted to play with him; when he sat on the sofa in our little parlor, telling the ever-glorious tale of "Rakshas and Bakshas" to the two youngest children, who nestled as close to his side as possible, be sure the elder children would not be far off. He was our companion whenever we could win him from his other duties and pleasures. He often visited us; was with us perhaps most at the Cobbossee camp, of which he seemed almost a necessary part.

I have called Hays "gentle," but the velvet sheath covered a keen blade, and the kindly eyes could blaze with righteous wrath when need was.

For some years Hays Gardiner was on the Faculty of Harvard College, first as Instructor, then as Assistant Professor. One more per-

STEPPING WESTWARD

fectly suited to the work would be hard to find. He brought to it a sympathy, an understanding, which opened the minds and hearts of his students to him. He used to speak with special affection of his "dropped Freshmen." The "dropping," he thought, induced a frame of mind which—granted good will and a modicum of intelligence—produced excellent results. These boys, he would say, often made the best men in the class. More than one among his pupils felt that Hays Gardiner's influence was the most valuable thing to him in his college course. He made them feel what he so fully possessed, the beauty of character and scholarship, the love of all good and high and lovely things.

Later, his health failing, he was obliged to relinquish this dear task, and also his literary work. His *Harvard* and *The Bible as Literature* were already published, and had won much deserved praise. Now he must leave these things—temporarily, as he and we hoped—and try for a while the country life. For several years he lived at Oaklands, experimenting with poultry, living in sun and air, always cheerful, always outwardly contented, though we knew the deep disappointment at his heart.

Gardiner people of that time will remember

A POSY OF FRIENDSHIP

the delightful parties he gave, the dances where Meltiah Lawrence, the famous old fiddler, perched on a high box or keg, played the old country dances to perfection, and dealt sternly with our imperfection in performing them. "The Tempest," "The Lady of the Lake," "Pop Goes the Weasel"—he put us through them all, like a drill sergeant; not, however, the "Chorus Jig."

"There is not a foot in this hall," said Meltiah scornfully, "that's fit to dance the 'Chorus Jig.' "

In the last decade of the nineteenth century, my son Hal and his boyhood mate, James Barstow, had much to say about a youth named Robinson, the friend and sometime playmate of James's elder brothers. This young man, it appeared, was a very unusual person; a poet, and one of great promise. He was, moreover, an omnivorous reader of all good things. Altogether a most interesting person; but when I suggested his being brought to see me, I was met with a decided negative. He would not come; there was no possible use in suggesting it. He was reserved, almost a recluse in disposition. In short—though it was not so ungraciously put—he made his own acquaintances as he pleased, and there seemed to my young friends no likelihood of my being included in his choice. This was

STEPPING WESTWARD

depressing to one who had not every day the opportunity of meeting the literary men of the future.

Moreover, I had seen at a street corner one day a vision which I still recall clearly; a tall, slight figure, with brilliant dark eyes, a fine color, and a notable look of race and distinction. I came home and said: "I have seen the young poet, and a very fine-looking fellow he is."

He remained a vision merely until 1896, when I received one fortunate day, with the compliments of the author, a slender sky-blue pamphlet with the title, "The Torrent and the Night Before, by Edwin Arlington Robinson, Gardiner, Maine, 1889-1896."

To-day one does not speak lightly of this well-nigh un procurable collectors' "item." I received it with great pleasure, turning the page, and reading the dedication:

"To any man, woman, or critic, who will cut the edges of it.—I have done the top."

I read the poems, first to myself, then to the family. "Here," we said, "is a New Voice!"

I wrote to Mr. Robinson, expressing my delight in the poems, and my earnest desire to meet him. He came to see me, and so began a friendship which has meant much to me and mine through the succeeding years. After that, Mr.

A POSY OF FRIENDSHIP

Robinson would often come to the Yellow House, to talk of books and to hear Alice play Beethoven. He visited us several times in the old camp at Cobbossee.

In 1897 appeared his second volume, *The Children of the Night*. We rejoiced to see his power growing, strengthening, deepening. We felt that the prospect opening before him was a wide one; we looked forward, if not to all the details of his triumphant career, at least to a brilliant one.

In his collected poems, Mr. Robinson has thought fit to omit the title poem of *The Children of the Night*. This I have always greatly regretted. He thinks he has "said the same thing elsewhere, and better," but I still must think the poem one that should not be lost. I cannot refrain from quoting the last three stanzas: *

It is the crimson, not the gray,
That charms the twilight of all time;
It is the promise of the day
That makes the starry sky sublime;

It is the faith within the fear
That holds us to the life we curse;
So let us in ourselves revere
The Self which is the Universe!

* From *The Children of the Night* (Richard Badger).

STEPPING WESTWARD

Let us, the Children of the Night,
Put off the cloak that hides the scar!
Let us be Children of the Light,
And tell the ages what we are!

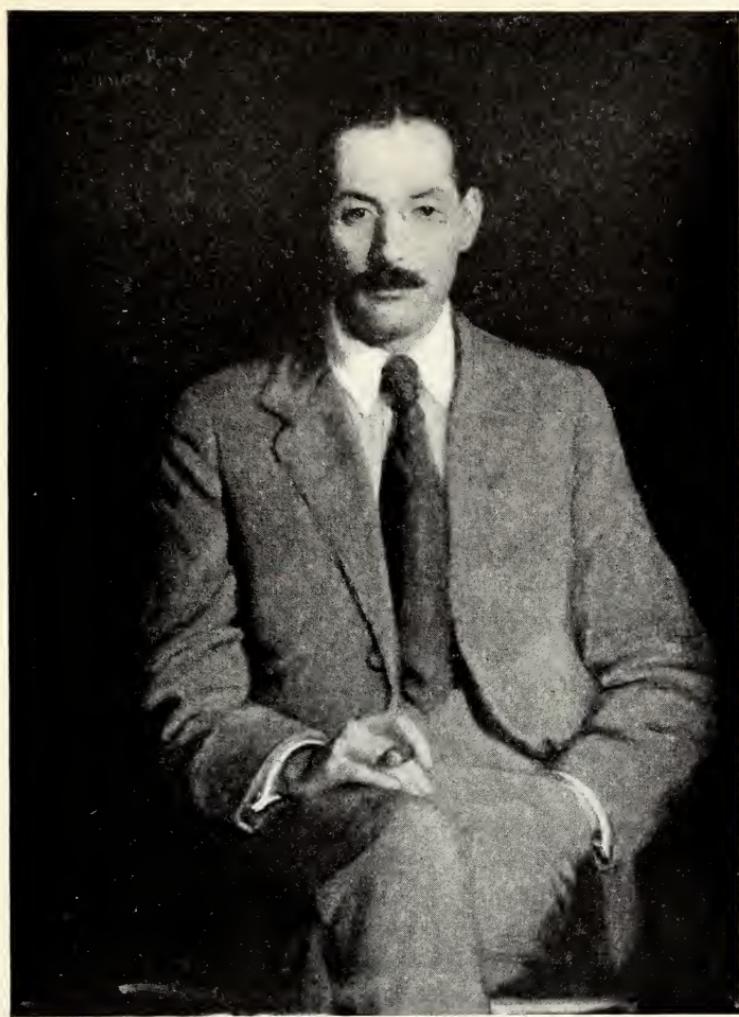
In 1902 came *Captain Craig*, of which he said to me once, "I suppose the book contains some of my best and some of my worst work." It certainly contains some of the best. The title poem has never, perhaps, been so popular as his later work, but it is full of beauty and power, and there are unforgettable passages. "The Vision of the Cross" should be in every anthology; I was greatly pleased to find it the other day in Mr. Robert Haven Schauffler's *Poetry Cure*. Every spring I find myself saying with Captain Craig,

The world that has been old is young again,
The touch that faltered clings; and this is May.

This is not a disquisition on Mr. Robinson's poetry; it is merely a word to say that among the friends of my later life, he has been one of the most highly valued.

He and Hays Gardiner became warm friends. I think he was often at Oaklands in the time, already spoken of, when Hays was there alone.

It has been singular, and extremely interest-



Courtesy of The Macmillan Company

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON
From the portrait by Lilla Cabot Perry

A POSY OF FRIENDSHIP

ing, to see the growth of Mr. Robinson's reputation here in Gardiner. His schoolmates had known him as a bookish boy, quiet and retiring. Only a very few had had anything approaching intimacy with him. Probably they were not surprised at his beginning to write poetry; I imagine a good many of them were puzzled by his wide and rapidly growing fame. Two or three years ago, the State Librarian, Mr. Henry E. Dunnack, gave a lecture on Mr. Robinson in our High School hall, reading many extracts from the poems. Everybody listened with deep interest; but among the middle-aged people I saw some puzzled faces which seemed to be asking what it all meant.

Gardiner is proud of her poet, oh, yes! as proud as it is possible to be. Not so long ago, Mrs. Edward MacDowell was lecturing in Augusta in behalf of the MacDowell Memorial, the Colony founded by her in memory of her gifted husband, where Mr. Robinson, and many other literary and artistic people, have made their summer home. Many people from Gardiner went to see and hear this lovely lady. She spoke delightfully of Mr. Robinson, but—she said that Augusta must be proud of him. *Augusta!* if she had said "Head Tide," now, we should have had nothing to say. As it was, every Gardiner back

STEPPING WESTWARD

in the audience, and there were many, stiffened visibly. It was one of the tragic-comic moments which strike to the heart of a community.

We have seen the reserved, silent boy grow into the foremost poet of the country. We have seen a cult formed; we have seen him, in the hands of his young and ardent admirers, grow into a tradition, while he is yet in the fullness of vigor, with, I hope, much good work still ahead of him.

These young adorers are not always accurate in their surmises as to the origin of much of the poet's earlier work. They will have it—they will print it even, in black and white—that "Tilbury Town" actually represents Gardiner Town, in the flesh and in the spirit. They will have it that the "House on the Hill," decayed and deserted, is Oaklands. I have E. A. R.'s word for it that this is entirely wrong and absurd, though he says that Gardiner "may be responsible, in a shadowy way, for Tilbury Town."

I like to remember that it was from *Captain Craig* that our Hal read aloud to some of his pupils at Groton School. One of them, Kermit Roosevelt, took fire at once, and told his father of the wonderful new poet to whom "Mr. Dick" had introduced him. Theodore Roosevelt, always eager for new light, sent for the book, read,

A POSY OF FRIENDSHIP

and kindled in his turn. The thought of this has always been a pleasant one to H. H. R. and to his mother.

Is my posy ready to bind with a green ribbon?

Not without a flower—a clove gillyflower, say—for Margaret Deland, who came suddenly and vividly into my life—perhaps in the Nineties—and became as familiar a part of it as if she were the daughter of my Aunt. She is still in full bloom, so a greeting only to her, and success to her next book!

I should like well to add name to beloved name, as in Meleager, his Garland.

“One name is Elizabeth!” A Christmas rose for her surely; and for Ellen a stately lily. Hyacinths for Martha and Annie, and for Margaret of Maine “a red, red rose that’s newly sprung in June”; for Fannie violets, the sweetest that grow. For Daisy her own flower; laurel for Arthur, and for his dear wife a fragrant pansy, golden-eyed; and—but here is a garland after all!

CHAPTER XII

MILESTONES

FOR many years I have kept an irregular record of family doings; comings and goings, festivals and anniversaries. "The Family Log," it is called; every few years a volume is bound and takes its place on a certain shelf in the all-receptive "gun-room." Very queer books in the gun-room! Hone, all four fat volumes of him; Gibbon; Greek Lexicons; wonderful old cookery books; and Baedekers, because I always thought I should see Europe again; and —there are guns too, real ones. Well, there the Log lives. I take down its portly volumes one by one, glance through them, and mark the milestones.

Except for the grave matters already noted, they are all cheerful ones, for a long time. We seem to have danced along in something like Edward Lear's "profuse and triumphant procession." "Merry Christmas!" with all the children at home; the dancing and singing, the skating and coasting, the world a-jingle with sleighbells.

MILESTONES

“Happy New Year!” the children off again on their lawful occasions, the Home Guard, H. R. and I and the two home daughters, settling down for the long winter stretch of work and play.

The Camp season was two short months; the ploughing and harvesting for those months took a good part of the Skipper’s year; the rest was given to public service, in many different branches. A catalogue of them is forbidden me. I might mention the Public Health Associations, State and local, which are practically his children, but after all, they are telling their own story day by day and year by year.

Alice’s work was chiefly in the High School, where she taught for twenty-seven happy and fruitful years. Her pupils, her classes, their problems, their joys and sorrows, their plays, their football and baseball, everything concerning them, filled her heart and her thoughts—to overflowing, I had almost said, but no! there was always room in that heart for the whole of the town that she loved.

I like to think of her on the school platform, alert and eager, seeking the good in each young mind, toiling for and with it, to bring it to flowering and fruitage. Perhaps I like even better to recall her at the ball game, hanging on every play, intent, incandescent—you could have

STEPPING WESTWARD

lighted a torch at her!—or after the game, while the High School bell was clanging victory, joining in the impromptu parade and dance in the street.

“Look at her!” a rough fellow was heard to say to his comrade. “She’s the darndest sport in town! Never misses a game.”

Rain or shine, it made no difference; “Miss Richards” was always there, with her “children,” to hearten and inspire, congratulate or condole, or rebuke, if rebuke were needed. In the latter case she seldom used or needed speech. At anything mean or crooked, anything “NOT THE GAME,” her eyes kindled with a flame of scorn and anger that scorched.

“Mucker ball went out under Miss Richards,” more than one graduate has told us. “It simply couldn’t live!”

When a play was toward, she was prompter, stage manager, property woman, everything but actor, and even that now and then, when some one dropped out at the last moment. She levied toll upon the house for whatever was needed. I read in the Log:

“Alice was very reasonable this time. She only took: 1, spinning-wheel; 2, rocking-chair; 3, andirons; 4, curtains; 5 & 6, two copper pots; 7, various books; 8, pen and ink; 9, tea; 10, milk;

MILESTONES

11-14, candle-ends (to make a fire with! is this economical?); 15, clock; 16, tacks!"

In 1905 came the first milestone with an orange blossom laid on it. Julia Ward, my mother's namesake, married Carleton Anderson Shaw. In 1909 and 1910 came two other matrimonial milestones. Our youngest, Betty, was married to Charles Wiggins; Hal married Julia Coolidge.

"*Schoolmasters All,*" I salute you!

In due time the Shaws opened Red House School at Groton, and have happily conducted it ever since. Charles Wiggins is Headmaster of Noble and Greenough's School in Dedham. Hal is at Groton School, to-day as in 1898 when he graduated from Harvard; John, since 1911, at St. Paul's School in Concord.

Rosalind, after nine happy winters spent with my mother in Boston, took up the family pen, and wrote her own books: *The Nursery Fire*, *Two Children in the Woods*, *A Northern Countryside*.

In due time, also, came the grandchildren, four in each happy young household. The New Generation took its place, began its work, the first trembling smile enlightening the world, like Liberty; and a new world opened for Skipper and Mate.

The other daughters, too, had long and happy

STEPPING WESTWARD

times of companionship with my mother in Boston, but that is their story, not mine.

Always once, sometimes twice a year, my mother visited us; be sure that each visit had a little gold milestone of its own! She loved to go shopping here; the Boston shops tired her, but ours were just right, she said. She always found something she wanted; and what a glowing welcome she met from the friendly "salesladies" across the counter! My sister Maud maintains to this day that Gardiner is the best shopping centre in the world.

Ah, naughty Maud! Think of her pretending to be myself, her elder by five years, on one shopping expedition, and asking Oliver Blanchard if he did not think I had grown younger and handsomer in the last year! Oliver was staggered, I must think, though he was hard to stagger. A calm man, with a far-seeing, observant eye and a caustic tongue.

Once I (myself this time!) on some subscription-begging errand, asked him where I could find So-and-So, a man of means. "Where does he do business?" I asked. Oliver looked past me into the distance. "If you can find," he said, "any place under the canopy of heaven where So-and-So ever does anything, I will give you ten dollars."

MILESTONES

“Soliciting for Causes,” along Main Street! How much we did of it! How kind and responsive people were, the merchants who worked so hard to earn the dollars we tried so hard to win from them! It was no Gardiner man, but a newcomer in the town, who one day, in response to my plea for Red Cross or Associated Charities or whatever, shouted across the store to his clerk,

“Give this lady two dollars! Charity!”

But I have left my mother in the street. Come home with us, and see her of an evening, in her white dress and gold chain, playing whist with our good neighbors, William and Mary Morrell; old-fashioned whist, with “honors” and all the rest of it. She thrilled over a good hand; mirth flashed about her; but she did not like to be beaten. If not whist, it was bázique; here I shared the thrills, as to-day I share them with husband and daughter. Delightful game!

But the best hour of all was when she sat at the piano, singing and playing, the happy grandchildren clustering round her. The old, old songs, ever fresh and new; the golden voice ringing true and sweet as a generation ago: do I say too much about my mother? I couldn’t!

The milestones slip past. In 1910, at ninety-one years, she left us. A brief illness, a smile, a

STEPPING WESTWARD

gesture of farewell; she was gone, and a light was quenched which nothing could ever rekindle.

Four years later we were glad, for the World War came, and that would have broken her heart. In her later years she had labored hard for Peace, with a vision far ahead of her time.

Gardiner met the World War as she meets most things, chin up, eyes front, hands ready for work. The Red Cross knows something of the story; the hearts of Gardiner men and women know much more; unforgettable knowledge, full of anguish, of pride, of joy. It was the story of all towns, all over the country, all over the civilized world.

When America entered the war, the Yellow House was called upon for its quota. Hal was past the age of active service in the field; yet service he must give, and he entered the shipyards at Bath, where he worked hard and faithfully. I visited him there, in the vast echoing shed, and wondered if a battle could be noisier than these preparations for it. John, six years younger, enlisted as a private, March, 1917, went overseas, became Corporal, Second Lieutenant, First Lieutenant; led his colored troops to victory, was desperately wounded, and received the *Croix de Guerre*; came back to us the shadow of himself.

MILESTONES

It is the story of many hundreds of households; it seemed then the only story in the world. By and by it was over, and all returned to the "quiet duties of their place." As I enter my door, I look up at the "tin hat," the canteen, the gas mask, that hang on the wall. Near them hangs a curious old blunderbuss, ebony inlaid with ivory, brought back by my father from Greece after the War of Independence, in 1830. On the other side is an autograph copy of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic"; I keep the *Croix de Guerre* under glass, yet where I can see it often.

Glancing at these things, memory sweeps me back to a dark November morning, after days of doubt and rumor, when on our drowsy ears fell suddenly the long, piercing note of a whistle. We all started, and held our breath. Alice *flew!* It seemed but a moment (it cannot have been many) before the High School bell rang out, triumphant, jubilant.

PEACE!

Our hearts stood still, and then leaped with the bell. For long moments, it seemed, the sound filled all the world. Then the whistles chimed in, and the other bells, and twenty minutes after the first clang, the High School boys came tumbling breathless up the stairs, where they had hoped to be first. They might have known better.

STEPPING WESTWARD

That twenty minutes alone in the early dark, ringing out her School's call to the great rejoicing, was one of the high moments of Alice's life.

The Town went mad, a glorious madness! New England reserve was flung to the winds. Everybody rushed about, staid matrons and dignified elders, laughing and crying, shaking hands with everybody else; neighbor or stranger, it mattered not; the thing was to share the relief, the joy, the triumph, with some one else. By 8:30 A.M. a procession had flung itself together, one hardly knew how; and the whole Town came marching up the hill, flags flying, drums beating, band playing. (It is no easy matter to play while marching up Vine Street Hill, let me tell you!) The Red Cross Unit, beautiful in their white and red and blue, more beautiful still in the high uplifted look of their faces; the Boy Scouts, the Fire Department, the school children, everybody who could walk.

And in the afternoon there was another procession, more dignified and orderly, though lacking something of the wild rapture of the first. In my mind the two are blended into one.

In the evening there was a great bonfire, with a life-size effigy of the Kaiser thrust into it by a too rejoicing citizen who fell into the fire with his

MILESTONES

prize, and had to be dragged out by the coat-tails.

And all day and all evening the bells rang and the whistles blew, and on the Common the old cannon of the Civil War thundered out its message of peace, as often as "Pickles" Johnson, the veteran gunner, could get it loaded.

On June 17th, 1921, we celebrated our Golden Wedding. It was a lovely festival: sunshine, children, grandchildren, friends, flowers, all to hearts' content. Four of the original wedding guests were here: my sisters Florence and Maud, brothers George and Robert Richards. We danced on the lawn, H. R. and I leading off the Virginia Reel; the music was made by Horace and Charles Hildreth, both of them Howe Club boys.

It was the last great festival. In March, 1922, in the fullness of life and power, our Alice died. On the day of her funeral, Gardiner's stores and places of business closed their doors, a tribute never before paid to a woman. When she was carried by her "boys" to her rest in the quiet churchyard where her father's people lie, the place, and the whole street outside, were thronged by her pupils, weeping.

Among all the lovely tributes of affection and

STEPPING WESTWARD

honor, I select one, the briefest. The day after her death, the Catholic priest announced it to his congregation, and added, "If any one is in Heaven to-day, it is Alice Richards."

When a man loses his right arm, he learns to do the best he can with his left. So we three of the Home Guard, who had been four, did our best. There was plenty of work to do, plenty of dear ones to love; the sun shone, the flowers blossomed; the spring, in which she delighted, swept in singing and rejoicing. For a life whose earthly chapter closed swiftly at high noon, in full tide of triumphant work, there could be no bitterness of lamentation. She led the way; it was for us to follow, as best we might, with the torch of her valiant spirit to light us on our road.

This same spring Brother George Richards died, my sister Florence and my own dear brother, all within a few weeks.

TERMINUS

The god of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds,
And said: "No more!"

• • • •
Fancy departs: no more invent;
Contract thy firmament
To compass of a tent."

—EMERSON

WHAT more is there to say? The Eighties find my husband and me still active, ever more and more deeply thankful. The beloved daughter, who since Alice went has been both hands to us, ministers to us for herself and all the others. The absent children, always hand in hand with us, come home whenever their full and busy lives allow, for a few days in the Yellow House, a few hours round the fireside. The grandchildren, too, blossom in upon us when they can, and Sister Maud brings us her own vital fire, at which we warm our hands.

I close this record in the late summer of 1931.
In June we kept our sixtieth wedding anni-

STEPPING WESTWARD

versary; it was hard to realize that ten years had passed since the Golden Wedding. Once more with thankful hearts, we greeted a happy gathering of children and grandchildren, friends and neighbors. The house was filled with flowers; the fiddles played "Haste to the Wedding!"

Another Camp season—the thirty-second—has just closed, and we have drunk once more the deep draught of young life which always strengthens and heartens us.

We have been young and have seen visions; we are old and have dreamed dreams; and the best of the dreams have come true.

INDEX

- A Diplomat's Wife in Japan*, 85
A Mystery of the Campagna, 86
A Northern Countryside, 387
“A poor unfortunate Hot-tentot,” 325
Aberdeen, 82
Alcott, Louisa M., 37
Anagnostopoulos, Michael, 89, 120
Andersen, Hans Christian, 37, 65
Andrew, John Albion, 58, 61, 69, 79
Anglin, Margaret, 32
Antwerp, 101, 142
Apthorp, William Foster, 64
Architectural Sketch Book, 168
Argos, 91
Argyle, Duchess of, 82
Argyle, Duke of, 82
Arnold, Benedict, 179
Armistice Day, 392
Ashburton, Lady, 136
Aspinwall, Augustus, 315
Athens, 149
Augusta, 206, 280
Aunt Effie's Rhymes, 37, 263
- Baby Opera*, 263
Baby's Bouquet, 263
Baguio School, 315
Balparda, Señor, 85
Barstow, James, 377
Bartlett, Moulton, 318
“Battle Hymn of the Republic,” 30, 72f.
Beacon Hill, 11
Belgrade Great Pond, 301.
See also Camp Merry-weather.
Berwick, Maine, 364ff.
Berwick Academy, 370
Bible, 39f., 255, 257f.
Bickford, Emily, 347
Bird, Francis, 58, 162
Blaine, James G., 280f.
Blaine, Mrs. James G., 280
Blanchard, Oliver, 388
“Boar Hunt,” 4, 46
Booth, Edwin, 31
Boston, residences of Howe family in, 11, 57, 75
Boston Latin School, 220
Boston Music Hall, 59, 63, 79
Bowdoin, James (?), 188
Boylston, Nicholas, 196f.
Boylston, Ward Nicholas, 196ff.
Bradford, Daniel, 14ff.

INDEX

- Bradley, Jeremiah Payson, 339
Bradley, Leverett, 338ff.
Bradley, Susan Hinckley, 152f.
Brain Club, 58, 89
Bridgeman, Laura, 16, 24, 82, 333
Brook Farm, 63
Brown, Anne Gardiner, 190, 243
Brown, C. L., 190
Brown, Jones and Robinson, 42, 95
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, 42, 43
Browning, Robert, 65
Burnham, Thomas, 227
Busby, Mrs., 209
Byram, Mary, 252
Byron, Lord, 7
Cabot, Edward, 168
Camp Merryweather, 303ff., 396
Campanile, 145f.
Campbell, Lady Mary, 83
Campbell, Lord Archibald, 83
Campbell, Sir Thomas, 18
Captain Craig, 380, 382
Captain January, 326ff.
Cardini, 5
Carew, Benjamin Hallowell, 195, 198
Chanler, Mrs. Winthrop, 87, 111
Childhood, L. E. R.'s, 4ff.
Children's Garland, 42
Civil War, 61, 69
Clarke, James Freeman, 74, 165
Cobbossee Stream, 174ff.
Cobbosseecontee, Lake, 299
Colburn, Reuben, 179, 180
Collins, Jason, 229
Constantinople, 151
Coolidge, Julia, 387
"Cornelia and Her Jewels," 51
Cove, The, 207ff.
Crawford, Annie, 86
Crawford, Francis Marion, 86, 114
Crawford, Mimoli (Mrs. Hugh Fraser), 85
Crawford, Thomas, 86
Current Events Club, 340
Cushman, Charlotte, 31

Dancing, 283ff. *See also Papanti's.*
Dante, 41
Deland, Margaret, 383
Dickens, Charles, 39, 268
District Nursing Association, Gardiner, 345ff.
Dom Pedro, 147
Dow, Mrs. Charles H., 326
Dresel, Otto, 19
Du Maurier, George, 81
Dumaresq, Emma, 201
Dumaresq, Fanny, 216
Dumaresq, Florence (Mrs. Richard Wheatland), 216
Dumaresq, Frank, 75
Dumaresq, James, 199
Dumaresq, Philip, 190

INDEX

- Dumaresq, Rebecca Gardiner, 190, 199
Dunnack, Henry E., 333, 381
Dwight, John Sullivan, 62, 64ff., 272
Dwight's Journal of Music, 62
- Eastman, Theodore Jewett, 372f.
Elliott, John, 163
Emerson, R. W., 63
Emma, 253
England, 138ff.
Estes, Dana, 327
Eppes, Love, 190
Evarts, William M., 280f.
- Family, of L. E. R., 1f.
Félu, Charles, 101f., 142
Fernald, G. M., 162
Fernow, Berthold, 344f.
Fields, Mrs. James T., 361, 363
Finlay, George, 89f.
Five Mice in a Mouse-Trap, 10, 323
Five Minute Stories, 328
Flaherty, Delia, 373f.
Florence, 147
Florence Nightingale, 333
Flower Fables, 38
Four Feet, Two Feet and No Feet, 324
Freeman, James, 193
“From the hurried city fleeing,” 29f.
- From the Oak to the Olive*, 97
- Gardiner, Maine, stories and legends of, 173ff., 240; social life in, 277ff.; recent life in, 335ff.
Gardiner, Anne Hallowell (Mrs. Francis Richards), 136
Gardiner, Annie “Tudor,” 354ff.
Gardiner, Augusta, 282
Gardiner, Dr. Sylvester, 180, 186ff., 236, 241, 279, 335
Gardiner, Eleanor, 354f.
Gardiner, Emma, 221, 237
Gardiner, Henrietta, 136, 354, 357ff.
Gardiner, John, 190ff., 200, 247
Gardiner, John Hays, 374ff., 380
Gardiner, John Sylvester, 193
Gardiner Lyceum, 206
Gardiner, R. H., 1st, 198f.
Gardiner, R. H., 2nd, 202, 236f., 245, 286
Gardiner, Robert Hallowell (b. 1782), 204ff.
Gardiner, William, 181, 190
Gardner, Francis, 220
Gardner, Mrs. John L., 75
Gay, Fannie, 155
Germany, 142f.
Geoffrey Strong, 331
Gibbons, Anne, 190

INDEX

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>Gibbons, Dr. John, 191 Gilmore, E. L., 68 Golden Wedding, 393 Goldthwaite, Catherine, 190 Goodwin, Ellen, 242 Goodwin, Frederick, 242 Grant, Charlotte, 346 Gray, Mary, 67 Greece, L. E. R. in, 87ff., 148ff. Green Peace, 1ff., 46, 55, 73, 113, 155ff., 161, 271, 274 Greene, Mrs. William, 135 Greene, Nathanael, 179 Greenough, Nina (Mrs. Atherton Blight), 122 Gridley, Richard, 191 Grimm, 37 Groton School, 291, 307, 382</p> <p>Hale, Edward Everett, 79 Hall, David Prescott, 121 Hall, Samuel Prescott, 164 Hallowell, Benjamin, 195, 198 Hallowell, Hannah Gardi- ner, 190, 195 Hallowell, Rebecca, 188 Hallowell, Robert, 190 Hallowell, Robert, Jr., 195 Hampden, Walter, 32 Handel and Haydn Society, 64, 67 Hanson, J. W., 178f., 178, 186f., 204 <i>Harvard</i>, 376</p> | <p>Harvard Musical Society, 62 Harvard R. O. T. C., 314 Hawkes, Direxia, 22 Hazard, Thomas, 77 Henderson, Lawrence, 308 "Hildegarde" stories, 302, 324 Hildreth, Charles, 393 Hildreth, Horace, 393 Hinkley, Susan (Bradley), 338 "Hippolytus," 31 History Class, 340 <i>History of Gardiner and Pittston</i>, 174f., 186 Hoar, E. R., 63, 69 <i>Holiday House</i>, 38 Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 63, 79 Homer, 41, 91 Howe, Edward, 191 Howe, Florence, 6, 9, 58, 67, 73, 91, 121, 155, 393, 394 Howe, Henry Marion, 1, 3, 4, 6, 19, 33, 38, 56, 59, 67, 123f., 155, 214, 221, 323, 394 Howe, Julia Romana, 1, 13, 73, 81, 83, 84, 91, 120, 155 Howe, Julia Ward, 1, 4, 5, 11, 15, 19, 28ff., 30, 31, 32, 34, 59, 67, 72f., 81, 91, 97, 101, 104, 109, 113, 161, 270, 329, 342, 363f., 387, 389f.</p> |
|---|--|

INDEX

- Howe, Maud (Mrs. John Elliott), 23, 35, 59, 62, 67, 113, 163, 281, 333, 388, 393, 395
 Howe, Samuel Gridley, 1, 7, 10, 14, 16, 30f., 52, 61, 68, 70f., 73f., 79, 81, 84, 89, 102, 134, 162, 165, 329
 Howe Club, 341ff., 393
 Hymettus, Mount, 96
In My Nursery, 328
 Isle of Wight, 140
 Jackson, Frank, 149, 152
 James, Henry, 363f.
Jane Eyre, 42
 Jewett, Dr., 372
 Jewett, Mary, 364ff.
 Jewett, Sarah Orne, 362ff.
 "Jim of Hellas," 57
John Halifax, Gentleman, 42
 Johnson, Henry, 335f.
 Jones, Stephen, 132f.
Journals and Letters of Samuel Gridley Howe, 93
 Keene, James, 114
 Kennebec Purchase, 186f.
 Kennebec River, 173
 Kidd, Captain, 176
 King's Chapel, 193
 Kitzos, 94ff.
 Lambert, Daniel, 176f.
Laura Bridgman, 333
 Lawrence, Meltiah, 377
 Lawton's Valley, 26ff., 113
 "Le Bon Ménage," 54
 "Le Chien de l'Hospice," 48, 274
Letters and Journals of S. G. Howe, 329
Life and Letters, of J. W. H., 333
Life of Napoleon, 50
 "Little John Bottlejohn," 156, 161
 London, 81, 131
 Longfellow, H. W., 63
 Loring, Katharine, 67
 Lorne, Marquis of, 83
 Louis Philippe, 206
 Lowell, J. R., 63
 MacDowell, Mrs. Edward, 381
 Mailliard, Adolphe, 105
 Maine Musical Society, 341
 Mansfield, Lord, 192
 Mansfield, Richard, 161
 "Margaret" stories, 302, 324
Marie, 328
 Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 214
 "Maud," 30
 Maxey, J. S., 249
 McCausland, Henry, 180f.
Memories Grave and Gay, 59
 Merrill, Stephen, 246
Merry Tales for Little Folks, 37

INDEX

- "Milton Dictating Paradise Lost to His Daughters," 51, 274
Mitchell, Joe, 292
Mitchell, John Ames, 159f.
More, McCallum, 82f.
More Five Minute Stories, 328
Morrell, Mary, 267
Mosses from an Old Manse, 39
Mother Goose, 39, 261ff.
Mother's Day, 161
Moulton, Miss, 14, 21
Mouse Club, 215
Mrs. Tree, 331f.
Musical Festival, 68
Mycenae, 92

Nahumkeag Island, 176
Napier, Sir Charles, 136
Naples, 146
"Napoleon et son fils," 49, 274
National Home for Civil War veterans, 343f.
Nauplia, 95
Nautilus, 328
New York, 104ff.
Nightingale, Florence, 1
Noble and Greenough's School, 387
Nonsense Book, 39

Oak Glen, 167
Oaklands, 206, 207, 209, 236ff., 355
Ogilby, Remsen G., 315f.
O'Sullivan, John, 105

Paddock, Mary, 14, 24f.
Paddock, Wilbur, 26
Paine, Gen. Charles, 212
Papanti, Lorenzo, 122f., 152
Papanti's, 64, 76, 121, 153, 221, 283
Paper manufacture, 291ff.
Paris, 100, 154
Parker, Theodore, 18, 23
Parnell, Charles, 289
Parsons, Thomas William, 120
Passion Flowers, 1, 28
Peabody, Endicott, 300
Perkins Institution, 1, 12, 13, 18ff., 42, 55ff., 121, 155, 162, 330
Philbrook, Mrs. David, 178
Phillips, Wendell, 63, 79
Pictures, in home of L. E. R., 4, 46ff.
Pippin, 333, 340
Pittston, 187
Plymouth Land Grant, 186f.
Poetry, read by L. E. R., 42ff.; for children, 261ff.
Queen Hildegarde, 324, 369

Radical Club, 58
Rainbows for Children, 38
Reading, 36ff.; children's, 255ff.; aloud, 263f.; at Camp Merryweather, 312
Reed, John, 340
Reid, Mayne, 38, 75

INDEX

- Richards, Alice, 155, 166, 267, 285, 291, 307, 320, 341, 347, 379, 385ff., 392
- Richards, Anne Ashburne, 279f.
- Richards, Anne Gardiner, (Hallowell), 207, 211, 216f., 218, 221
- Richards, Charles, 138f.
- Richards, Cora, 277, 282
- Richards, Francis, 136ff., 207
- Richards, Frank, 168, 210f., 221, 222, 226, 233, 278, 279, 285, 293
- Richards, George, 76, 211f., 234, 393, 394
- Richards, George (uncle of H. R.), 136
- Richards, Henry, 2, 76, 83, 126, 143, 150, 158, 162, 167, 207ff., 218, 223, 228ff., 232, 252, 268, 278, 281f., 291, 294ff., 301, 305ff., 323f., 338, 351, 374, 385.
- Richards, Henry (uncle of H. R.), 136
- Richards, Henry Howe, 155, 266, 291, 307, 308, 341, 377, 382, 387, 390
- Richards, John, 275, 291, 307, 314, 387, 390
- Richards, John (brother of H. R.), 76, 168, 213f., 233, 234, 266, 281, 285
- Richards, John (grandfather of H. R.), 132
- Richards, John (uncle of H. R.), 136
- Richards, Julia Ward, 307, 387
- Richards, Laura E., birth, 1; family, 1f.; 104ff.; childhood, 4ff.; life at Green Peace, 4ff.; Boston, 11f.; Perkins Institution, 13ff.; Lawton's Valley, 26ff.; early reading, 33, 36ff.; home pictures, 40ff.; school, 55ff.; Civil War, 69ff.; first European trip, 81ff.; in New York, 104; engagement, 126; marriage, 127; second European trip, 131ff.; early married life, 166ff.; first published work, 160; removal to Gardiner, 169; at The Cove, 221ff.; at Oaklands, 236ff.; at The Yellow House, 251ff.; on reading for children, 255ff.; life in Gardiner, 277ff., 335ff.; Camp Merryweather, 304ff.; authorship, 323ff.; friendships, 345ff.
- Richards, Laura Elizabeth, 2nd, 307, 329, 387
- Richards, Maria Downman, 137f.
- Richards, Maud, 324
- Richards, Mrs. Charles, 139
- Richards, Robert, 210, 214, 219, 235, 299, 393

INDEX

- Richards, Rosalind, 109,
155, 165, 267, 273, 283,
307, 387
Richards, Sarah, 215*ff.*
Richards, Susan Coffin
Jones, 132, 136, 137
Richards Paper Company,
168, 291*f.*; 296*ff.*; mill
destroyed, 297*f.*
Robinson, Edwin Arlington,
377*ff.*
Robinson, Violet, 347
Rolling Dam Mystery, 183*ff.*
Rome, 85, 148
Roosevelt, Kermit, 382
Roosevelt, Theodore, 382
Rosa, Carl, 68
Rosa, Euphrosyne Parepa,
68
Rotch, Isabel (Mrs. Mark
Sibley Severance), 67
Round Hill School, 245
Rudersdorff, Mme., 161
Ruskin, John, 144*f.*
Russell, Mrs. George, 11*f.*
Sarah Orne Jewett, 367
Saturday Morning Club, 63
Sawyer, Myra, 267, 324
Scenes from Shakespeare,
41
Schliemann, Henry, 92*f.*
Scott, Sir Walter, 39, 268
Scouting Game, 315*ff.*
Seymour, Lady, 136
Seymour, Sir Michael, 136
Shakespeare, William, 39,
41; for children, 255*f.*
- Shaw, Carleton Anderson,
307, 387
Sketches and Scraps, 323,
325
Smith, Beverly, 115
South Boston, 2*ff.*
Spartali, Marie, 81
St. Nicholas, 160, 325, 328
St. Paul's School, 307
Stearns, Frank, 58
Stevens, Llewellyn, 302
Stillman W. J., 81
Stories, by L. E. R., 323*ff.*
See also story and book
titles.
Story, Edith (Mme. Pe-
ruzzi), 65
Story, William, 65
Stuart, Anne, 134
Stuart, Commodore, 288
Stuart, Delia, 289
Stuart, Gilbert, 133*f.*
Stuart, Jane, 134
Sullivan, Mary (Mrs. Alex-
ander Cochrane), 66
Sullivan, Richard, 145, 354,
357, 359*ff.*
Sumner, Charles, 58*ff.*, 112
Symphony Hall, 63*f.*
Tableaux vivants, 281*f.*
Tales of the Alhambra, 39
Tales from Catland, 38
Talleyrand, 206
Tanglewood Tales, 39
Temple School, 218
Terry, Arthur, 87
Terry, Louisa, 84*f.*, 87

INDEX

- Thackeray, W. M., 42, 65, 360
Thalatta, 36, 42
The Bible as Literature, 376
The Children of the Night, 379
“The Constancy of Attilius Regulus,” 51
The Country Doll, 37
The Days of Bruce, 268
The Golden Windows, 333
The Joyous Story of Toto, 253, 324
The King of the Golden River, 37
The London Doll, 37
The Merryweathers, 302
The Metallurgy of Copper, 214
The Metallurgy of Steel, 124, 214
The Nursery Fire, 387
“The Owl, the Eel and the Warming Pan,” 158
“The Priest and the Mulberry Tree,” 27
“The Queen of the Orkney Islands,” 156
The Rose and the Ring, 11, 37, 58, 65
The Scottish Chiefs, 268
“The Shark,” 156
The Silver Crown, 333
The Sketch-Book, 39
The Squire, 333
The Talisman, 40
“The Torrent and the Night Before,” 378
Thomas, Jedediah, 273
Three Generations, 73
Three Minute Stories, 328
Tibbetts, Lucy, 226, 350
Tibbetts, Thomas, 350
Toto's Merry Winter, 253, 324
Travel, 81ff., 131ff.
Trotting, 285f.
Tudor, Emma, 206
Tudor, Frederick, 288f.
Tudor, Judge, 288
Tweed, Mary Amelia, 127
Tweed, William, 127, 130
Twice-Told Tales, 39
Two Children in the Woods, 387
Venice, 78, 100, 144f.
“Voyage of Life,” 46
Ward, Annie, 104f.
Ward, Charles H., 116f.
Ward, Emily Astor, 111
Ward, Henry (great-uncle), 104, 107
Ward, Henry (uncle), 105, 110
Ward, Henry Hall, 107
Ward, John, 104, 106f., 274
Ward, Julia Rush Cutler, 104
Ward, Louisa, 105
Ward, Marion, 105
Ward, Mary Parmly, 116
Ward, Mrs. Henry, 107ff.
Ward, Samuel (great grandfather), 179, 191

INDEX

- | | |
|--|---|
| Ward, Samuel (grand-father), 46, 47, 104 Ward, Samuel (uncle), 105, 110ff., 147f., 245 Ware, William Robert, 158f. Warren, Abigail, 181 Warren, Pelatiah, 181 Washington, George, 193, 288 Wellington College, 83, 131, 219 Wendell, Barrett, 260f. <i>When I Was Your Age</i> , 10, 42, 328 Whipple, Abigail Gardiner, 190 Whipple, Oliver, 190 | Wiggins, Charles, 307, 387 Wilby, Caroline, 50, 66f. <i>Wolfert's Roost</i> , 39 Woman Suffrage, 161 Woman's Philanthropic Union, Gardiner, 345 <i>Wonder Book</i> , 39 Woodman, Horatio, 43 World War, 390f. Writing, L. E. R.'s, 156, 253, 323ff.; contributions to <i>St. Nicholas</i> , 160; advice of Sarah Jewett on, 369 Yellow House, The, 251ff., 395 <i>Youth's Companion</i> , 328 (¹) |
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